

STARRING
THE HUMAN TORCH
CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE SUB MARINER

ALL

FALL
ISSUE

WINNERS



★ *FOR VICTORY* ★

ALL WINNERS

Number
6

Stan Lee,
Editor



**TIMELY
COMICS**

THE HUMAN TORCH

THE DESTROYER

CAPTAIN AMERICA

THE BLACK AVENGER

THE SUB MARINER



AMERICA'S SMASH SUCCESSES!
First **KRAZY KOMICS** — *Now* **TERRYTOONS**

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The MINUTE MAN
AND THE



HUMAN TORCH

HERE'S A "WAR" STAMP COLLECTION THAT'S DIFFERENT! --AND WHAT A "WAR" YOU'LL GET WHEN **TORCH** AND **TORD** TURN ON THE HEAT AGAINST THE "HOT STAMP MOB"!

I RUN DE HOT STAMP MOB! YOU PAY A QUARTER--AND YOU'RE UP DE CREEK!

I MAKE HOT STAMPS BY DE BUSHEL!

DON'T WATCH ME! WATCH MY **HANDS!**

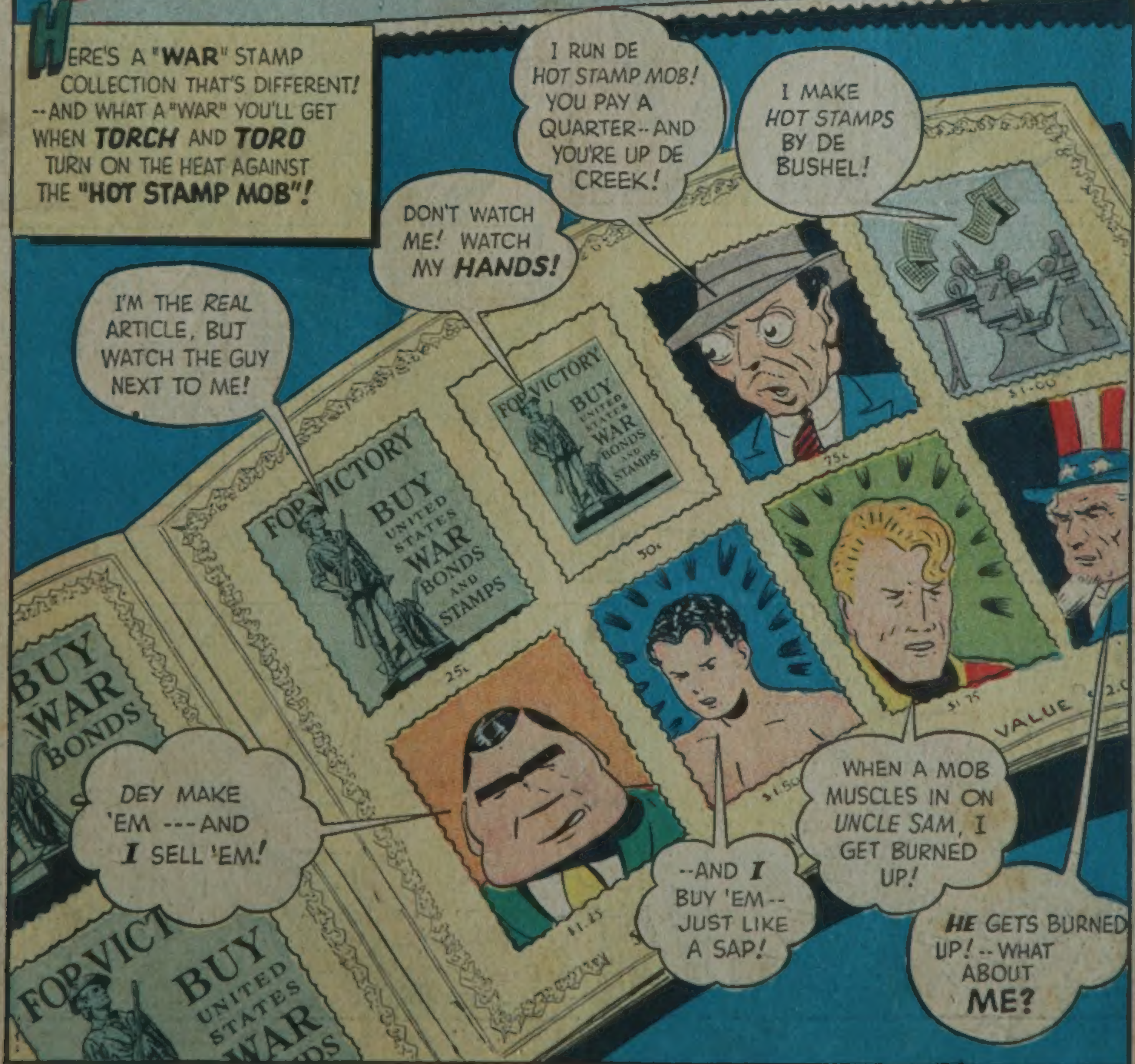
I'M THE REAL ARTICLE, BUT WATCH THE GUY NEXT TO ME!

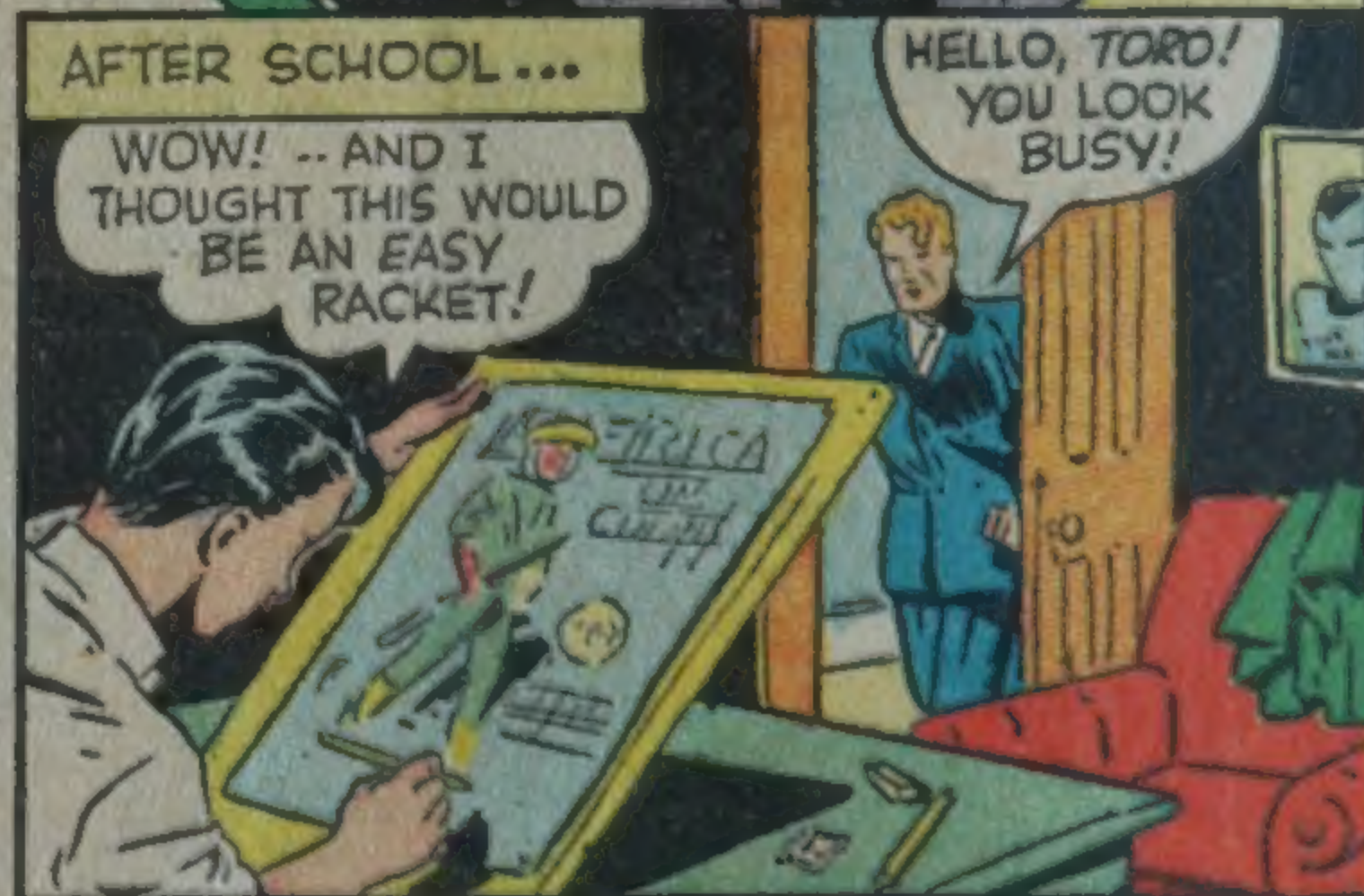
DEY MAKE 'EM ---AND **I SELL 'EM!**

--AND **I** BUY 'EM--JUST LIKE A SAP!

WHEN A MOB MUSCLES IN ON UNCLE SAM, I GET BURNED UP!

HE GETS BURNED UP! --WHAT ABOUT **ME?**







THERE'S NO LEFT HAND ON THE STAMP, TORCH!

YOU'LL FIND THE HAND ON THE REAL STAMPS, WHICH MEANS THAT YOURS ARE COUNTERFEIT! C'MON! -- WE'LL HAVE A CHAT WITH YOUR PRINCIPAL!

INCREDIBLE! BUT YOU'RE RIGHT! IT IS COUNTERFEIT!

MY ADVICE IS TO CHECK UP ON THE WHOLE SCHOOL! THERE MUST BE MORE WHERE THIS COMES FROM!

ALL STAMP BOOKS IN THE SCHOOL ARE COLLECTED AND BROUGHT TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE.

ANOTHER FALSE STAMP!

HERE'S A WHOLE BOOKFULL OF THEM!

GREAT SCOTT! THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS!

RIGHT! OTHERWISE THE RACKET WOULDN'T PAY!

WHERE'D YOU GET 'EM? AT THE POST OFFICE?

AS A RULE-- BUT SOMETIMES THE POST OFFICE RAN OUT OF THEM. THEN WE WENT TO NEIGHBORHOOD STORES!

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME! COME ON, TORO! WE'RE GOING ON A SHOPPING TOUR!

LEAD ON, GENIUS!

THAT'S ONE OF THE STORES ON THE PRINCIPAL'S LIST! I'LL DO THE TALKING-- IF ANYTHING FUNNY HAPPENS, I'LL GIVE YOU THE HIGH SIGN!

OKE!

GOOD AFTERNOON! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

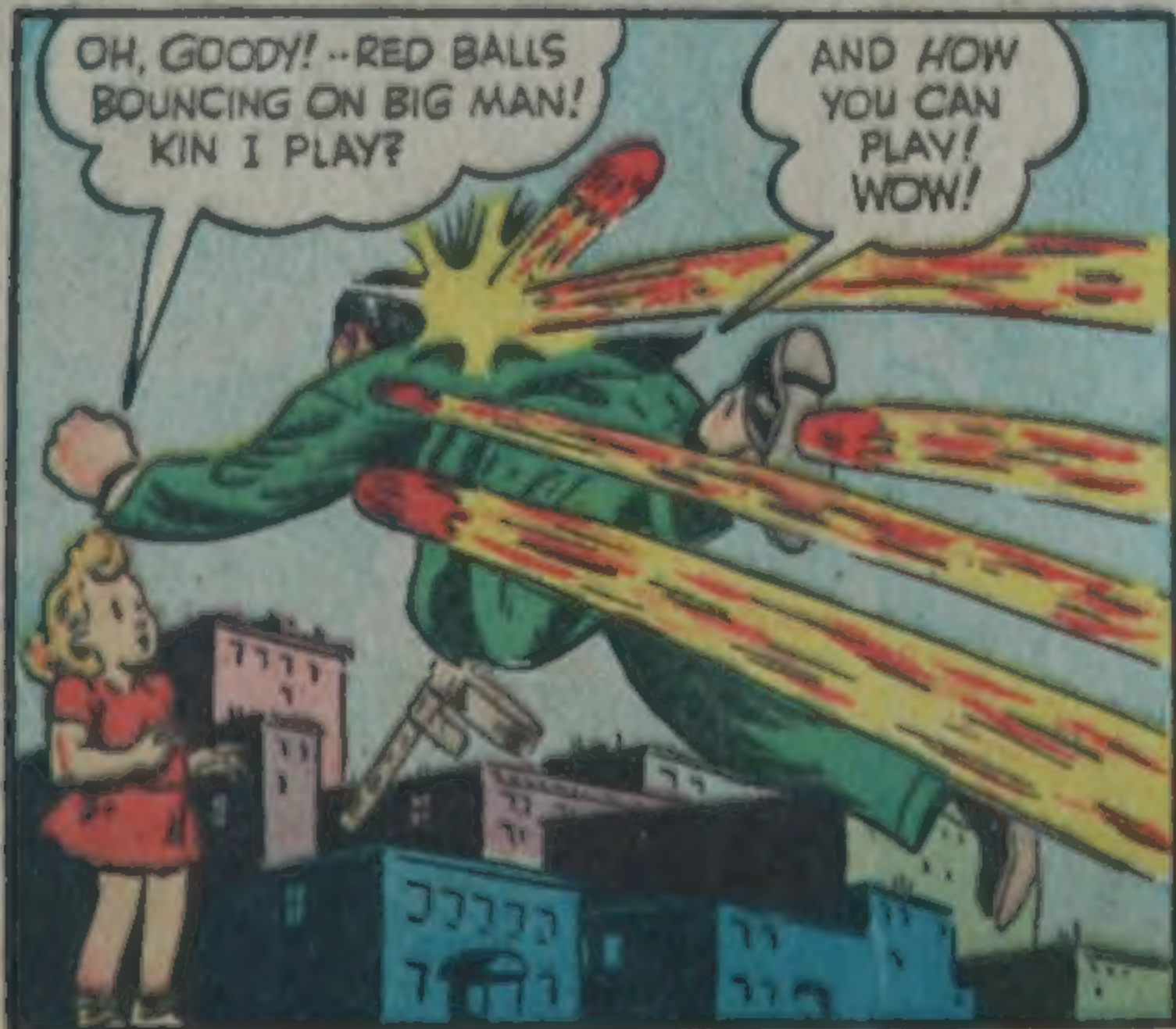
THREE WAR STAMPS FOR MY KID BROTHER!

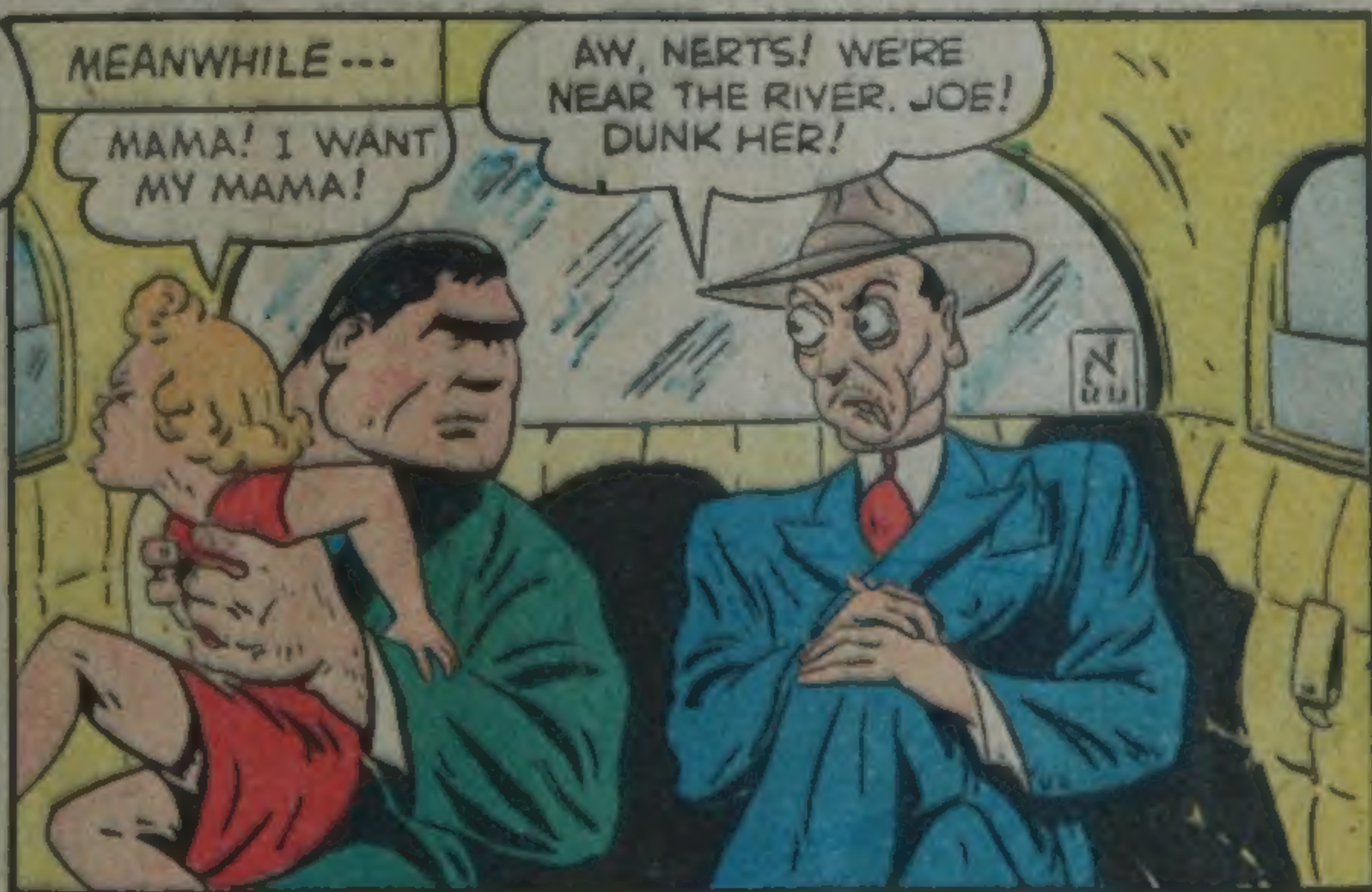
HEY! THESE ARE PHONEY--WHERE'D YOU GET 'EM?

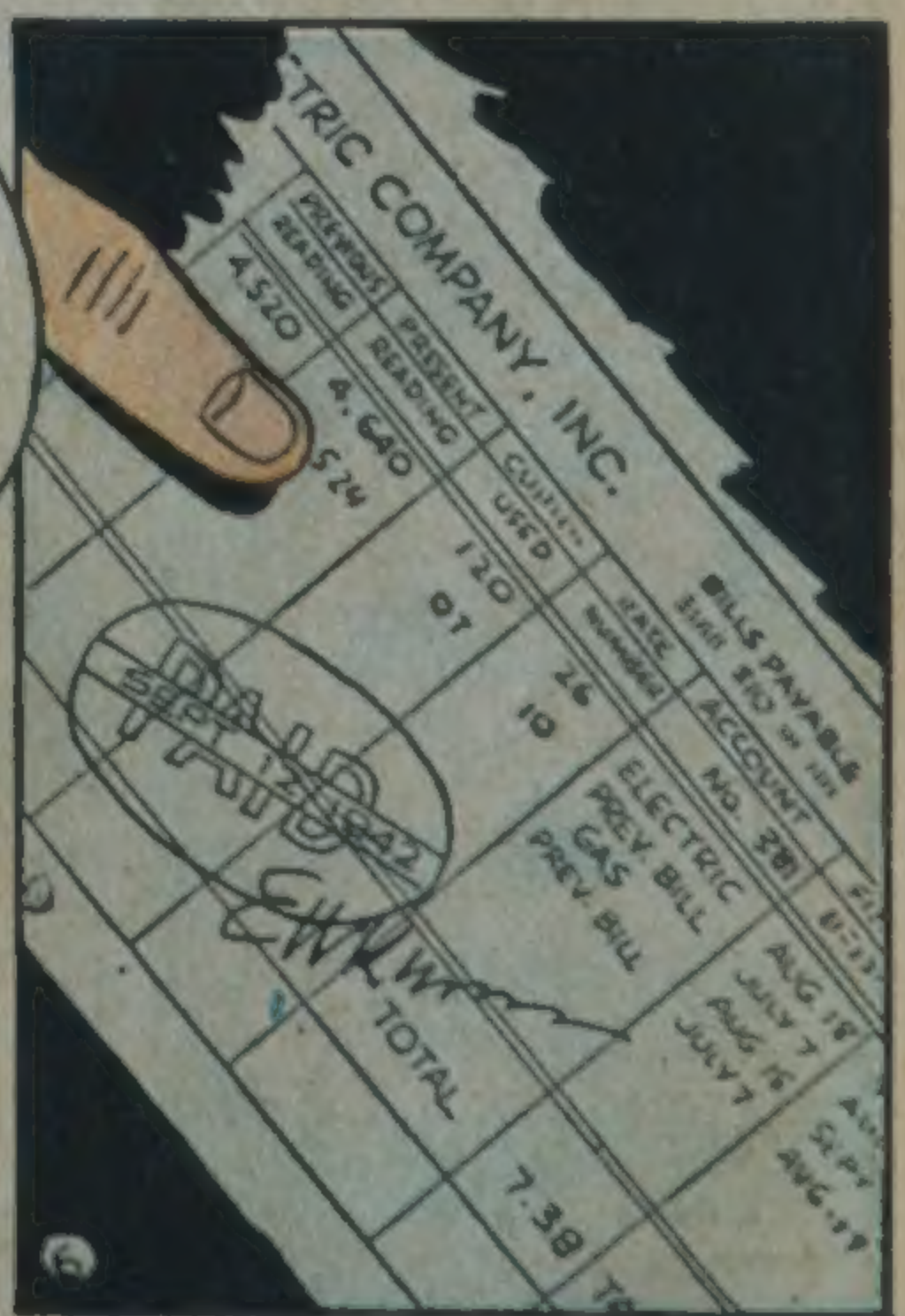
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER ASK MY GUN! IT TALKS A LANGUAGE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND, NOSEY!

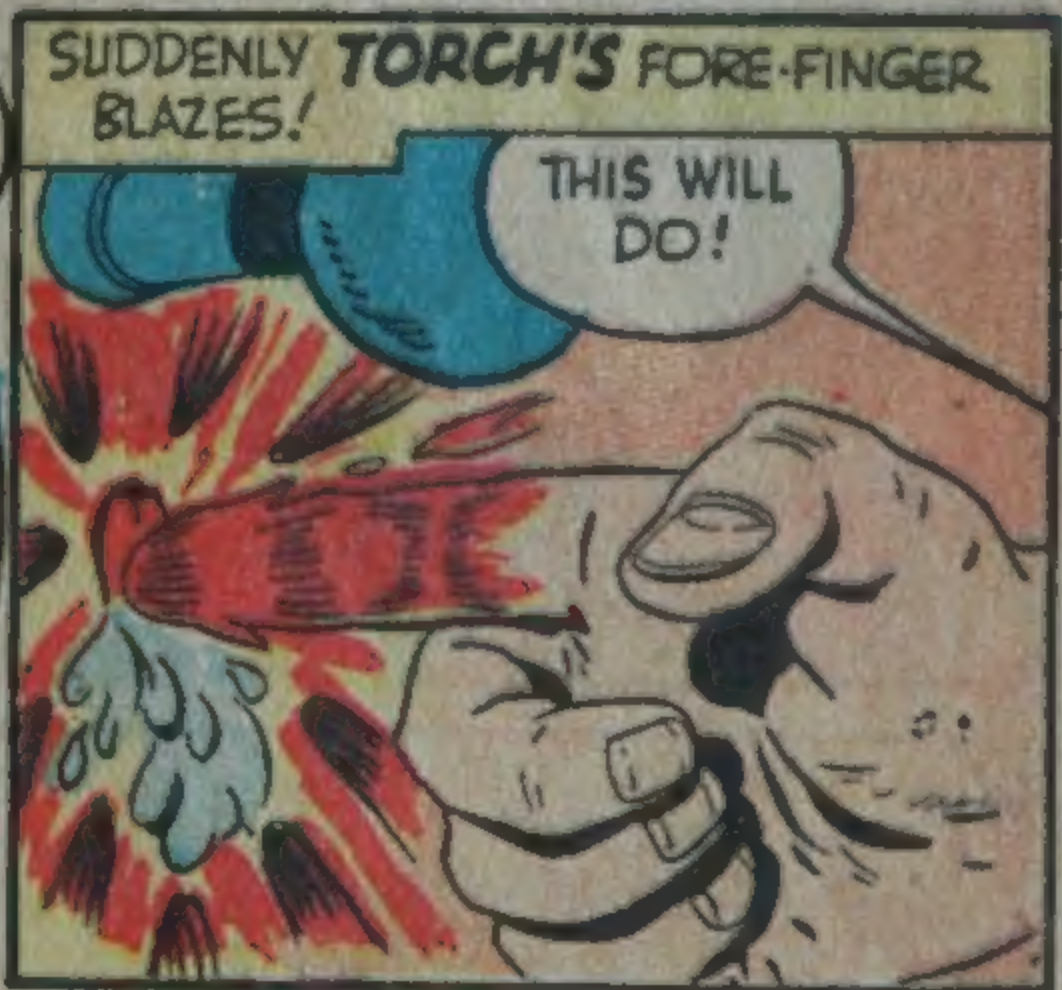
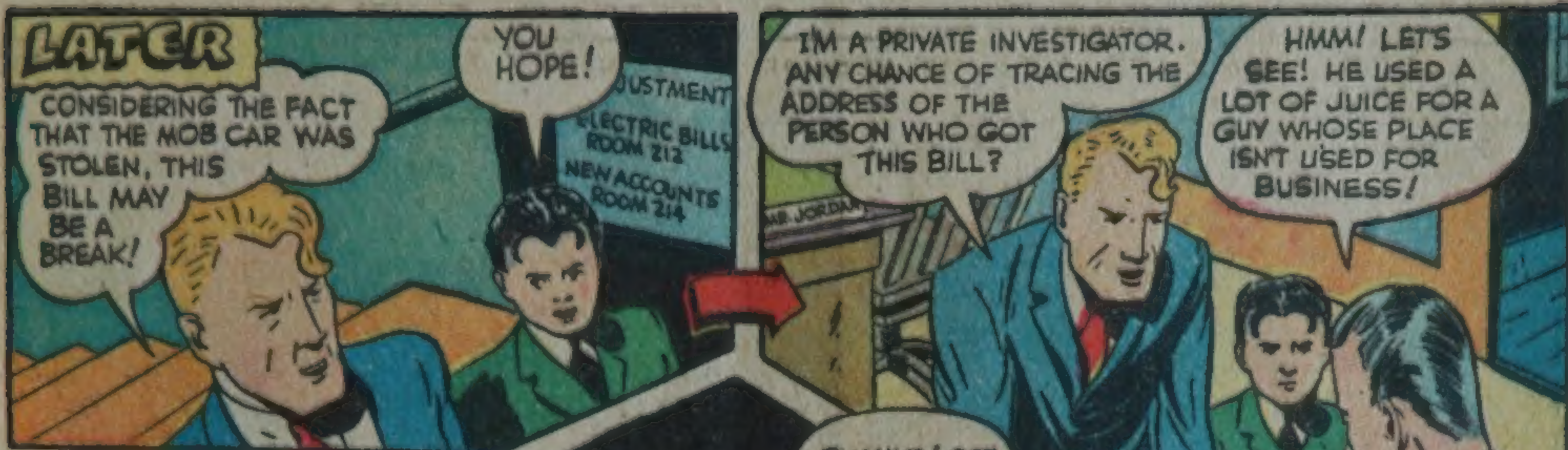
THE WORKS, TORCH?

THE WORKS!









TORCH OPENS THE TRAP DOOR, REVEALING THE LAIR OF THE COUNTERFEITERS!

BOY! I HOPE DIS WAR LASTS FOREVER! WHAT A RACKET!

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG THE WAR'LL LAST -- BUT YOUR RACKET'S THROUGH RIGHT NOW! FLAME, TORO!

DUCK, GUYS! IT'S THE HOTSHOTS!

TORCH!
MY FLAME'S GOING OUT!

WHAT THE DEVIL!
SO'S MINE!

TWO LOUD THUDS ANNOUNCE THE SUDDEN PRESENCE OF **TORCH** AND **TORO**!

I CAN'T BREATHE!

OOP!

WOW!

BOP!

BOP!

NO WONDER OUR FLAMES WENT OUT! SOMETHING'S DRAWING THE OXYGEN OUT OF THE CELLAR!

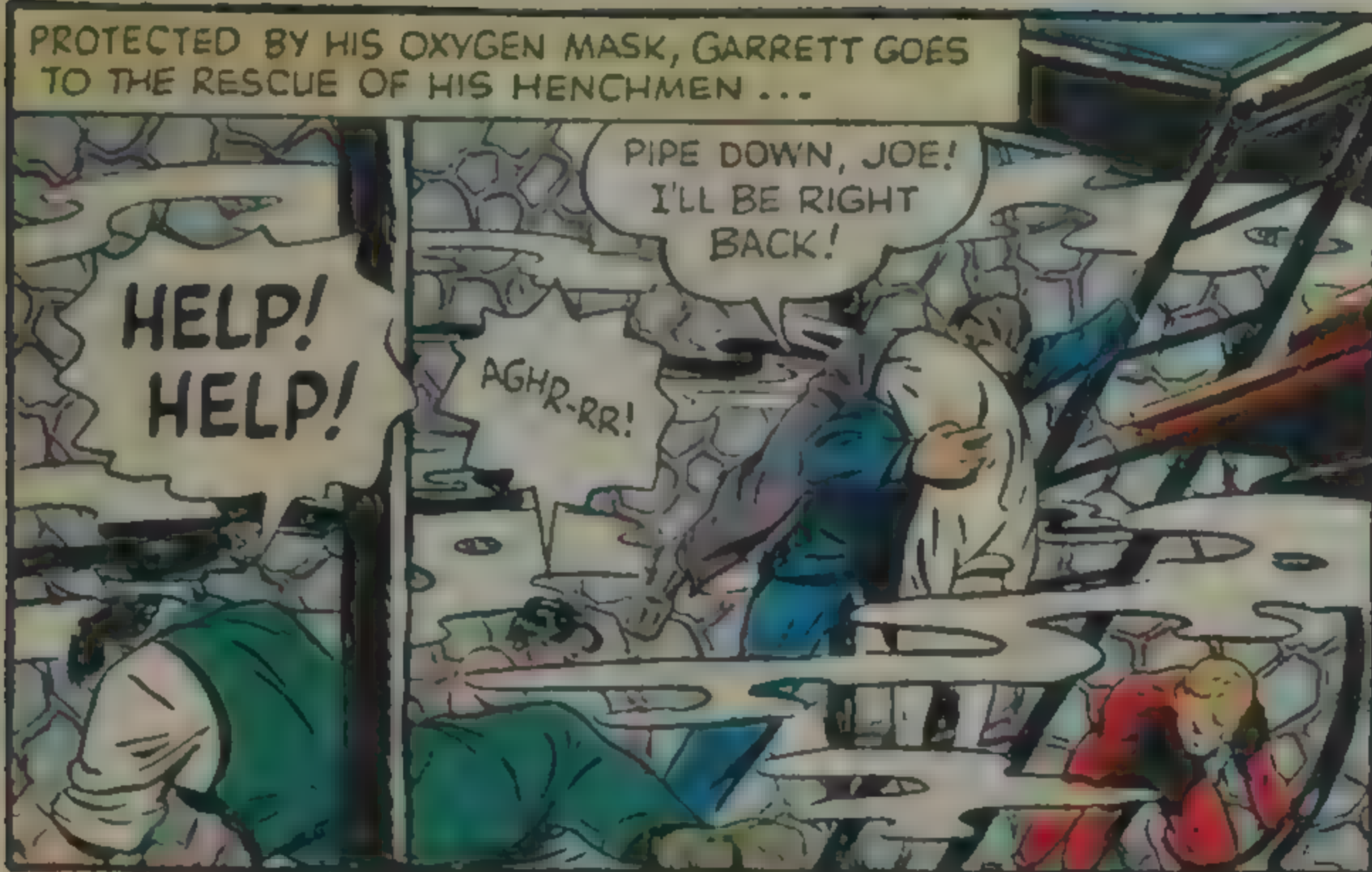
AGHRR!

IN A ROOM ABOVE THE SEALED CELLAR, BIG-EYES SMILES THINLY AS HE HANDLES THE SWITCH OF A CURIOUS-LOOKING MACHINE ---

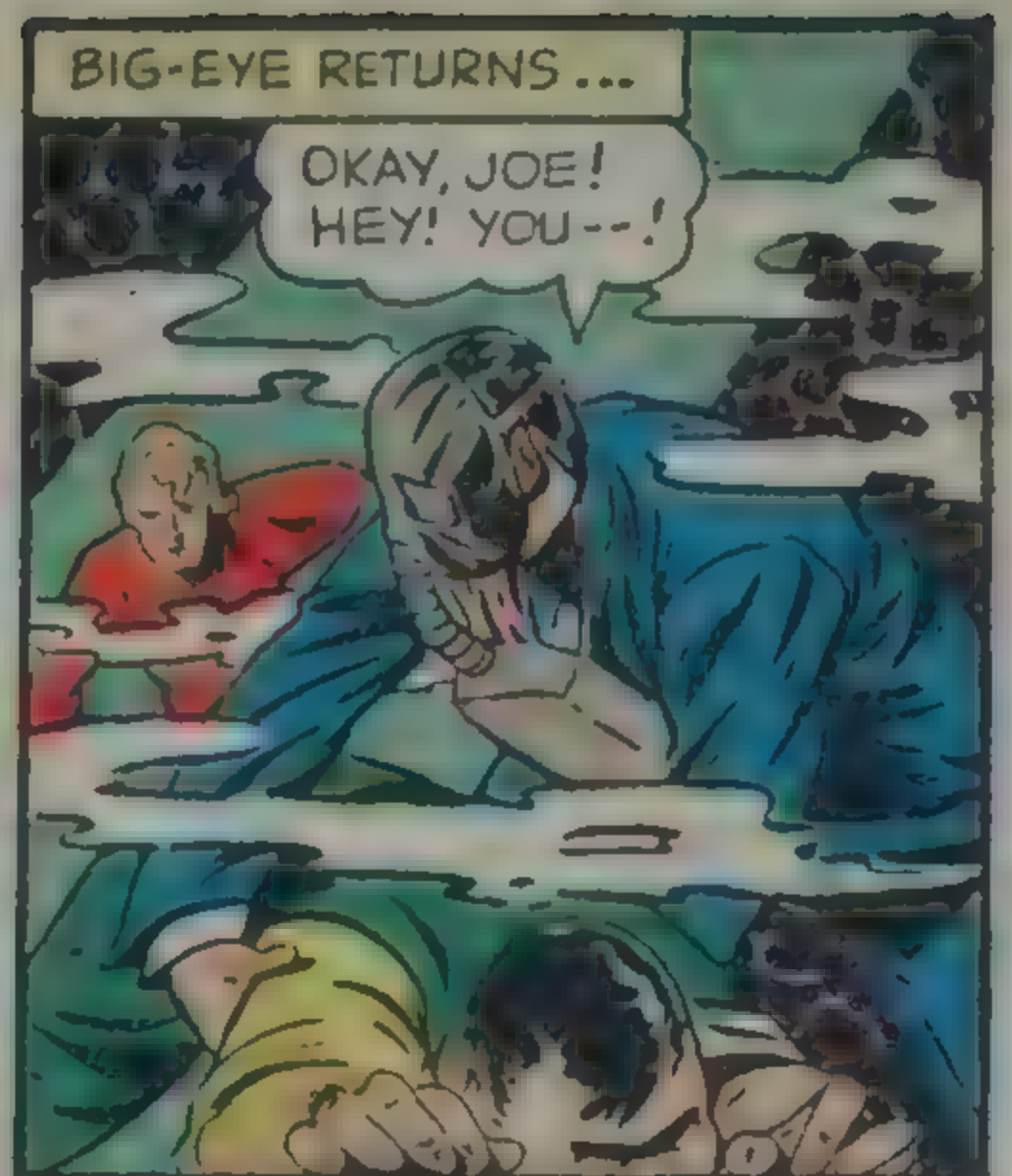
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY VACUUM CLEANER? -- IT'S GUARANTEED TO ERADICATE DIRT AND VERMIN -- INCLUDING FIRE-BUGS!

BUT THIS LITTLE GADGET OF MINE WASN'T MADE TO KNOCK OFF MY OWN MOB! I'D BETTER GO DOWN AND GET EM OUT BEFORE THERE'S NO MORE OXYGEN!

PROTECTED BY HIS OXYGEN MASK, GARRETT GOES TO THE RESCUE OF HIS HENCHMEN ...



BIG-EYE RETURNS ...

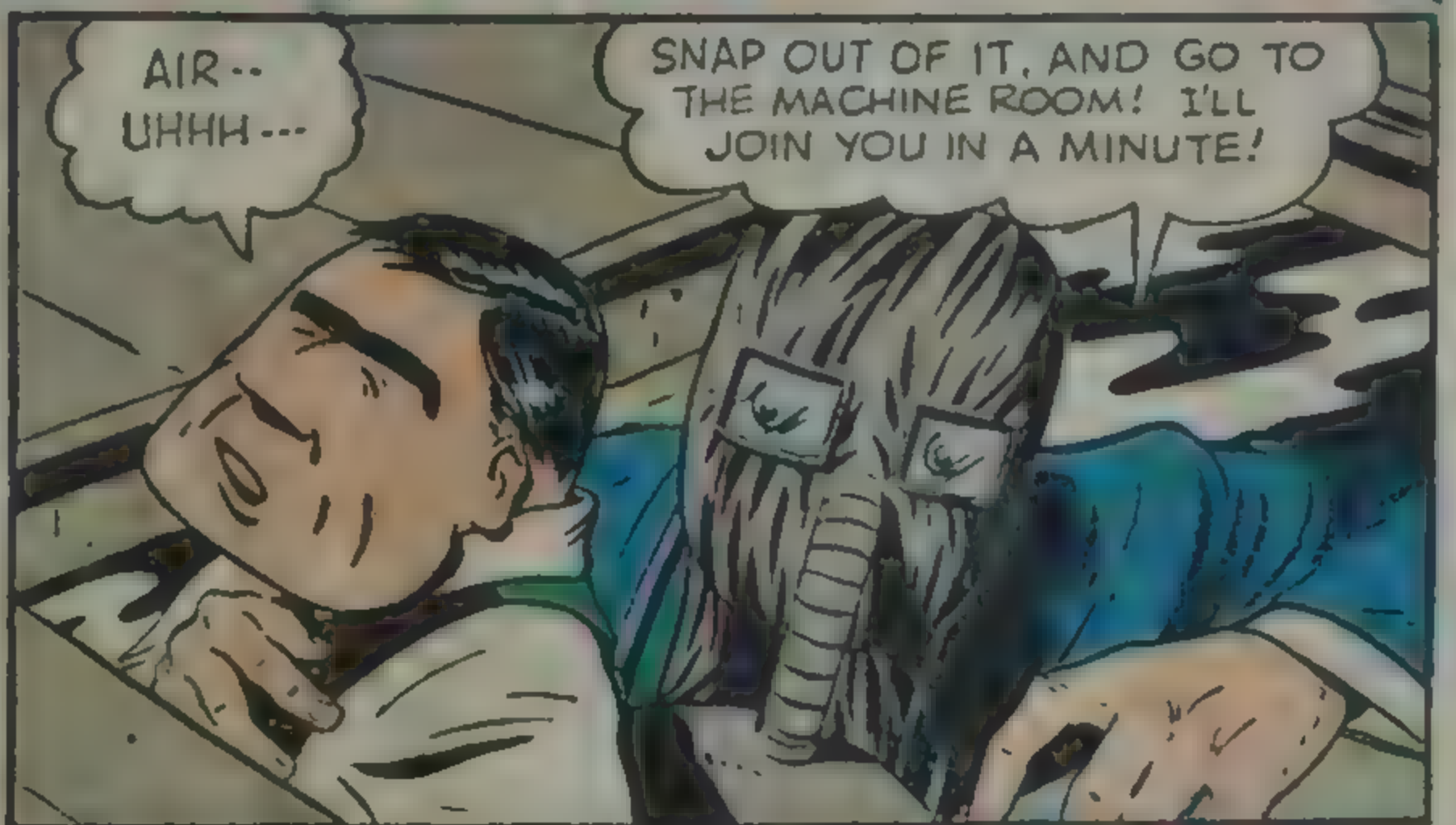


TORCH. THE STRENGTH OOOZING OUT OF HIM, IS EASY PREY FOR THE MOB LEADER!

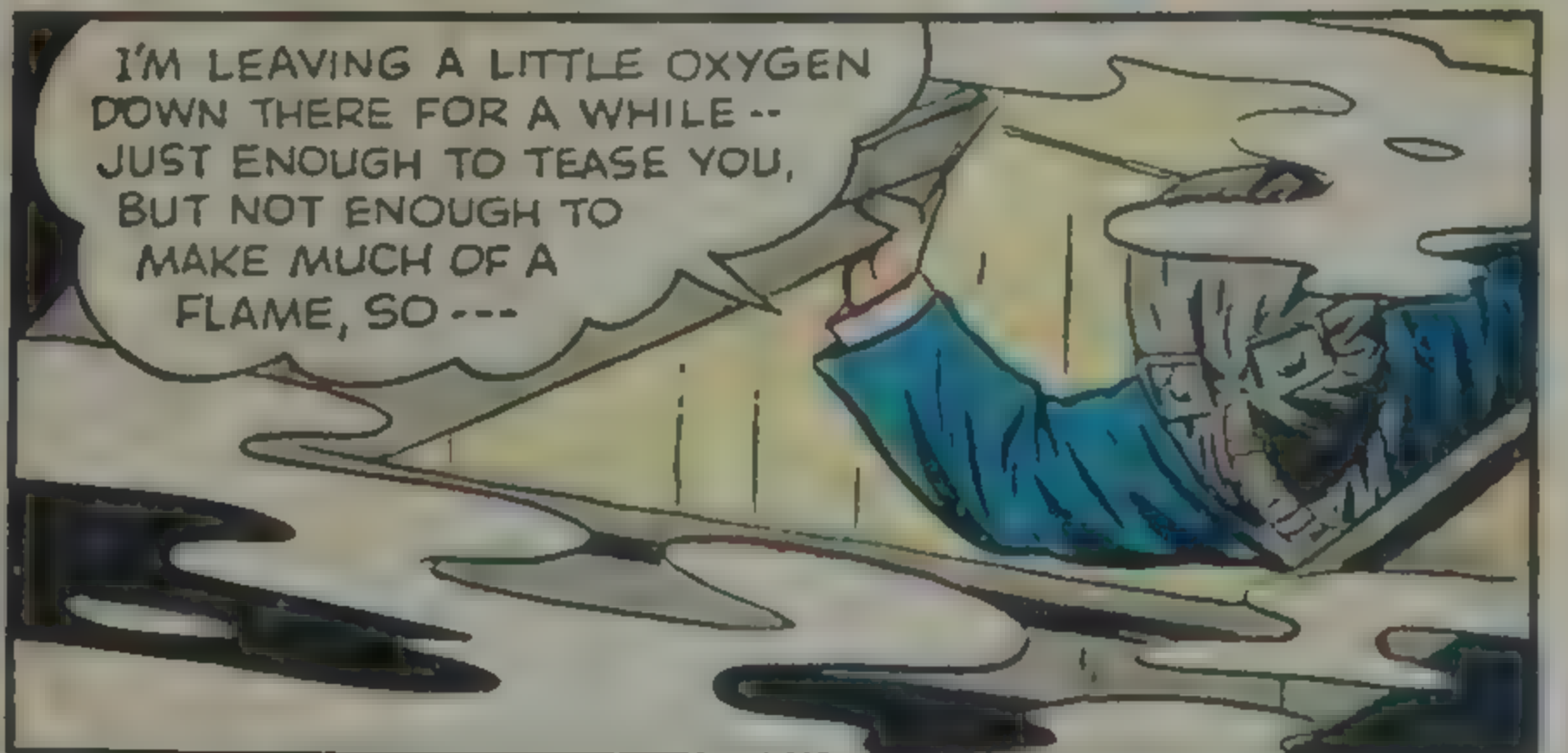


AIR--
UHHH---

SNAP OUT OF IT, AND GO TO THE MACHINE ROOM! I'LL JOIN YOU IN A MINUTE!



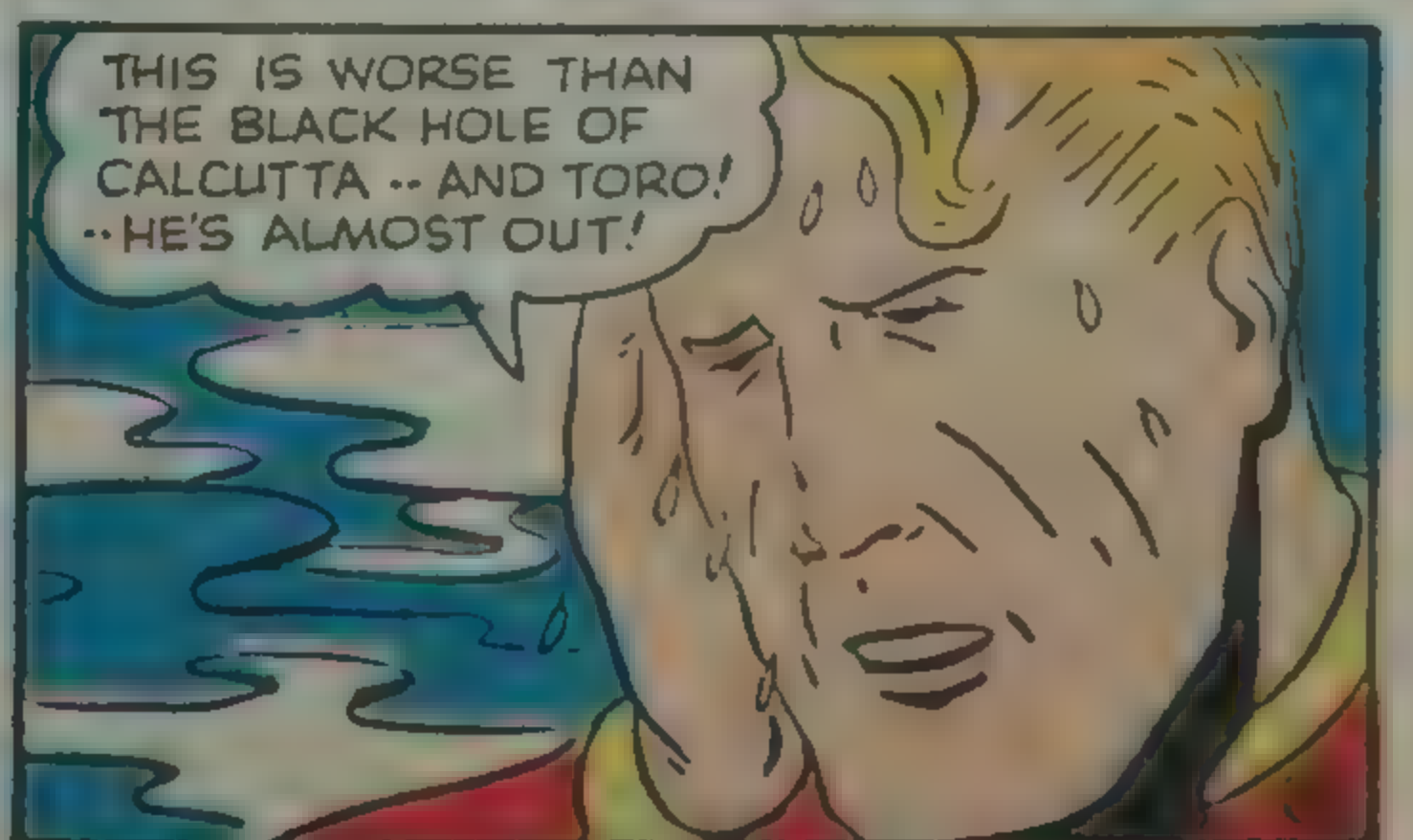
I'M LEAVING A LITTLE OXYGEN DOWN THERE FOR A WHILE-- JUST ENOUGH TO TEASE YOU, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO MAKE MUCH OF A FLAME, SO ---



IF YOU WANT TO LIVE LONGER, KEEP COOL OR YOU'LL BURN UP THE OXYGEN! BYE, NOW!



THIS IS WORSE THAN THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA -- AND TORO! --HE'S ALMOST OUT!



SUDDENLY **TORCH** STAGGERS
TO HIS FEET !...

I'VE AN IDEA!
JUST ONE CHANCE
IN A MILLION
IT'LL WORK!

BUT I DON'T
WANT AN
AUDIENCE!...

IF HE THINKS THAT BULB
BURNED OXYGEN UP, HE'S NUTS!
BUT NOW I CAN'T ENJOY
SEEING HIM DIE! TOO BAD!

SLOWLY, PAINFULLY. **TORCH** GROPEs ACROSS THE FLOOR ...

1.. I'M SURE I SAW
A SCREWDRIER
ON THE FLOOR!

AT LAST! ...
NOW

WHAT ARE YOU
UP TO,
TORCHY?

I'M HOPING THIS SCREW
PENETRATES THE
WALL! IF IT DOESN'T
WE'LL BE PLAYING
HARPS!

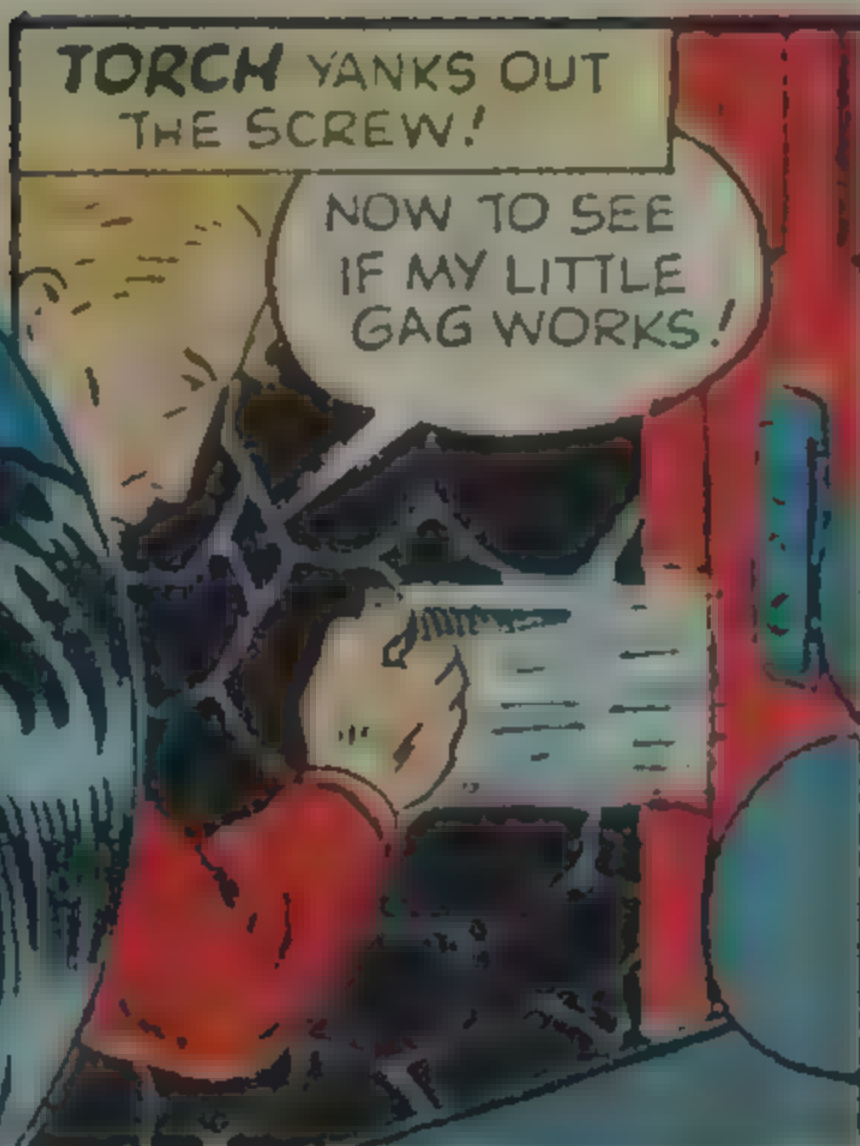
TORCH'S
BREATH COMES IN
SHORT GASPS AS HE STRAINS
TO LOOSEN THE SCREW!...

WOW! IS
IT TIGHT!



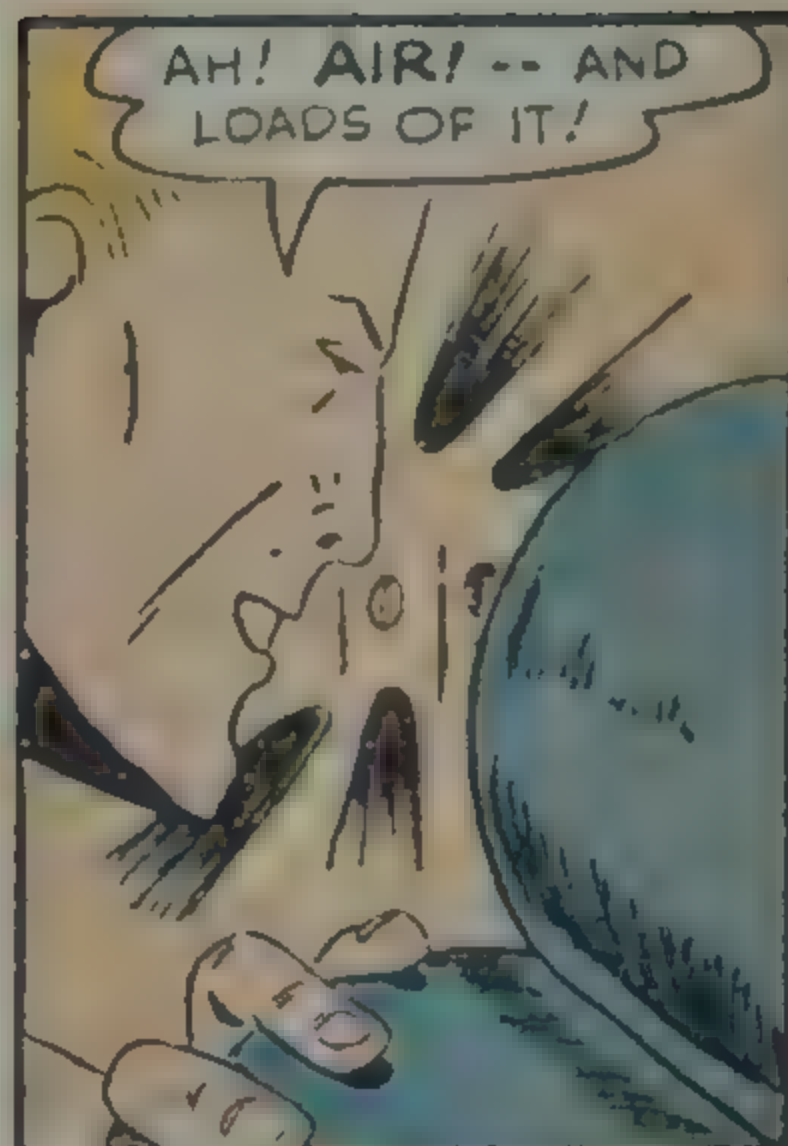
THE SCREW! --
IT'S LOOSENING!

SOMEONE
ELSE'S SCREW IS
LOOSE, I'M
AFRAID!



TORCH YANKS OUT
THE SCREW!

NOW TO SEE
IF MY LITTLE
GAG WORKS!

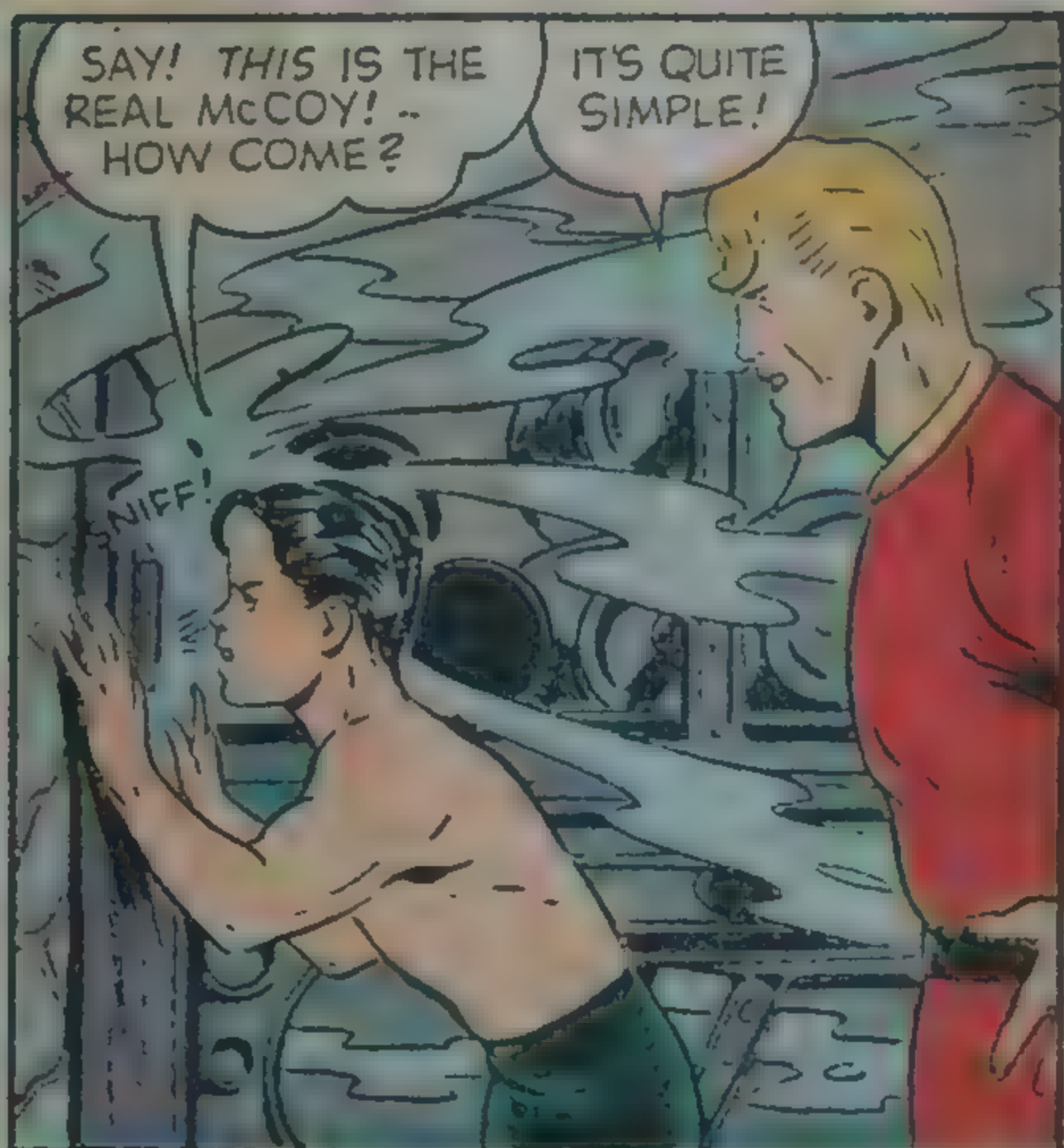


AH! AIR! -- AND
LOADS OF IT!



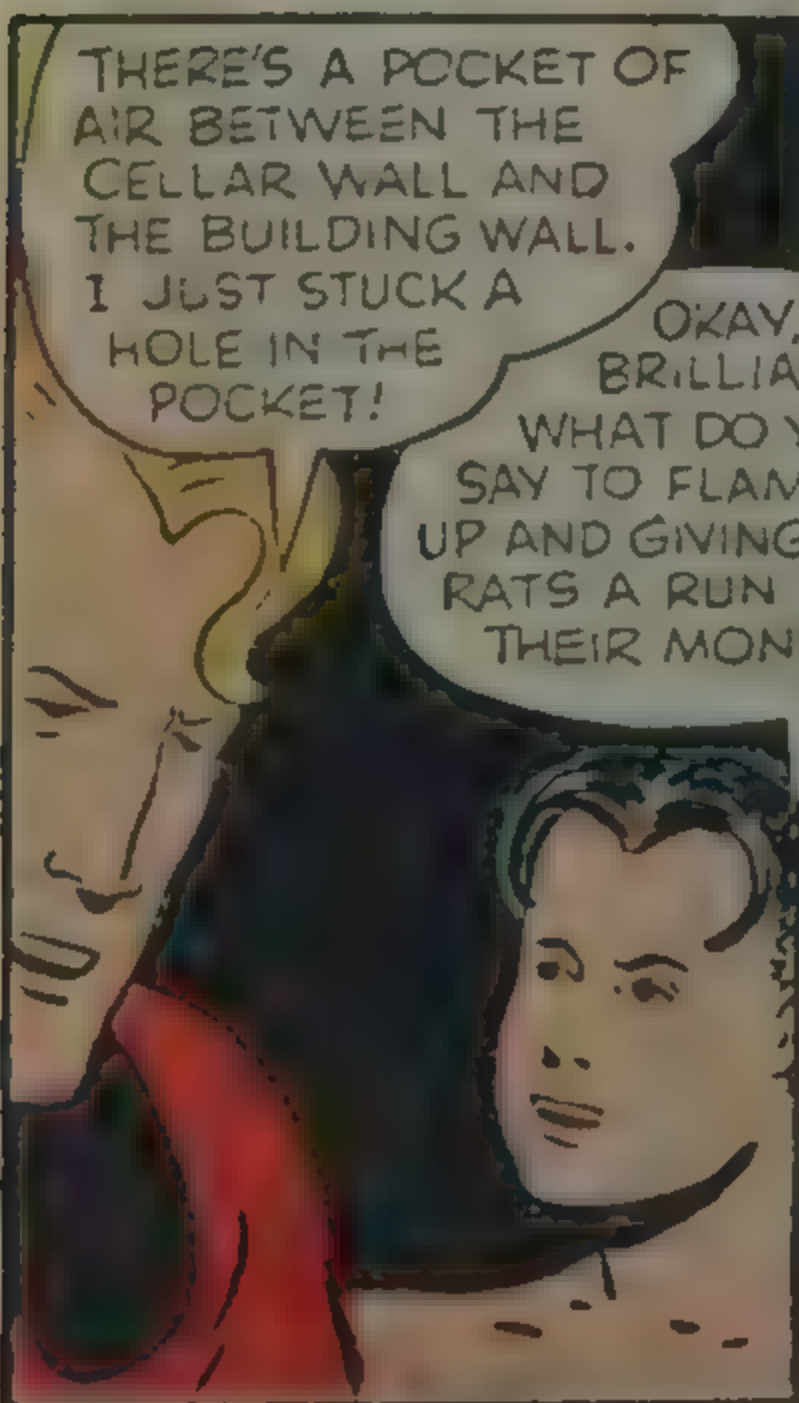
I FEEL
LIKE A MILLION
BUCKS -- AND
SO WILL
YOU!

HEY!
WHADYA
THINK I AM?
--A BABY?



SAY! THIS IS THE
REAL MCCOY! --
HOW COME?

IT'S QUITE
SIMPLE!



THERE'S A POCKET OF
AIR BETWEEN THE
CELLAR WALL AND
THE BUILDING WALL.
I JUST STUCK A
HOLE IN THE
POCKET!

OKAY,
BRILLIANT!
WHAT DO YOU
SAY TO FLAMING
UP AND GIVING THOSE
RATS A RUN FOR
THEIR MONEY?



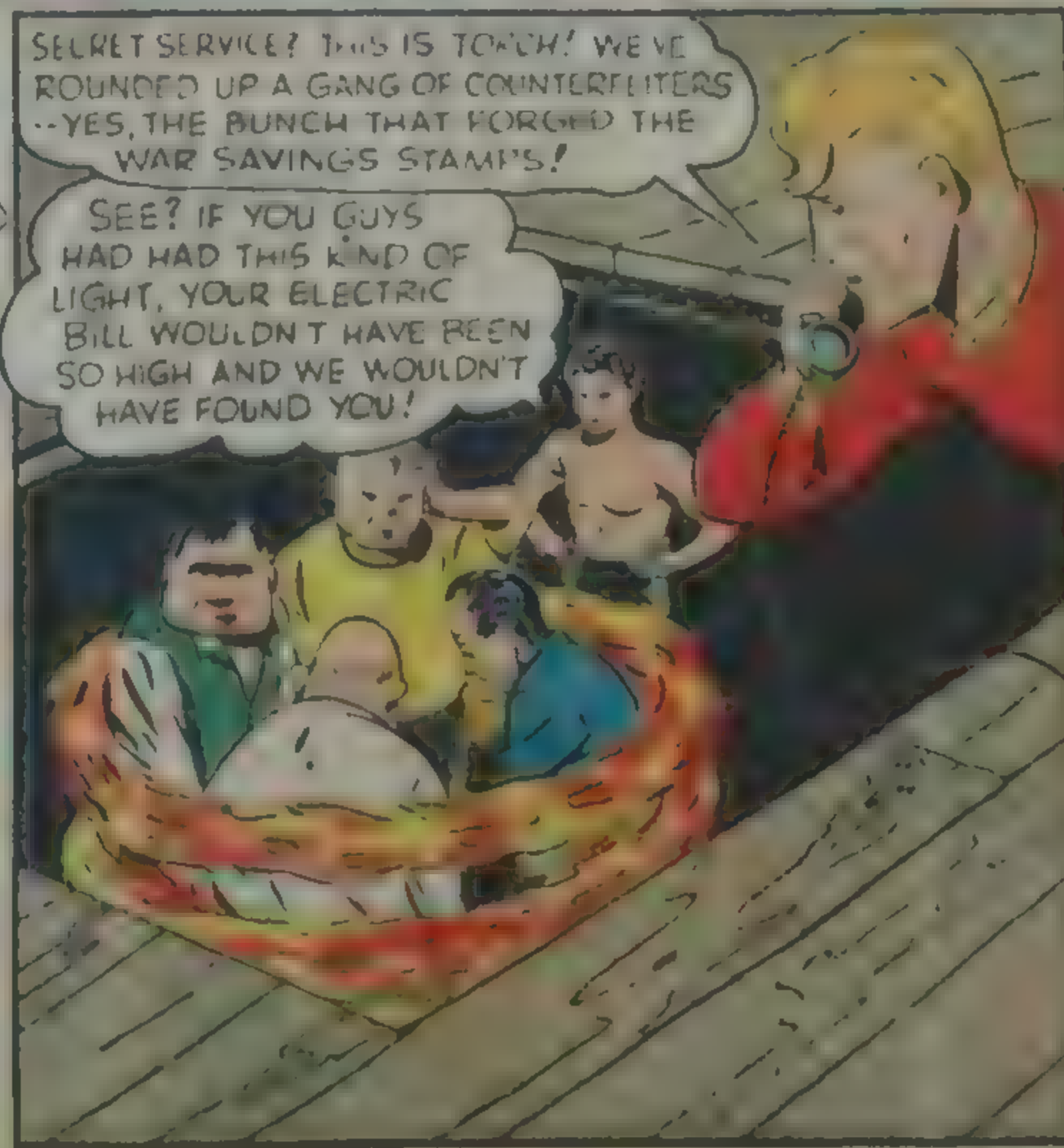
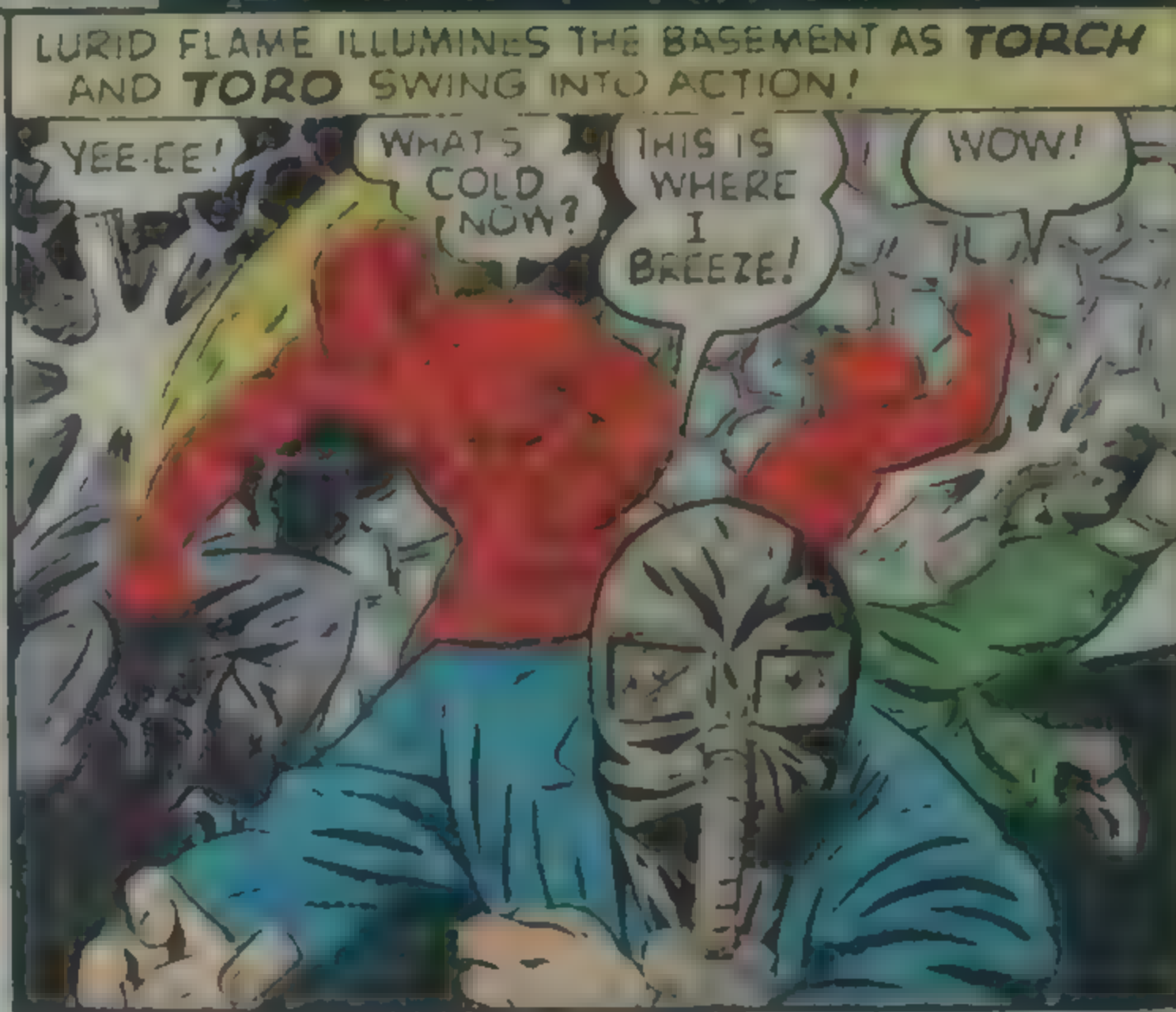
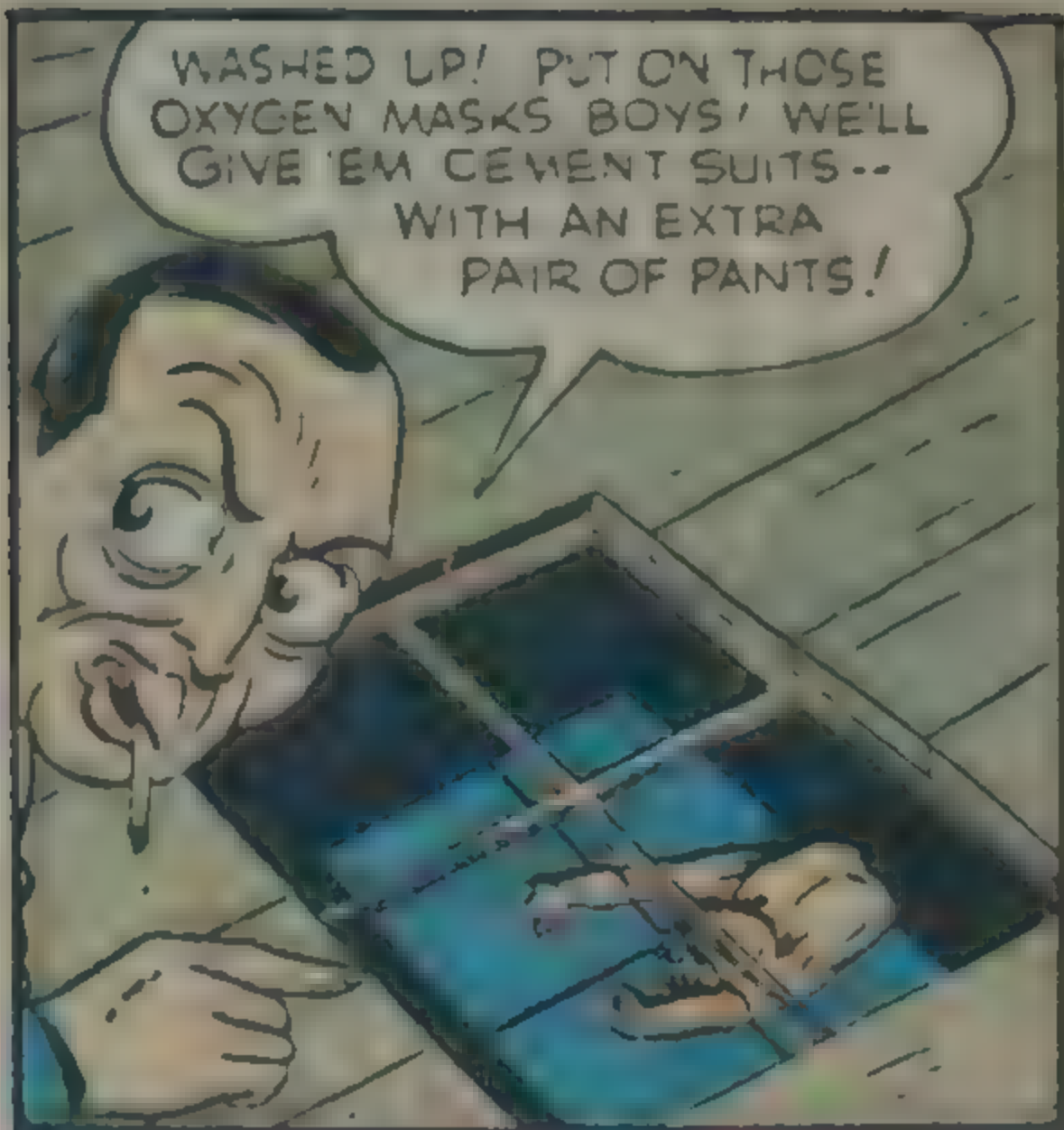
NOT YET, KID! WE'LL NEED
A LITTLE MORE OXYGEN.
WE'VE GOT TO LET THE
ROOM FILL UP. START
GROANING! PUT
IT ON THICK!



TORO GOES INTO HIS ACT!

HELP!
I'M
CHOKING!
A GHRRR!

SWEET OF
HIM TO COME
INTO THE
LIGHT! NOW
I CAN SEE
HIM!



ANOTHER
SIZZLING
SEQUENCE
OF THE
**HUMAN
TORCH**
IN THE
NEW
ALL WINNERS
COMICS
AND IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
MARVEL

LIKE A COMET!

ZOOMING ACROSS AMERICA
COMES THE GREATEST,
FUNNIEST AND MOST
POPULAR LAFF MAGAZINE
EVER PRINTED!
**64 PAGES
OF LAFFS!**

TAKE IT FROM ME,
KIDS, YOU AIN'T SEEN
NOTHIN' YET! THIS
NEW #2 ISSUE
IS TERRIFIC!

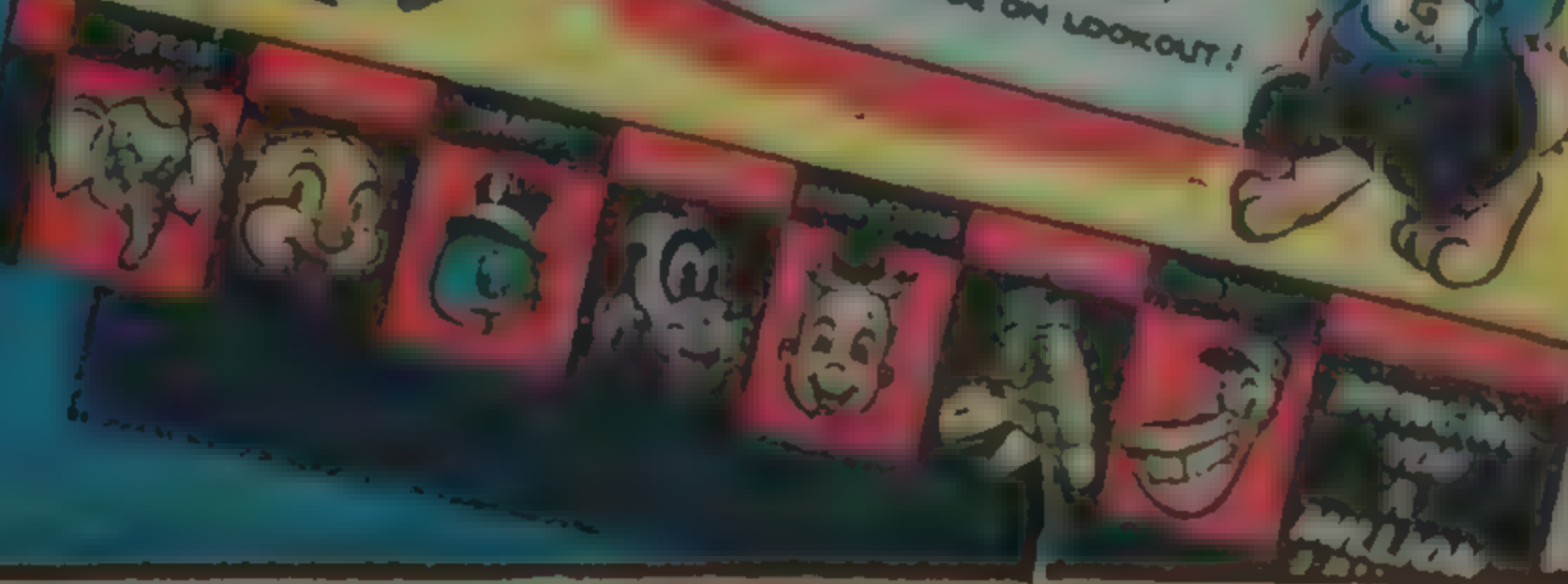
KRAZY KOMICS

No. 2

REWARD!

**TOUGHY
TOMCAT**
BUNNY CATCHER

JUNIOR 8-INCH BE ON LOOKOUT!



The DESTROYER



The
**STONE-MAN
SLAYER!**

IN THE HEART OF BERLIN A MAD NAZI SCULPTOR PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A WEIRD GREAT FIGURE!



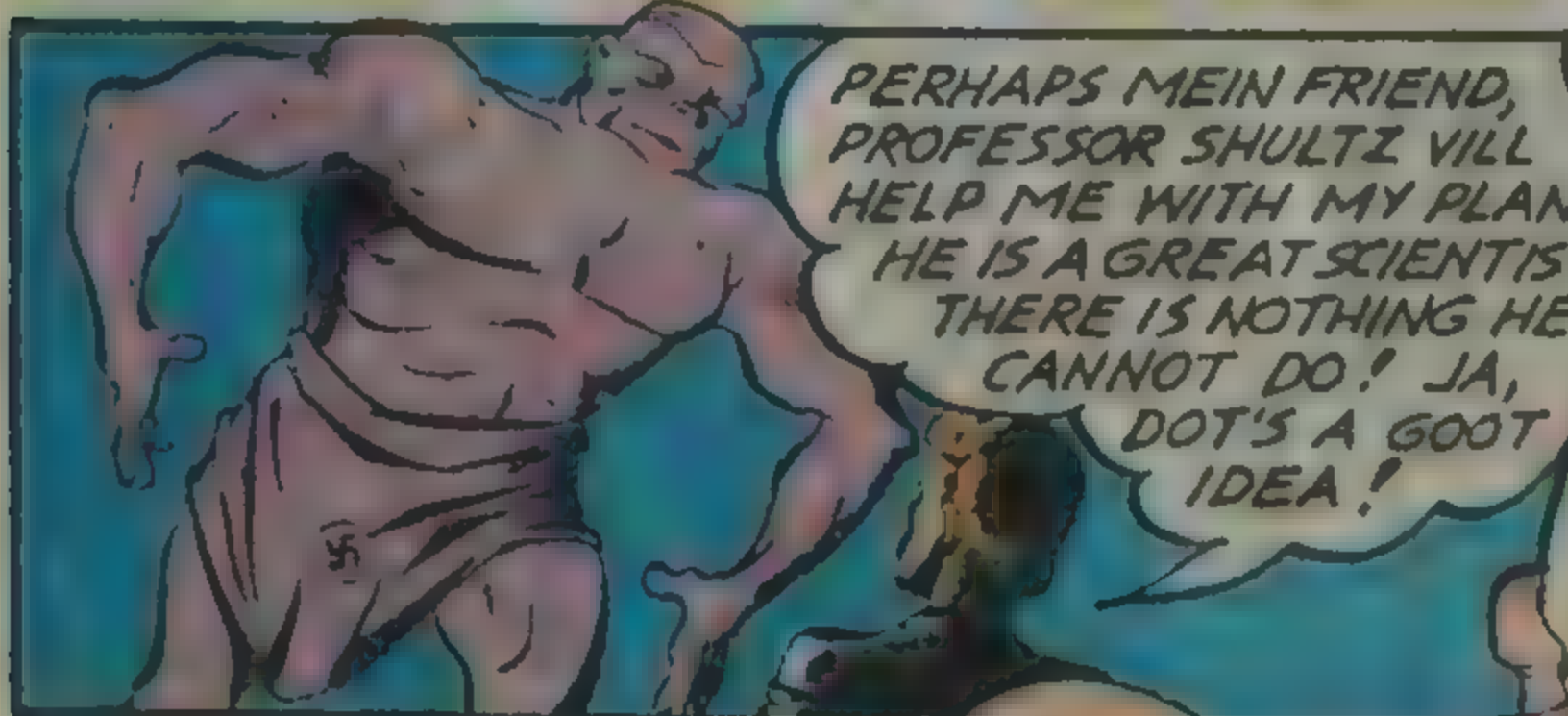
ACH-DU-LIEBER!
FINISHED AT
LAST!

ACH! IF I COULD
ONLY GIFF MY
MASTERPIECE
LIFE! VOT A
GREAT HELP
HE WOULD BE
TO MINE
FUEHRER!
VOT A POWER-
FUL ENEMY TO
THE HATED
ALLIES... ACH!

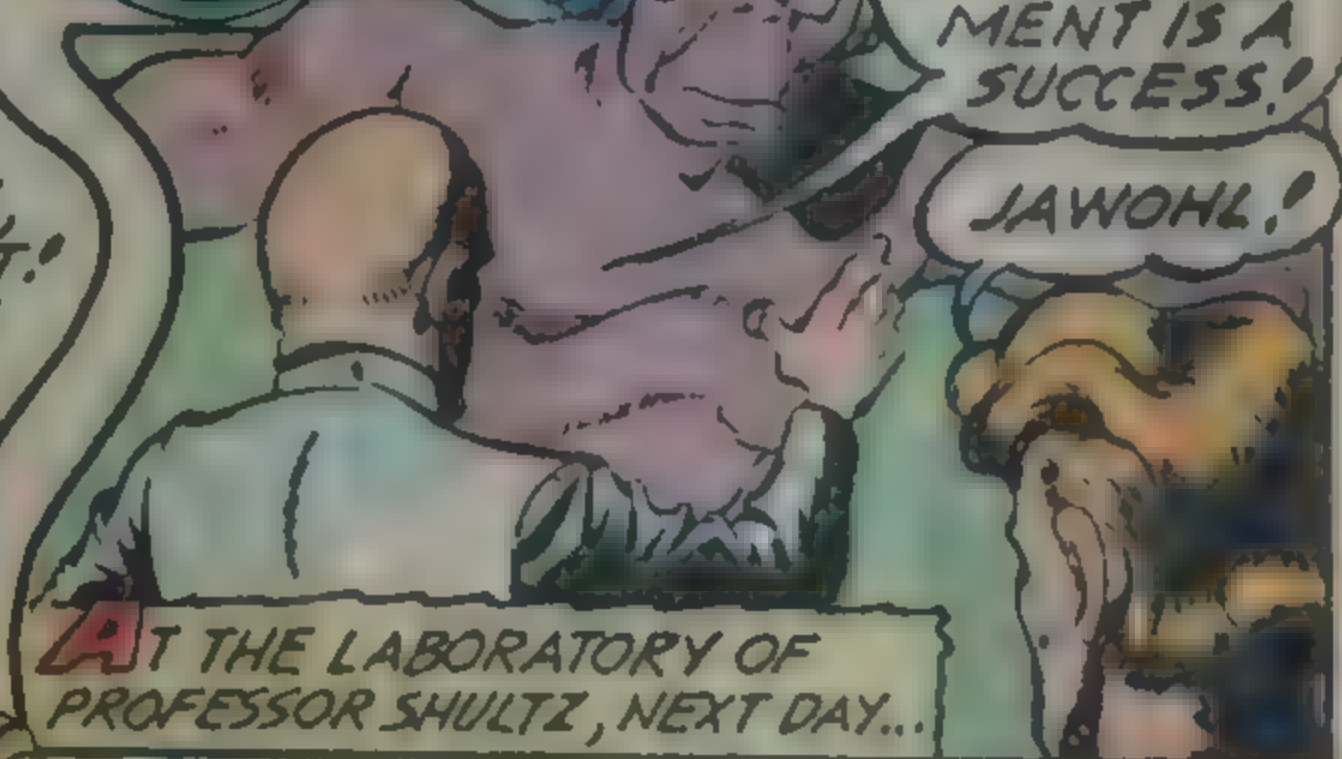


DER FUEHRER
VILL BE VERY
PLEASED IF
THIS EXPERI-
MENT IS A
SUCCESS!

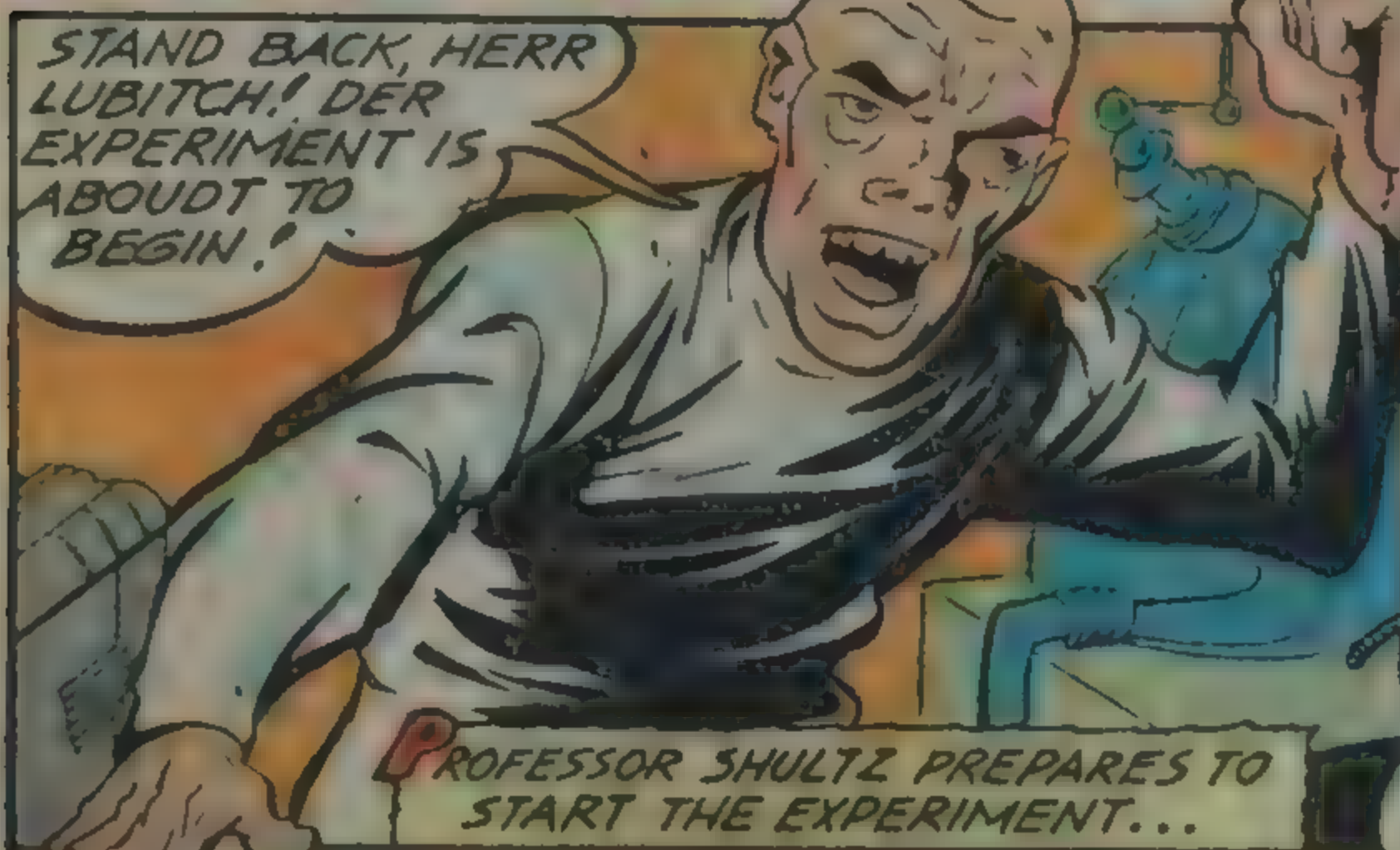
JAWOHL!



PERHAPS MEIN FRIEND,
PROFESSOR SHULTZ VILL
HELP ME WITH MY PLAN,
HE IS A GREAT SCIENTIST!
THERE IS NOTHING HE
CANNOT DO! JA,
DOT'S A GOOT
IDEA!



AT THE LABORATORY OF
PROFESSOR SHULTZ, NEXT DAY...



STAND BACK, HERR
LUBITCH! DER
EXPERIMENT IS
ABOUT TO
BEGIN!

PROFESSOR SHULTZ PREPARES TO
START THE EXPERIMENT...



SUDDENLY...

GOTT IN HIMMEL!
SOMETHING HAS
GONE WRONG!

IT ISS
BLOW-
ING UP!



A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION DEMOLISHES
THE BUILDING, AND TWO NAZIS
MEET THEIR END!

OUT OF THE
SMOKE AND
WRECKAGE
OF THE EX-
PLOSION
EMERGES A
MASSIVE
HIDEOUS FORM,
A NEW HOR-
RIBLE ALLY
OF NAZIDOM...
THE
MONSTROUS
STATUE
LIVES!



Meanwhile, AT A POINT ON THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, TWO NAZI SENTRIES GUARD A LOOKOUT POSITION ON THE COAST OF HITLER DOMINATED EUROPE!

HIMMEL! DEY TOLD US TO KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR AN INVASION ATTEMPT TO NIGHT!

BUT THOSE WEAK ENGLISH SWINE VILL NOT COME! DEY ARE AFRAID!

HERE'S ONE WHO ISN'T AFRAID!

DTTO!

SUDDENLY, TWO ENGLISH SOLDIERS SLIP UP BEHIND THE NAZIS, AND....

THE COMMANDOS HAVE LANDED...

ALL CLEAR, MEN!

WELL, SO FAR SO GOOD, MEN. BUT THE REAL JOB HASN'T BEGUN YET, KEEP WELL APART AND HEAD FOR THE OBJECTIVE AS PLANNED!

RIGHTO, SIR!

WITHOUT WARNING, THE WELL ORDERED RANKS OF THE COMMANDOS ARE TURNED INTO A CHAOS OF DEATH... A GREAT NEW MACHINE OF NAZI GERMANY HAS BEEN LOOSED UPON THE MEN WHO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!

KILL, KILL!
I KILL FOR DER FUEHRER!

GOOD HEAVENS, WHAT'S THAT?

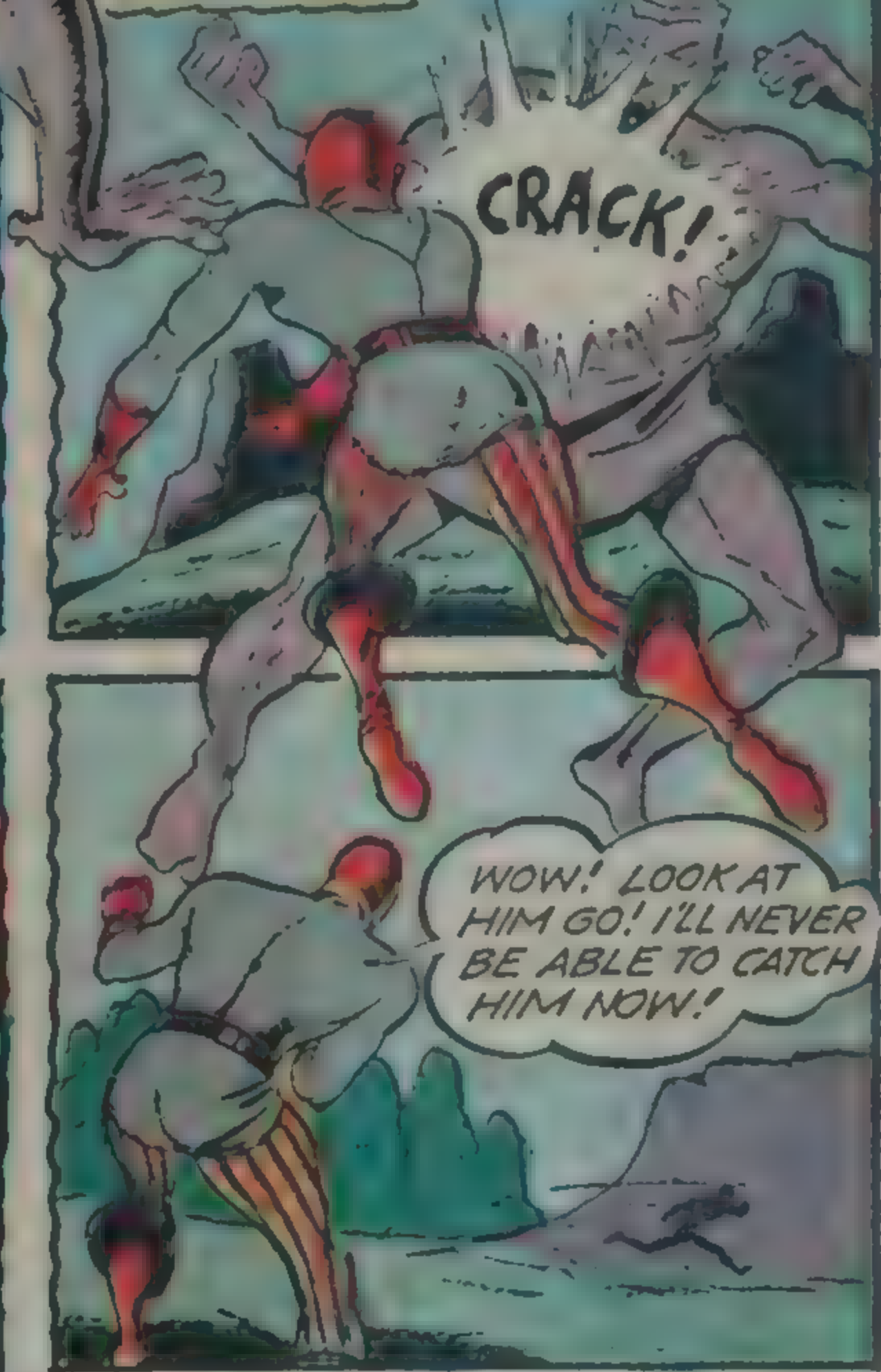
HELP!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT OR WHO YOU ARE, OR WHERE YOU CAME FROM, GRUESOME, BUT I DO KNOW YOU'RE NOT GOING ANY FURTHER!

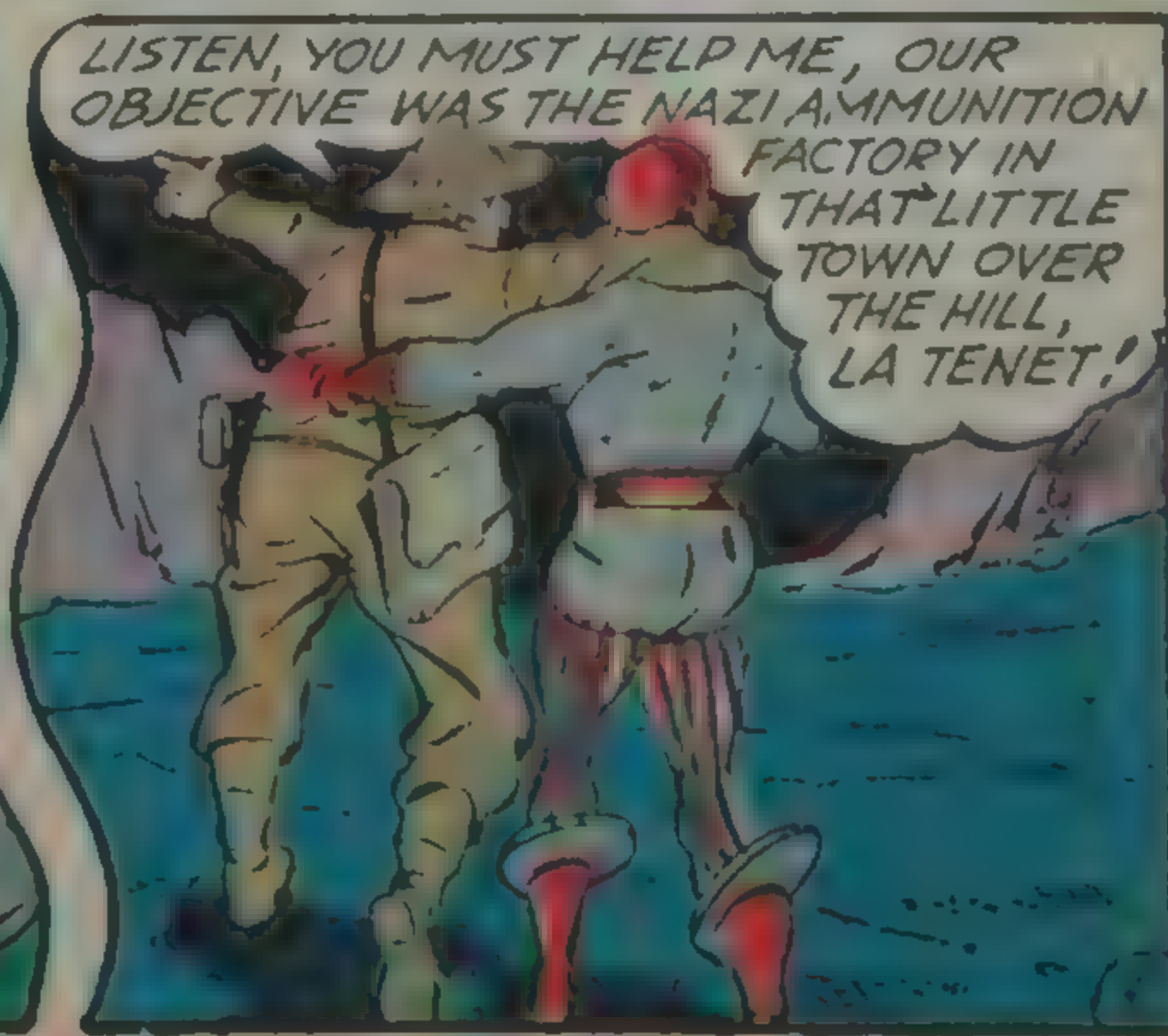
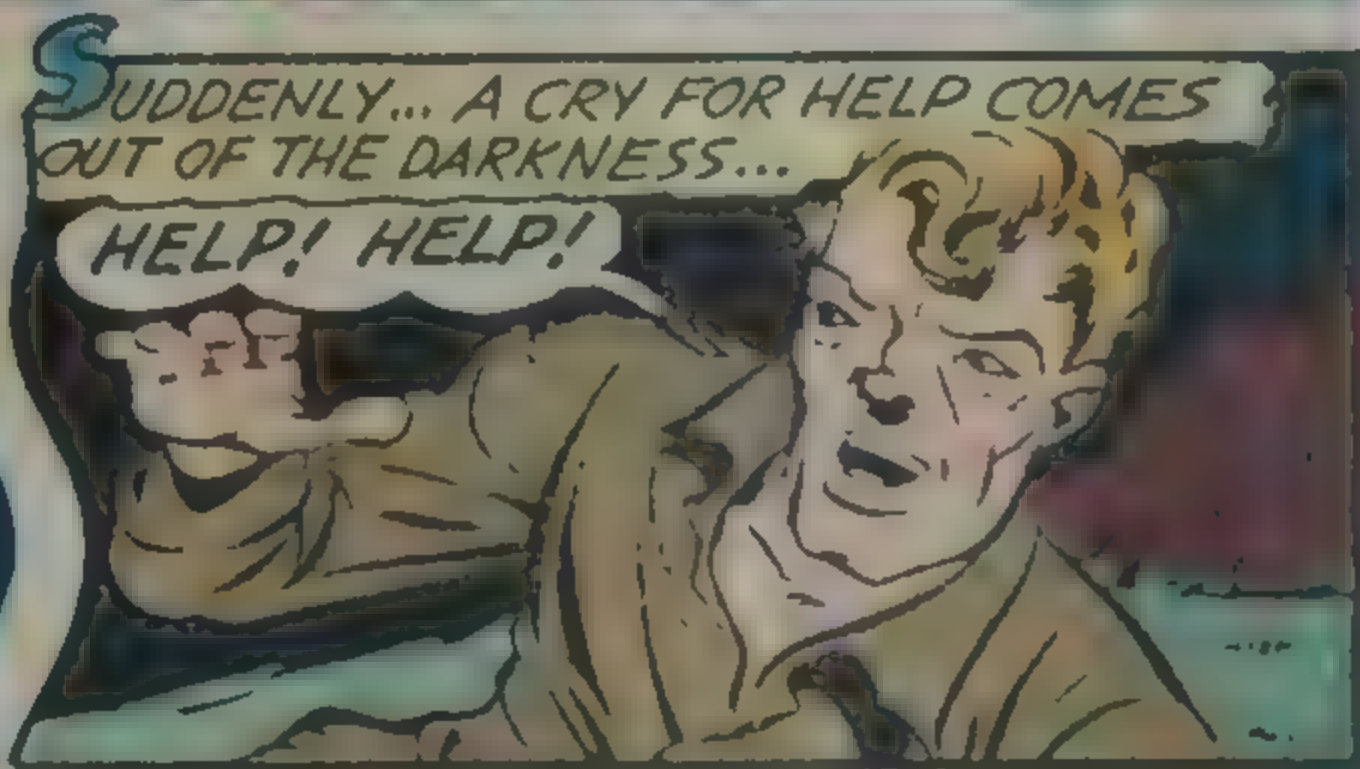
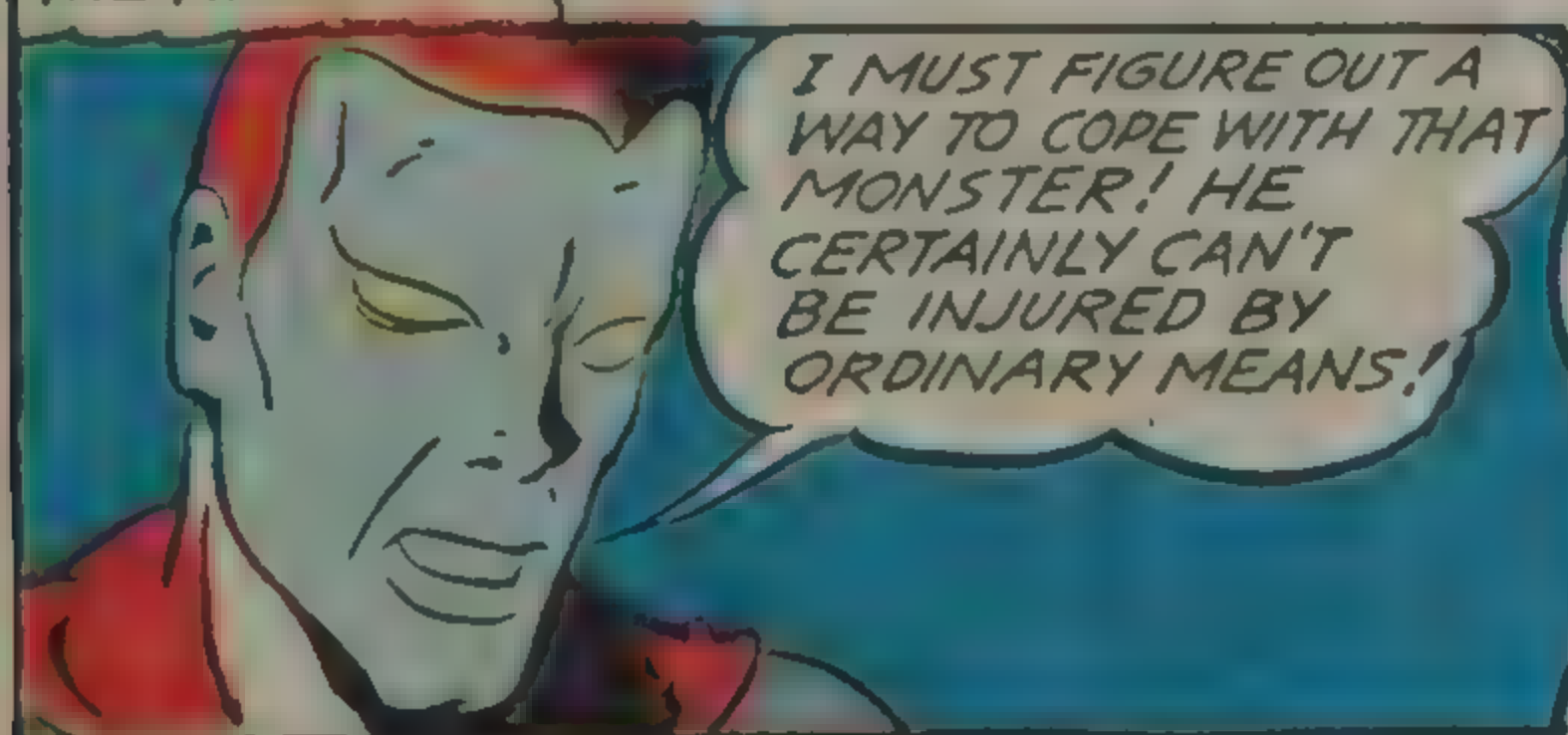
BUT SEEMINGLY FROM NO-WHERE ANOTHER POWERFUL FIGURE LEAPS INTO THE FRAY... ALWAYS ON HAND WHEN AN AVENGER IS NEEDED INSIDE NAZI GERMANY—THE DESTROYER CHARGES!



THE BATTLE RAGES FIERCELY ON, STEP BY STEP THE MIGHTY DESTROYER FORCES THE COLLOSSUS OF STONE BACKWARD!

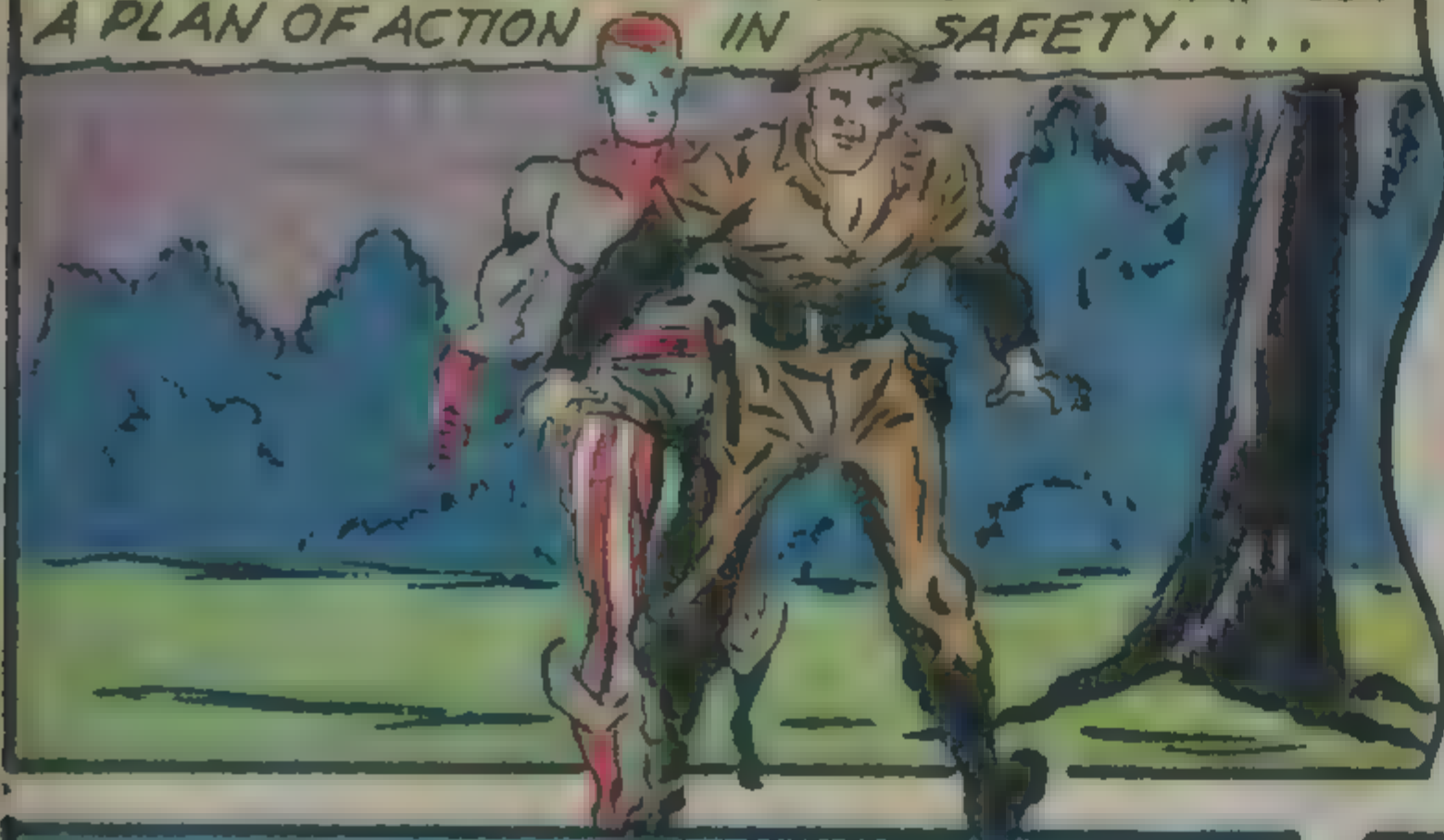


BUT THEN, JUST AS THE MOON BEGINS TO WANE, THE MONSTER TURNS AND RUNS INTO THE NIGHT!



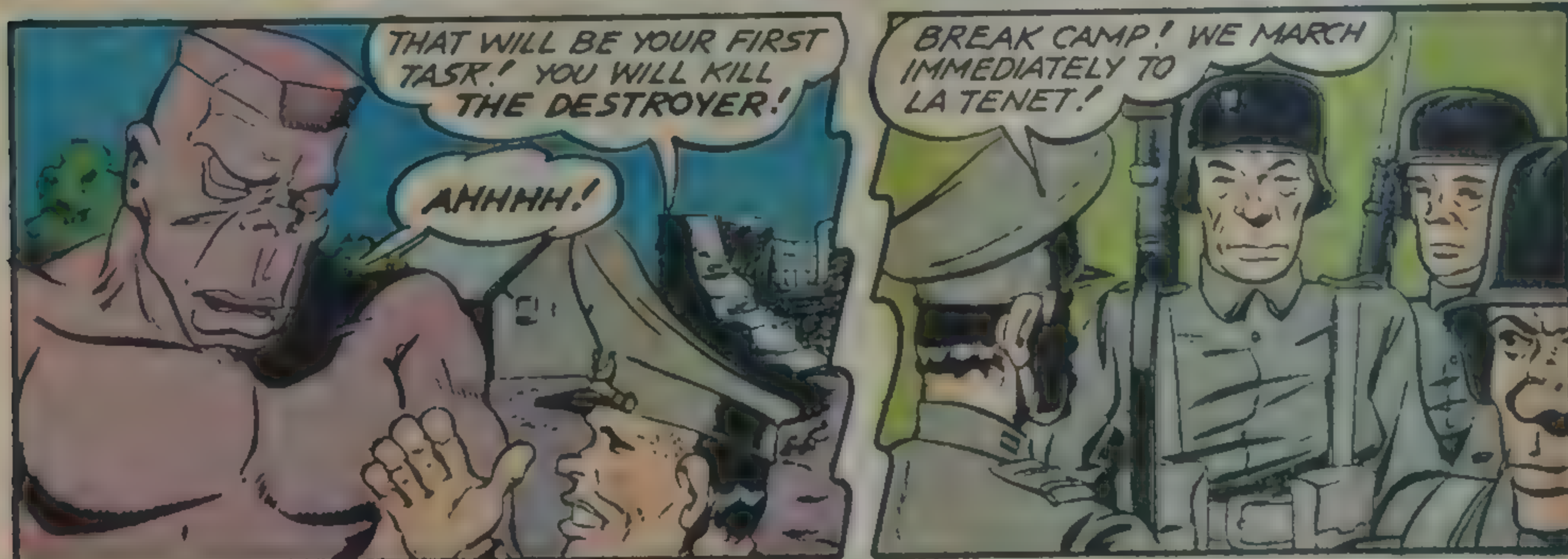


THE DESTROYER AND THE COURAGEOUS COMMANDO MAKE FOR THE WOODS TO MAP OUT A PLAN OF ACTION IN SAFETY....



MEANWHILE, THE MONSTER RUNNING MADLY AWAY COMES UPON A NAZI FORCE...





THE NAZI PLATOONS SOON ARE ON THE MOVE TOWARD LA TENET, AND THUS THE DESTROYER'S POSITION ON THE HOSTILE COAST BECOMES EVEN MORE DANGEROUS!



MEANWHILE, IN THE WOODS ADJACENT TO LA TENET...

NOW IS OUR CHANCE, WE'LL CIRCLE AROUND AND HEAD FOR THE FACTORY!

I HAVE THE BOMBS HERE!



WE'LL APPROACH AS CLOSELY AS WE CAN UNDER COVER AND THEN RUN WITHIN RANGE TO THROW THE BOMBS!

LISTEN! I THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE!

SUDDENLY, FIVE NAZIS SPRING FROM THE SURROUNDING BUSHES...

HEIL, HITLER!

YOU CAN TAKE THIS BACK TO HITLER!

SPLAT

NAZI SWINE!

UGH!

OUT YOU GO, MR. SAUERKRAUT!

BOFF

SEEING THE TYPE OF PUNISHMENT WHICH THE DESTROYER AND HIS COMPANION CAN DISH OUT, THE TWO REMAINING NAZIS SOON FLING UP THEIR ARMS IN TOTAL SURRENDOR!

KAMARAD!

HAH! THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT!

I'LL BLOW UP THE AMMUNITION FACTORY AND RETURN SOON, KEEP THAT GUN STEADY!

GOOD LUCK, FRIEND!

AS THE DARING DESTROYER'S FOOTSTEPS FADE INTO THE DISTANCE A MONSTROUS MENACING FIGURE SMASHES THRU THE TREES!

ARGHHHH!

WHAT'RE YOU HEINIES GOGGLING AT?

AGHH!
THE
MONSTER!

THE COMMANDO
TURNS AND SEES...

LEAVING THE HEROIC COMMANDO CRUSHED AND BLEEDING, THE NAZIS AND THE MONSTER HURRY AWAY!

MEANWHILE, THE DESTROYER RACES TOWARD HIS OBJECTIVE!

I'LL CIRCLE AROUND
AND COME UP
FROM THE
REAR!

NO LITTLE
WIRE FENCE
CAN STOP A
FIGHTER FOR
FREEDOM!

A BARRIER HALTS
THE DESTROYER...
BUT...

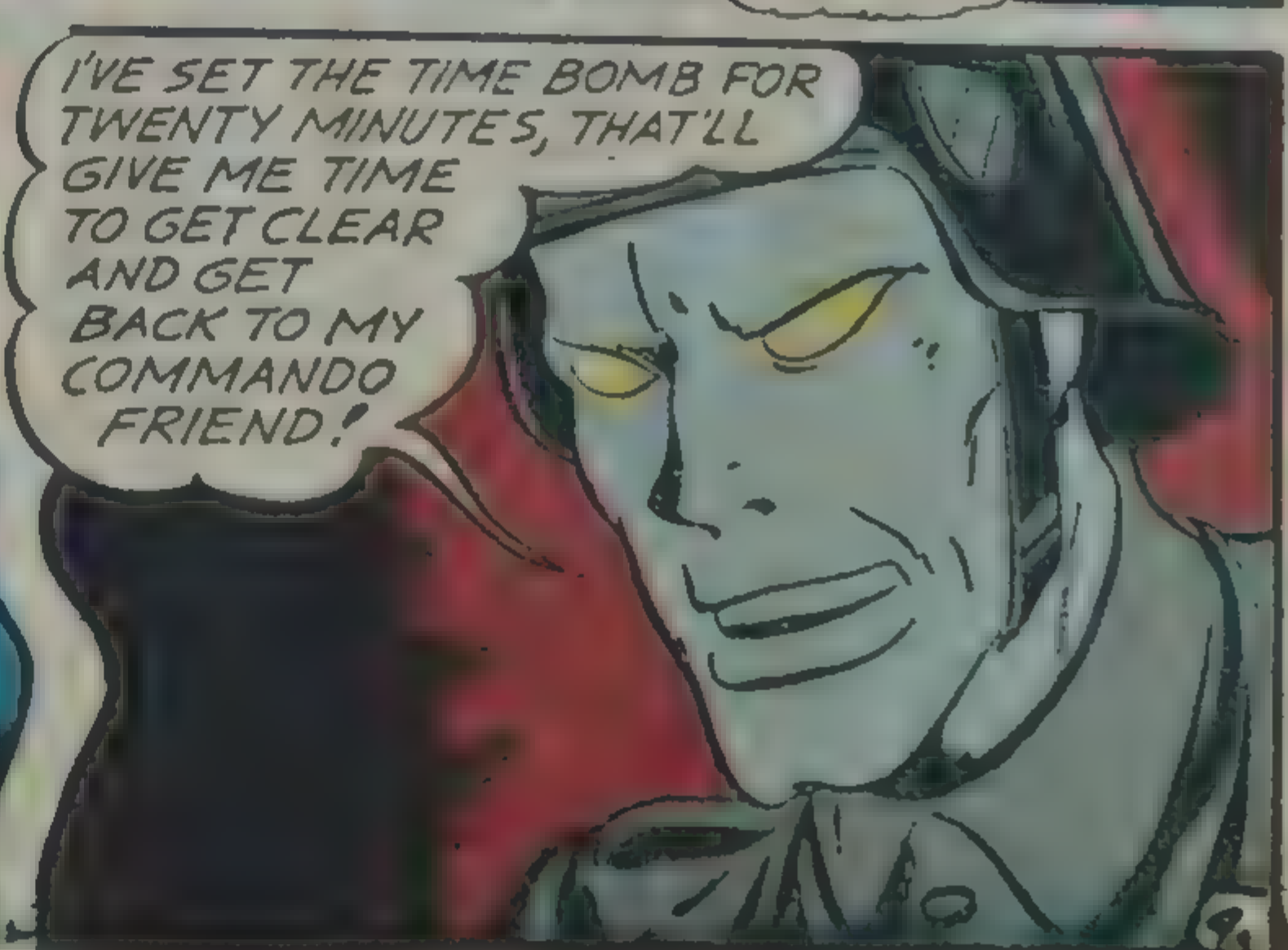
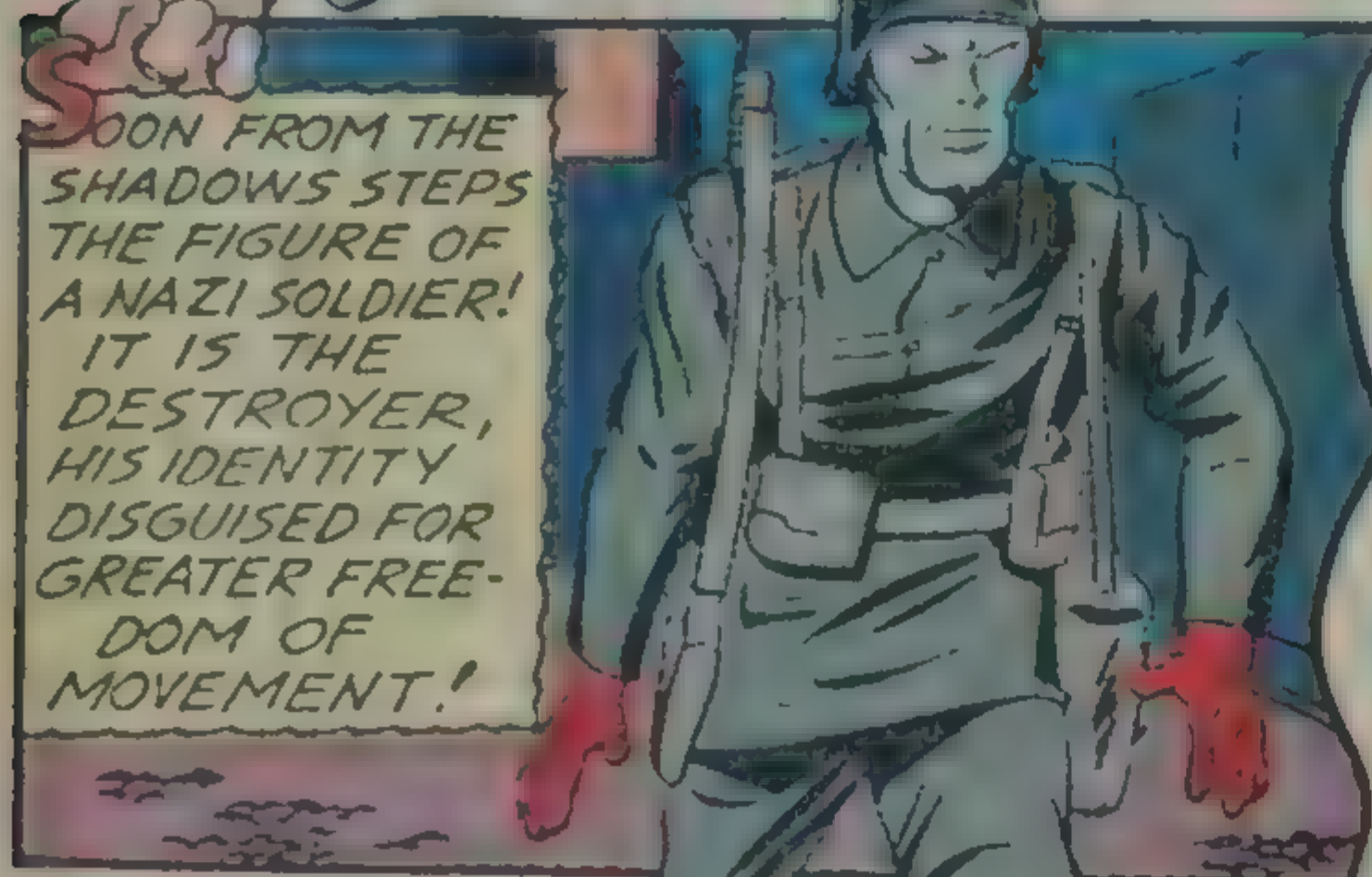
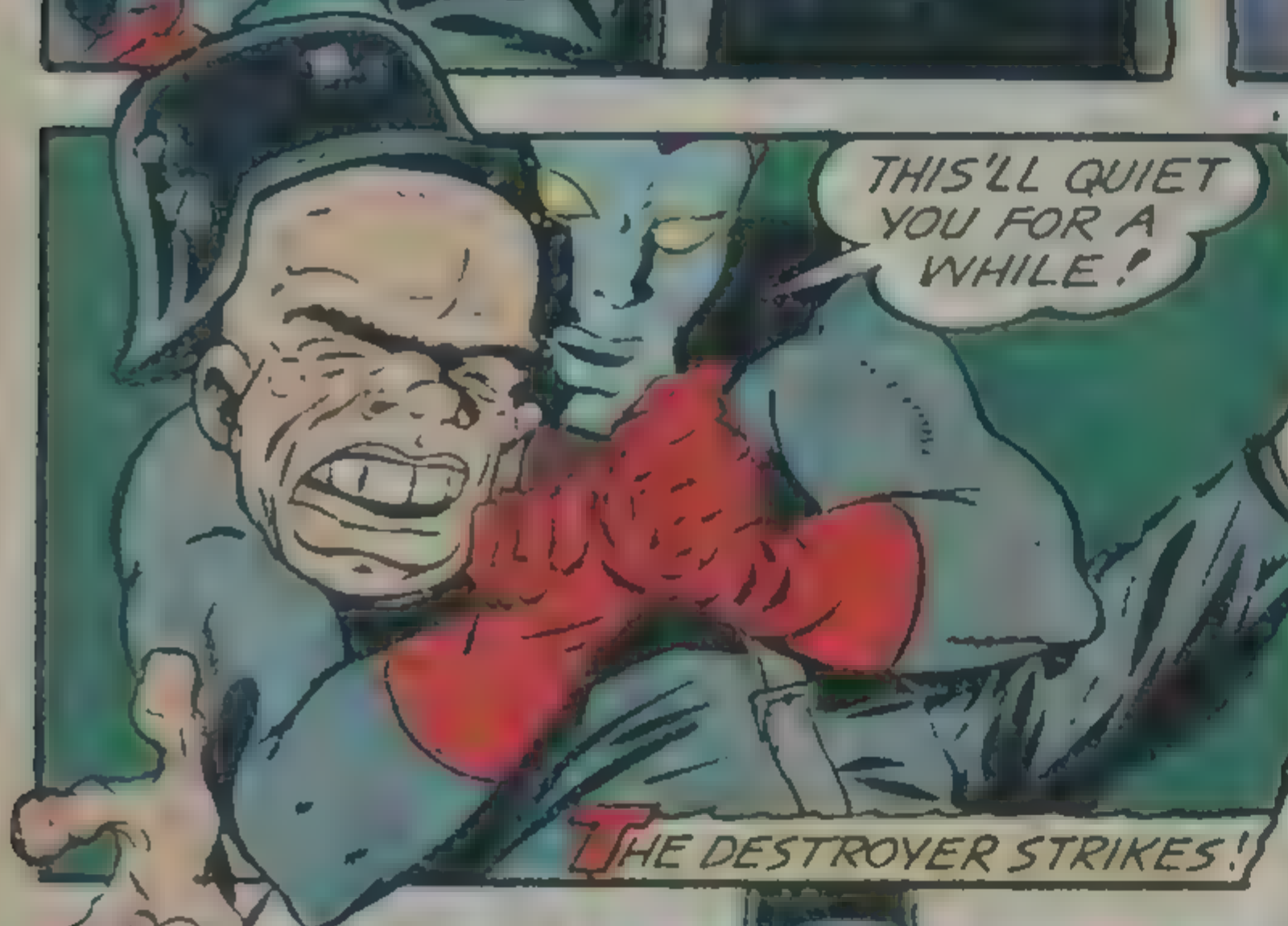
UP, UP,
AND OVER!

HE LOOKS LONELY,
MAYBE HE'D
WELCOME
COMPANY!

THE DESTROYER SIGHTS
A LONE NAZI SENTRY!

LIKE A PROWLING PANTHER, THE DESTROYER CREEPS TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING SENTRY—

CLOSER, EVER CLOSER, THE VISE-LIKE HANDS OF THE DESTROYER COME, UNTIL SUDDENLY...



BUT
AT
THAT
MOMENT
AN
ANGRY
NAZY
VOICE
RINGS
OUT!

YOU THERE!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
IN THERE?



ANSWER ME, YOU
SWINE! LIFT YOUR UGLY
HEAD AS A TRUE ARYAN
SHOULD!

HERR COMMANDANT, WE HAVE JUST
RECEIVED WORD THAT DER
DESTROYER IS COMING
HERE!

VOT?

SUDDENLY, THE SOLDIER POINTS AT THE
DISGUISED DESTROYER...

COMMANDANT!
DOT MAN... HE IS
NOT VON OF OUR
MEN... GOTT! IT'S
DER DESTROYER!

HIS DISGUISE
PIERCED,
THE DESTROYER
TRIES TO MAKE
A GET AWAY!

ACH, MISSED!

OUT OF MY WAY, FOOL! I
WILL GET HIM MYSELF!

SHOOT HIM
DOWN!

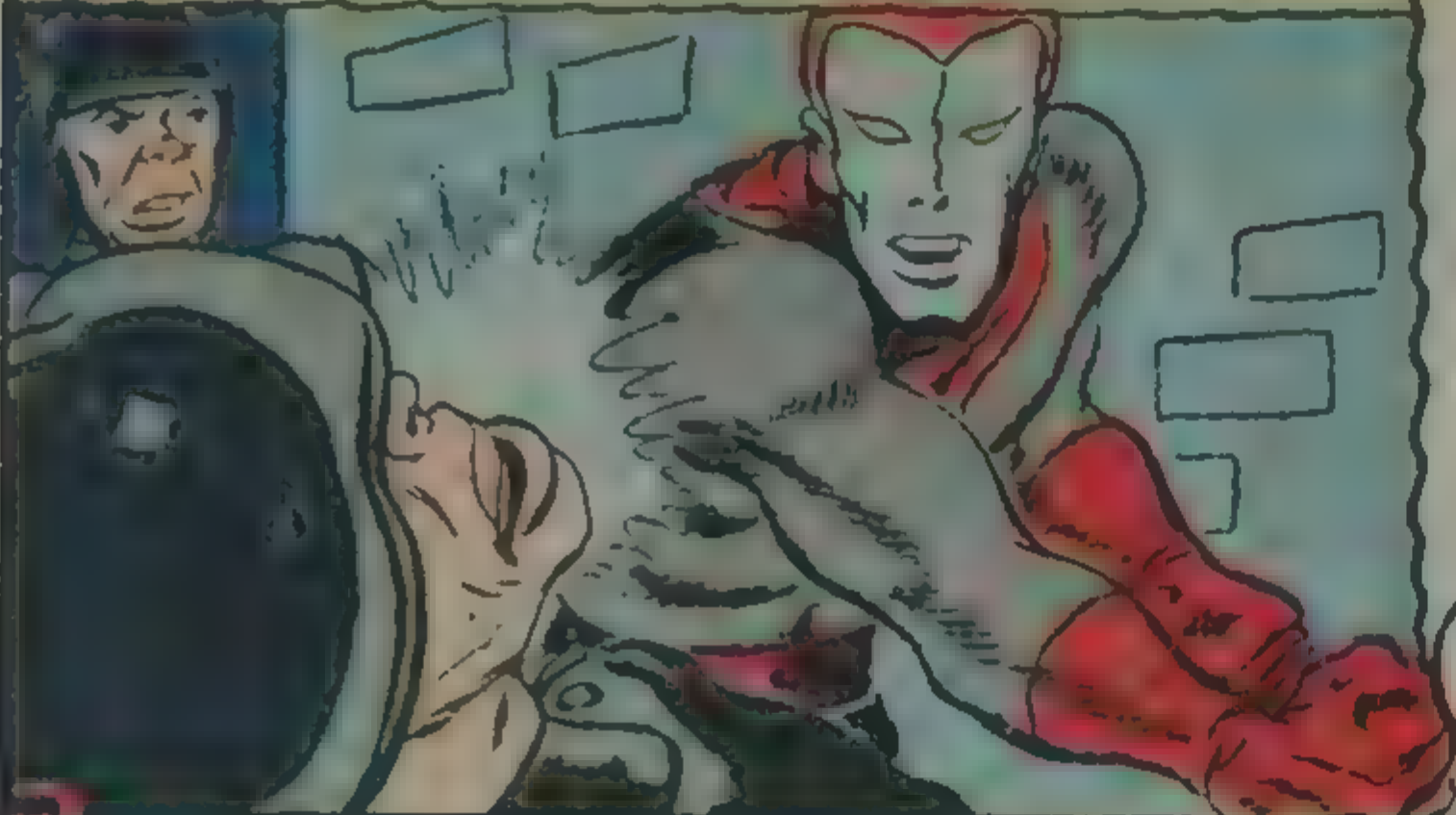
WOUNDED, BUT UNDAUNTED, THE
DESTROYER PREPARES FOR A
LAST DITCH STAND...

THE COMMANDANT'S WELL AIMED
SHOT FINDS ITS MARK!

UGH! MY
ARM!

C'MON, YOU
SNAKES
AND SEE
HOW A
MAN
FIGHTS!

LIKE A WOUNDED LION AT BAY, THE MAGNIFICENT DESTROYER MEETS THE ENEMY!



BUT EVEN THE DESTROYER, WEAKENED BY HIS WOUND, IS FINALLY OVERCOME BY FORCE OF NUMBERS!



MEIN GOTT! HE FIGHTS LIKE A MAD-MAN!

NO, SWINE, LIKE A FREE MAN!

OUCH!

BRING THE SCHWEINHUND IN HERE!



AND NOW, MY FRIEND, I HAVE A VISITOR FOR YOU!

DO YOUR WORST, NAZI!

I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE WITH YOUR VISITOR, IT WILL BE MUCH MORE COZY, HA, HA!

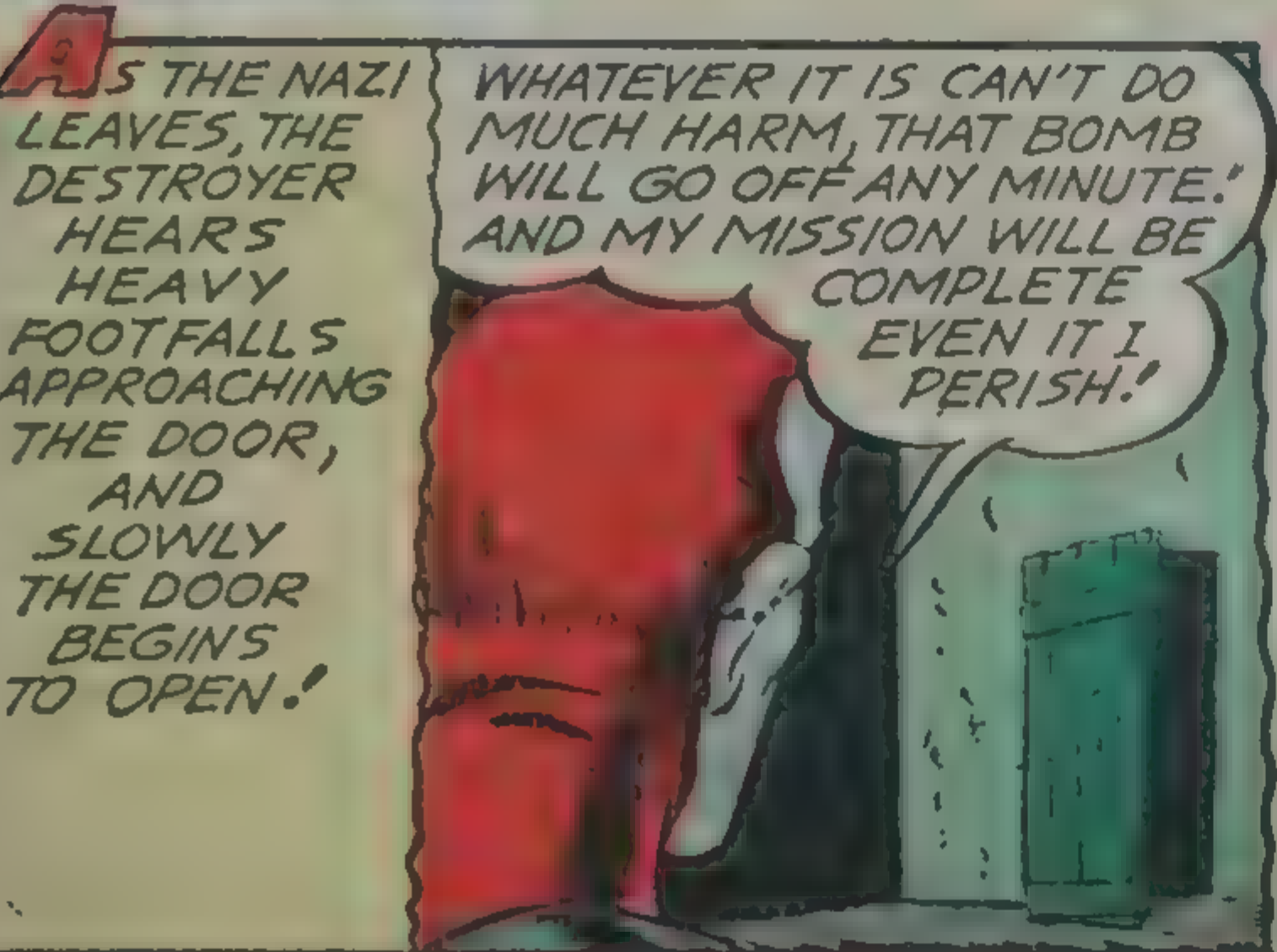


THE DESTROYER IS BOUND TO THE WALL...



AS THE NAZI LEAVES, THE DESTROYER HEARS HEAVY FOOTFALLS APPROACHING THE DOOR, AND SLOWLY THE DOOR BEGINS TO OPEN!

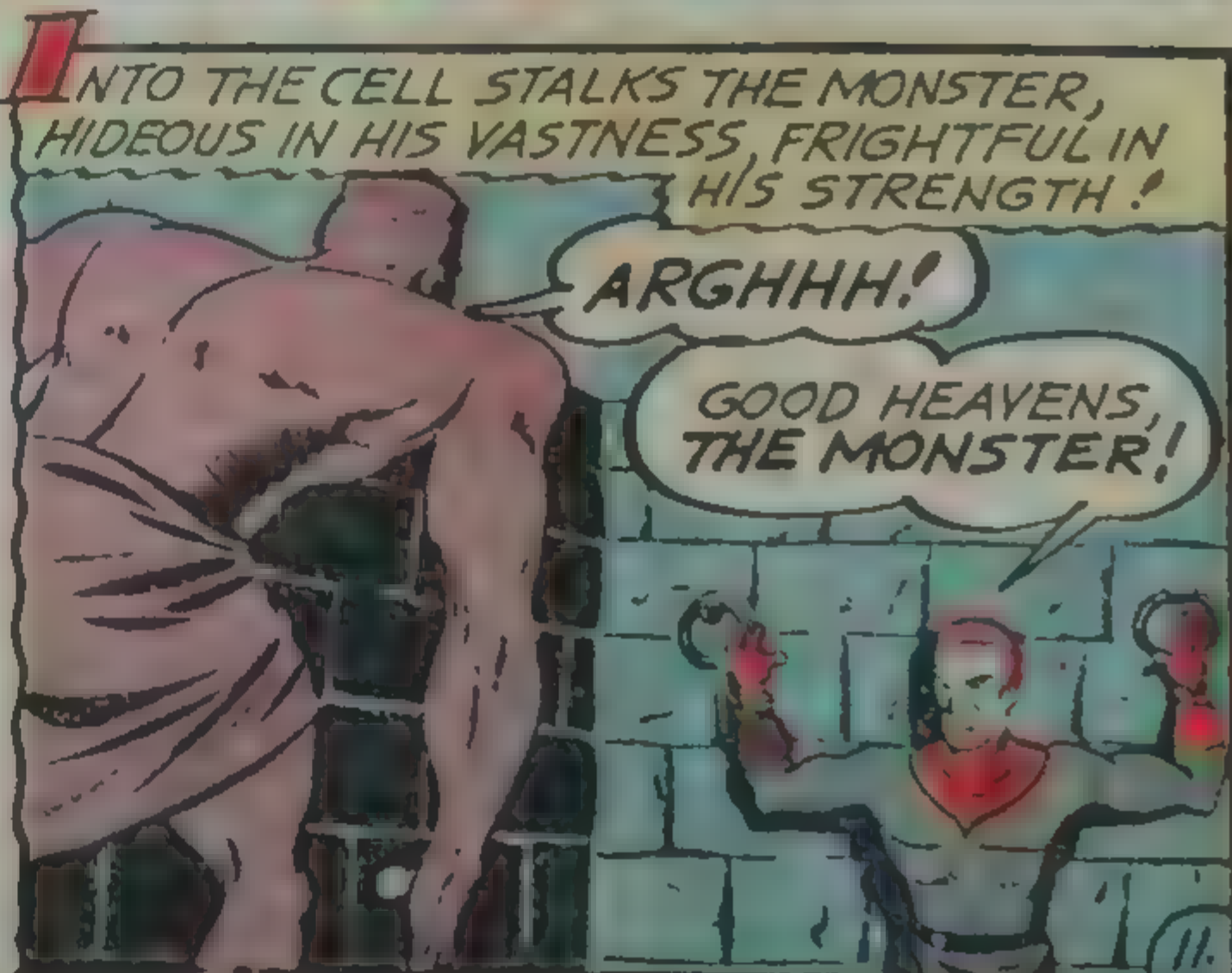
WHATEVER IT IS CAN'T DO MUCH HARM, THAT BOMB WILL GO OFF ANY MINUTE! AND MY MISSION WILL BE COMPLETE EVEN IF I PERISH!

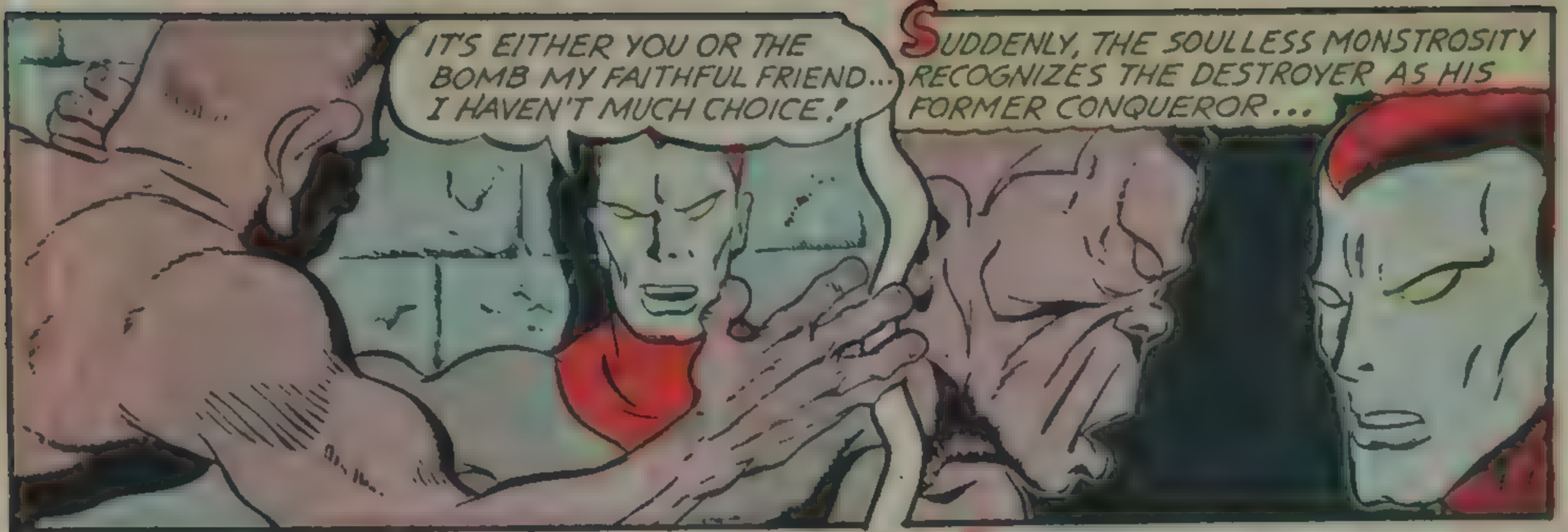


INTO THE CELL STALKS THE MONSTER, HIDEOUS IN HIS VASTNESS, FRIGHTFUL IN HIS STRENGTH!

ARGHHH!

GOOD HEAVENS, THE MONSTER!





IT'S EITHER YOU OR THE BOMB MY FAITHFUL FRIEND... I HAVEN'T MUCH CHOICE!

SUDDENLY, THE SOULLESS MONSTROSITY RECOGNIZES THE DESTROYER AS HIS FORMER CONQUEROR...

...AND ONCE AGAIN HE FLEES FROM THE INDOMNITABLE WILL WHICH SHINES FROM THE DESTROYER'S BLAZING EYES!

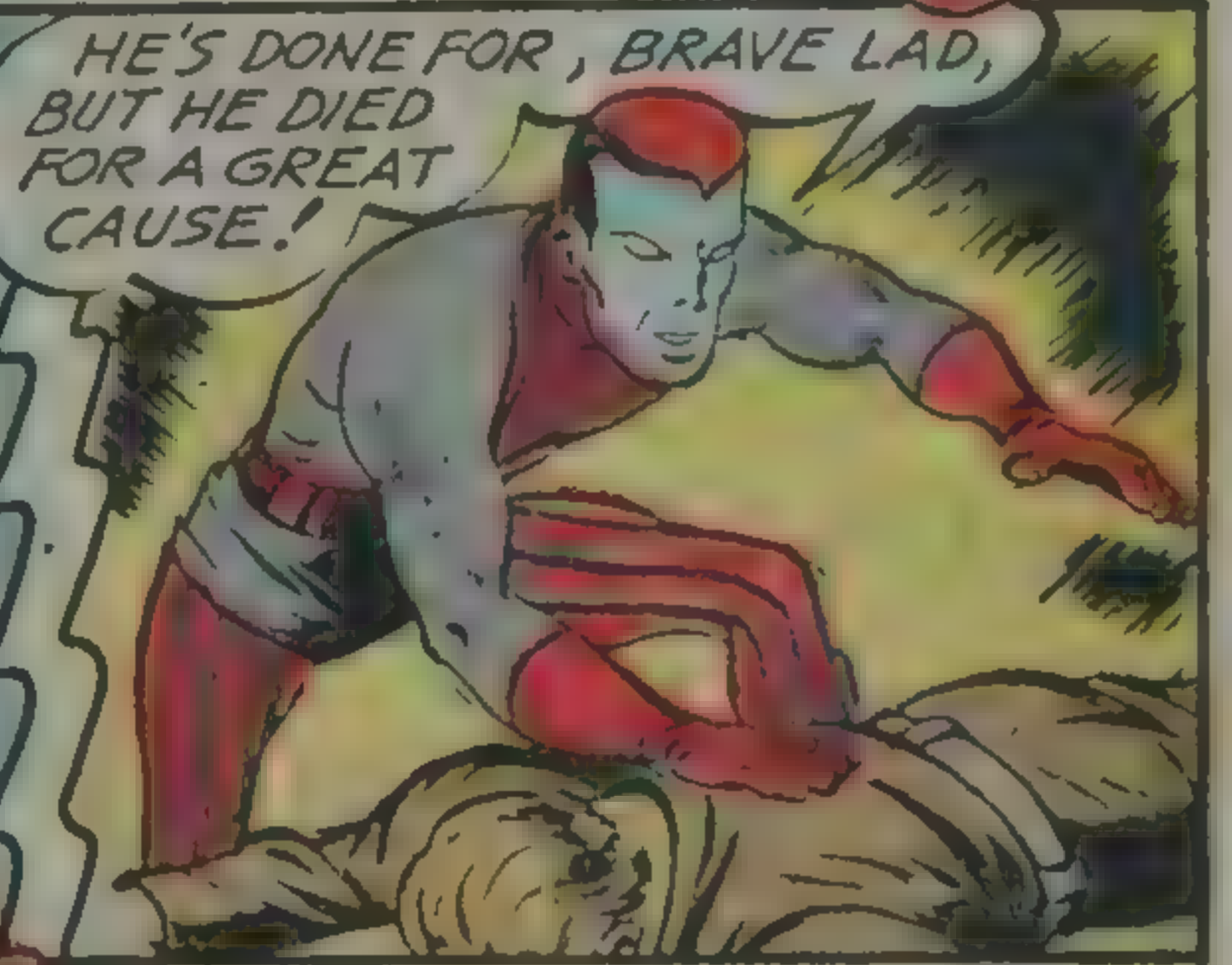


NO! NO!

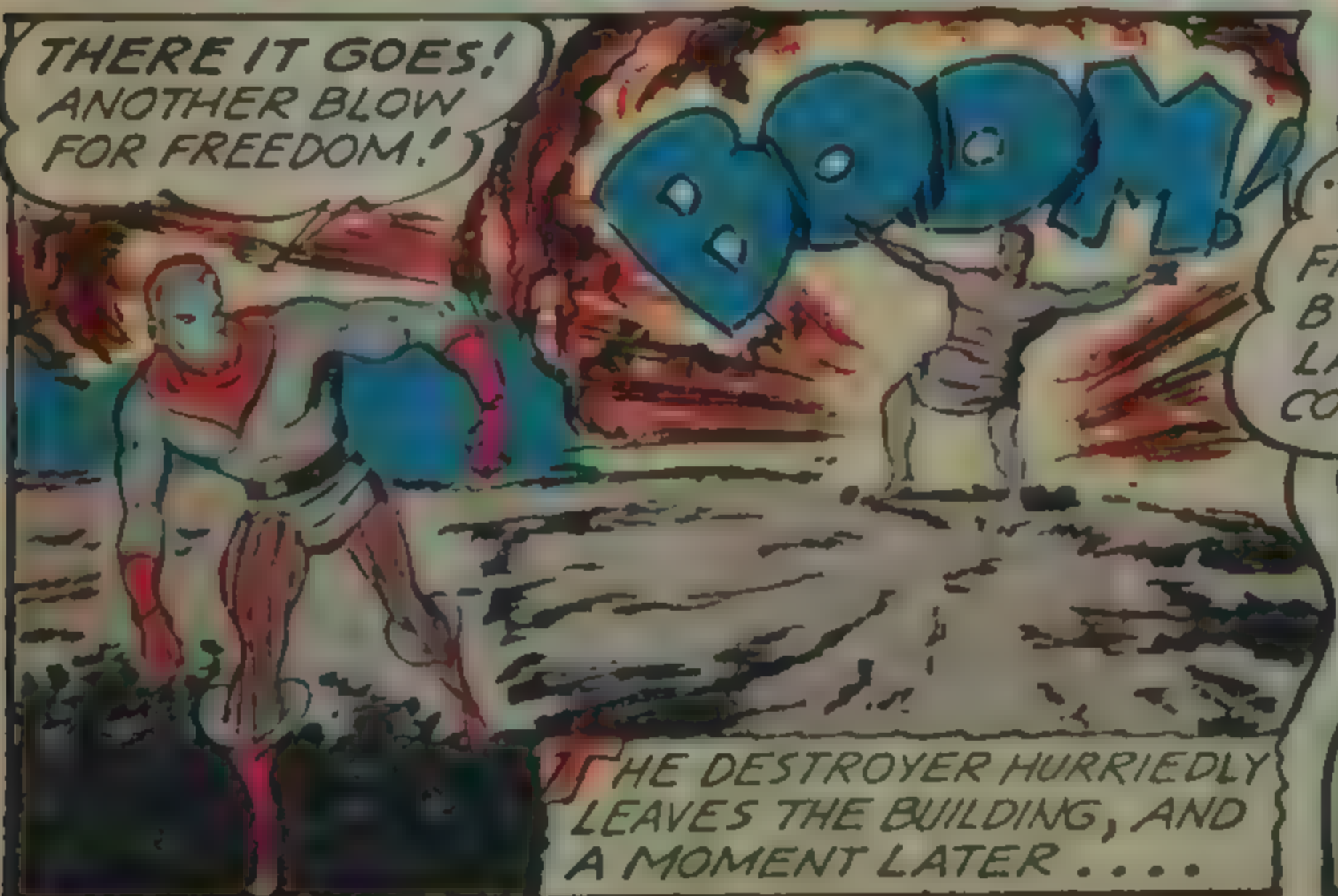
JUST THEN, THRU THE BROKEN DOOR CRAWLS THE COMMANDO, CRUSHED AND DYING...



I-I-I MADE-IT! I'LL-F-FREE YOU--BUT-YOU-MUST L-LEAVE-M-ME-I-I-I'M D-D-DYING!



HE'S DONE FOR, BRAVE LAD, BUT HE DIED FOR A GREAT CAUSE!

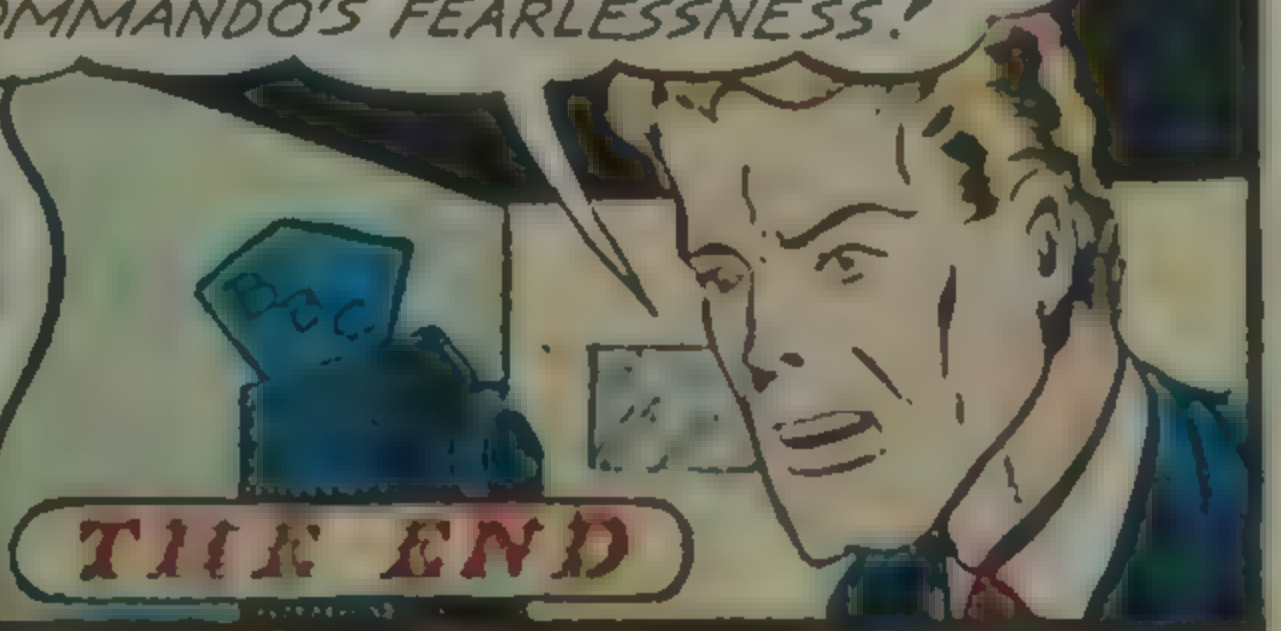


THERE IT GOES! ANOTHER BLOW FOR FREEDOM!

BOOM!

SOMETIME LATER, IN LONDON, KEENE MARLOWE, AMERICAN REPORTER, ALIAS THE DESTROYER, BROADCASTS...

...AND SO, ON THE FORMER SITE OF THE FACTORY STANDS A MONSTROUS FIGURE, BLASTED TO IMMOBILITY AGAIN BY THE FLAMES... IT STANDS AS A LASTING MONUMENT TO A BRAVE COMMANDO'S FEARLESSNESS!



THE END

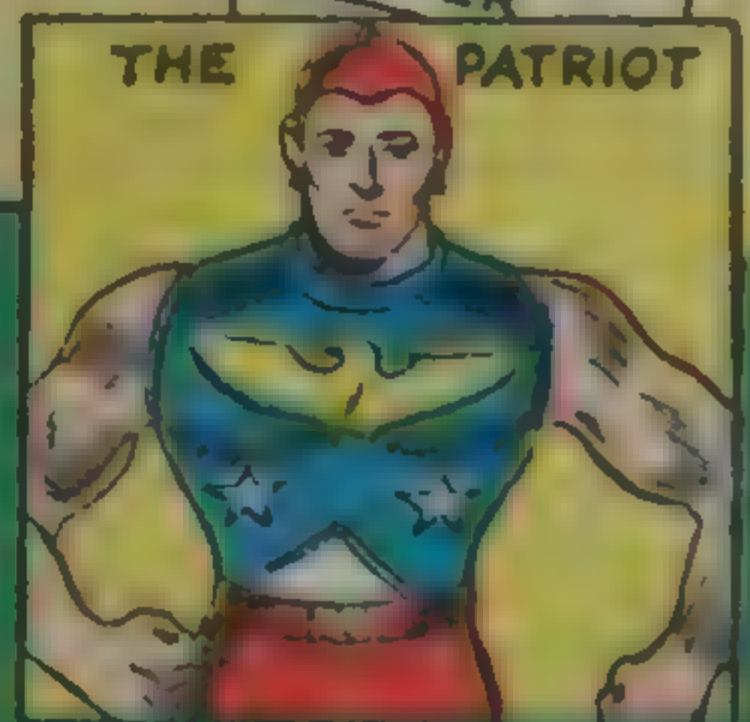
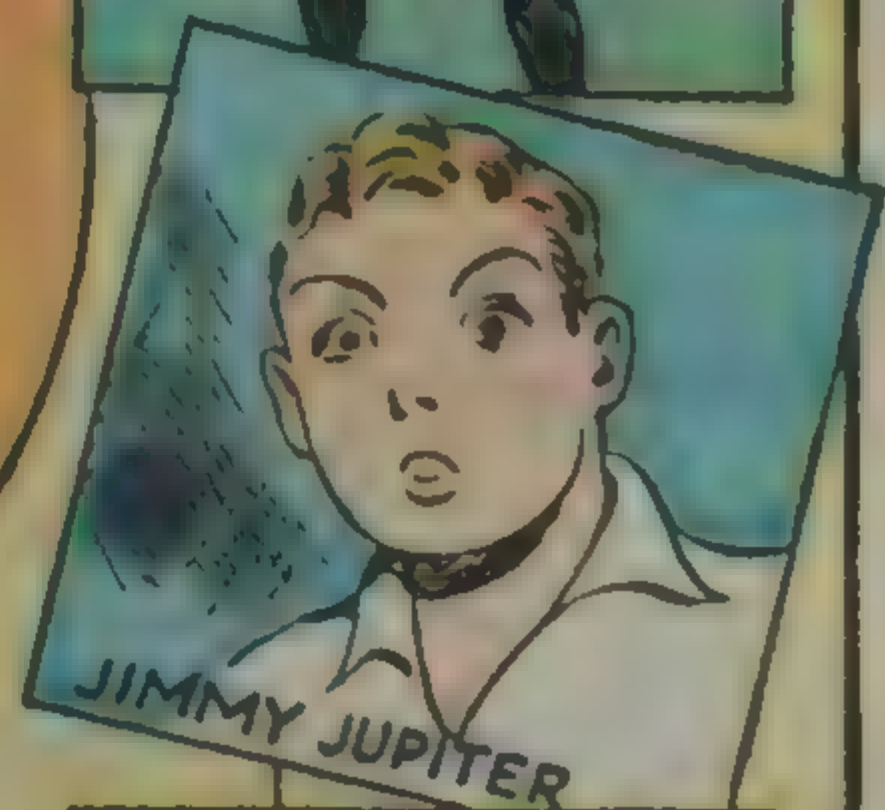
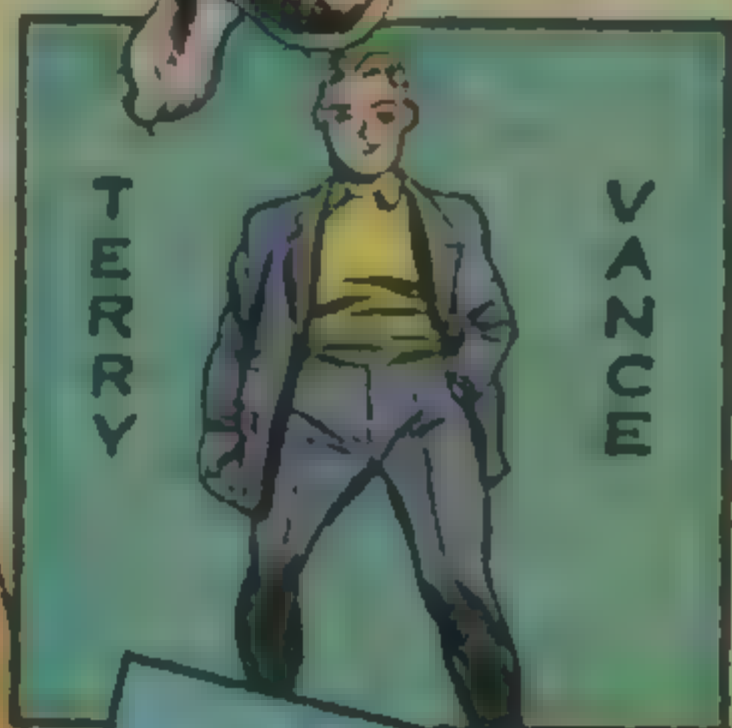
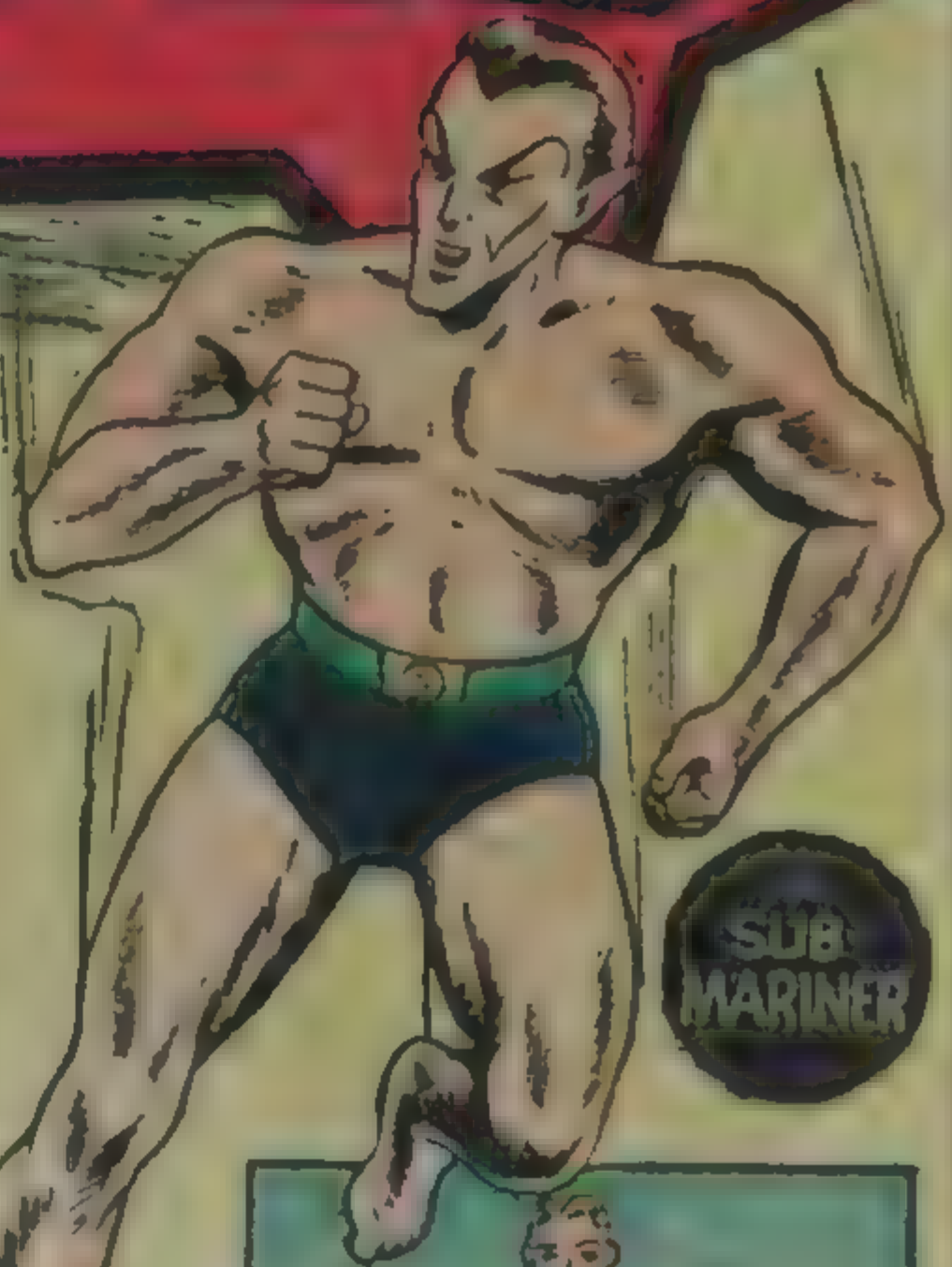
THE DESTROYER HURRIEDLY LEAVES THE BUILDING, AND A MOMENT LATER....

MARVEL

THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
HEROES IN
THE MOST
EXCITING
ADVENTURES
YOU'VE EVER
READ!

MARVEL

at
CHARACTERS
WHICH WILL
TAKE YOUR
BREATH AWAY!
CHARACTERS
LIKE.....



The WOM TOWNS

BY MICKEY SPILLANE

LITTLE WILLY Wickerschnikle scooped up a desk full of letters and marched into the boss' office. "Here's the day's do-it, Boss!" Slowly the bushy-browed Simon Legree spun around in his swivel chair and gave Willy a devastating once over.

"Young man," he bellowed through his whiskers, "How often have I told you to correct your English . . . *and quit calling me boss!*" Willy shook under the onslaught, nodded his head like it was on a rubber band and waited for orders. Christopher Fitzgerald Wampus, alias "the Boss," ripped the ends out of his mail and scanned the contents. Bang, bang, bang, went his fist on the desk. "Bills, bills, and more bills," he yelled. "Is this place a credit house or a stock brokerage agency! Look what I get sent . . ." The boss held aloft a fistful of gold edged securities.

"What are dey, boss?"

"Something a young ninny as bad as you picked up in the market. Gold mine bonds, that's what . . . for the Gleeful Gopher Mine. Of all the jugheaded saps he takes the cake . . . next to you. Why that mine stopped operating ten years ago and now he buys shares in it!"

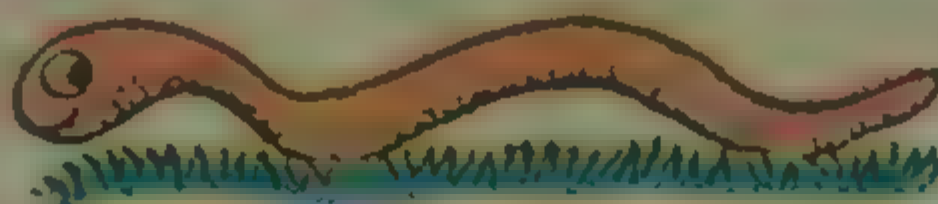
"Gosh, boss," piped up Willy. "Wish I had those." A sly gleam creeps into Wampus' eyes, and he smiled like a wolf about to take a bite out of a lamb.

"Young man, I believe that it is about time that you learn the value of money. You live alone, I take it?"

"Yeah, I yamma orfink."

"HMMMMMM! Then, since you are a member of this organi-

zation in fairly good standing, I will make you a bargain. I will let you have these securities for the nominal sum of one week's salary! . . . Yes?"



"YIPPEEEEE! I yam now a Wall Street man!" Willy whipped out a stub of a pencil and signed the salary release and statement of ownership that the boss shoved at him. The boss grinned wildly. He loved to sell something to a sucker. No matter that the stocks were worthless, Willy thought that anything printed on bond paper in green ink with a fancy border *had* to be worth something, and for only one week's salary, ten bucks!

That night everybody in the neighborhood had seen and inspected Willy's stocks. His credit at the local beanery shot up so that he could order turkey sandwiches without getting the glower from the Greek proprietor. People looked at him now and were glad to say "Hello." Thusly Willy Wickerschnikle became a "big shot."

Now it was but a few days later when Oswald Perkins appeared in Fitzgerald Wampus' office. The boss took one look at him and almost blew his top. "You! What do you mean walking here like the cat that ate the canary after buying those phoney shares in a defunct mine!"

Perkins' face dropped. "What do ya mean, phoney shares. Those things were worth their weight in gold. That mine ran out of gold, but someone discovered that there were tin deposits there! Why, those shares give you the

controlling interest in the place. You have forty-seven percent in the safe from the time you were stuck with them, and the ones I mailed you bring the total up to fifty one. You're a rich man!"

"WHAT! WHAT'S THIS? TIN?" The boss' eyes rolled in their sockets. He suddenly became a very sick man. Perkins ran to his side.

"Boss, what's the matter? Speak to me!" Wampus looked up groggily.

"I sold 'em." Then Perkins almost passed out. "I sold them to that nitwit office boy of ours . . . for ten dollars! Ohoooo! . . . Well, don't stand there . . . do something!" Perkins picked himself up mentally and dashed out. He nearly knocked poor Willy over as he made tracks out of the office.

"Why, Willy my boy. Here, let me help you with those packages!" Perkins took the load from Willy and staggered down the aisle. Immediately out ran Wampus.

"Ah, there you are, William. I have been looking for you. Why don't you take the day off and go to the ball game? Here is a ticket . . . the best seat in the stadium!" Willy scratched his head, wondering what in blue blazes was going on. First Perkins, then this. However, he was not one to think about such things. Let fortune favor him as it may. He snatched his cap from the hook and pranced out the door. Perkins and the boss went into a conference behind closed doors.

"Think we got him?" Perkins asked.

"Don't know. Tomorrow we go to work on him. He'll turn

them over for a profit . . . not too large, of course. I'll buy them back for fifteen dollars."

SO WILLY had his work done for him and sat in at a good ball game. He went home feeling like a million bucks. But no sooner did he get in the house then the landlady tiptoed out. "Man to see you, Willy, he's waiting in the parlor." "What is this?" Willy muttered as he opened the door. A very large, dignified gentleman sat there, and when he saw Willy he smiled benevolently.

"Ah, Mr. Wickerschnickle, I believe?" Willy said "yes." The big man went on. "I am Mr. Styles of the Acme Brokerage. I understand that you own four percent of the shares in the Gleeful Gopher Mine. To get to the point, I am prepared to offer you one hundred dollars for them. "What do you say?" Willy tried desperately to say something, but his mouth just hung down on his chest. Finally he let out a "HUH?" and clammed up again. Mr. Styles smiled even more. "I see you are a smart businessman, sir. I will raise the price to five hundred dollars. Think it over. At this time tomorrow I will be back and we will make a deal, yes?" Not knowing whether he was coming or going, Willy nodded his head. Mr. Styles bid him goodnight and went out.

What dreams Willy had that night. He rode in a flashy car... ate caviar on Melba toast, and dressed like a kmg. Five hundred bucks . . . WOW! The alarm clock woke him up with a bang. He shook his head thinking what a wonderful dream it was . . . then realized that it all was true and bounced out of bed and into his clothes. He didn't know if he should quit work or not. Dear Mr. Wampus . . . out of the goodness of his heart he had sold him a fortune in stocks! What a beautiful day! Whoopeee!

Fitzgerald Wampus and Perkins were the first ones at work

that morning. The boss had bags under his eyes big enough to carry on a truck. Poor Perkins looked like he had slept in his clothes. When Willy came in they exchanged glances and went out to meet him. "Good morning, Willy, glad to see you in so bright and early. Step into the office a minute."

Now whenever anyone was asked into the office, it meant he was about to get a raise or get fired, and Willy knew that he wasn't due for a raise . . . or so he thought. Shaking like an ant with the heebie jeebies, he stepped in. "Willy," the boss began, "you remember those stocks I sold you? Well, by now I suppose you found out that they were worthless, so I'm going to buy them back . . . and at a profit for you! I will give you fifteen dollars for them!"

BUT WILLY WAS NO DOPE. Right away he knew that something was up. "Nix, boss, I can sell them for five hundred smackers. Styles of Acme wants 'em."

"What! Perkins, Does this mean . . ."

"I'm afraid so. Acme must have checked the ownership. They have forty nine percent over there, and that will give them the controlling interest." The boss was really shaking now. In fact he was sweating green.

"Now look, Willy. We've always been friends, haven't we? I'll not dicker. I will give you six hundred dollars."

"Nope. Acme will give me 'more.'"

The ante went up. So did Wampus' blood pressure. He offered one thousand, then two, then three. Suddenly the phone rang. "It's for you, William," the boss said. Willy answered it.

"Yeah? What d'ya want?" Wampus and Perkins heard a raspy voice come out of the earphone, but all they got were the

words "double" and "money" . . . Perkins looked at Wampus and said, "Gad, that must be Acme . . . sounds like they will double our offer to get those shares!"

"Five?" Willy said incredulously into the phone . . . "TEN? Golly!"

Wampus started to sweat. "Now they're offering him the mint! What will I do?"

PERKINS SHOOK HIS HEAD. "Better go the limit!" Wampus nodded in assent. Willy hung up the phone. Wampus started to speak immediately.

"I suppose that was Acme, William." Willie started to say something, but Wampus stopped him. "Don't say a word." The boss and Perkins went into a huddle. For many minutes they buzzed and buzzed, then the boss took a deep breath, grunted a few times like a cow, and laid a heavy hand on Willy's shoulder.

"My lad, I have come to the conclusion that you are too smart to try to outwit. Acme is a hole in the wall that will probably not pay you for months. So, if you sell to me, you will receive cash immediately. I now offer you the sum of twenty-five G's, eh? . . ." Willy hesitated for a moment. "Hmmmmmm, well, ummm . . . Okay, I'll take it!"

Papers were rushed out, Wampus almost ripped the door off the safe opening it, a pen was shoved into Willy's hand . . . and the deal was made. When it was all over the boss gritted his teeth. "Willy, you'll be a success, some day!" Willy tried hard to keep from grinning, but it didn't work. As he went out he broke into a horse laugh.

"IF THEY ONLY KNEW," he said to the empty desks. "If they only knew that that phone call was from my landlady upping my room rent on account of I'm a success, they would've shot me! Haw! Haw!"

THE END

CAPTAIN AMERICA

THE MOCK
MIKADO
STRIKES!

OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS EAST HE COMES... THE MOCK MIKADO! DEATH AND DESTRUCTION FOLLOW IN HIS WAKE AS HE PLANS HIS HIDEOUS MASTER-BLOW AGAINST AMERICA! BUT WHEN HIS MASTER-BLOW MEETS UP WITH AMERICA'S MASTER-FIGHTERS, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY, THEN THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN!

THE TURN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY BRINGS WITH IT A NEW EMPEROR FROM THE LAND OF NIPPON!!

OH, GREAT EMPEROR, SON OF THE RISING SUN... THE GODS HAVE FAVORED YOU WITH AN HEIR!!

NOBLE EMPEROR, 'TIS A GREAT DAY FOR YOU!!

BUT ONLY A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE BIRTH OF THE YOUNG MIKADO..

OH, GREAT EMPEROR, TRAGEDY HAS BEFALLEN!! A SECOND SON HAS BEEN BORN!

TWO SONS WILL MEAN TWO RULERS... AND CIVIL WAR!!

WAIT, WAIT, I HAVE A WAY OUT!!

THE EMPEROR HEARS DREADFUL NEWS... TWIN PRINCES HAVE BEEN BORN!

I WILL TAKE THIS SECOND SON, THIS MOCK MIKADO AND BUILD FOR HIM AN EMPIRE IN THE CONTINENT OF NORTH AMERICA!! YOUR SONS WILL RULE THE ENTIRE WORLD!!

EXCELLENT, BARON JOJITSO!

WEEKS LATER, A SMALL PARTY UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF THE CRAFTY BARON JOJITSO, STEAL INTO THE LAND OF MEXICO!

BUT WHY HAVE WE SELECTED MEXICO, BARON JOJITSO?

BECAUSE OF ITS NEARNESS TO THE UNITED STATES, WHERE SOME DAY, THIS LAD WILL RULE THE WESTERN WORLD!!

TIME MOVES SWIFTLY AND IN THE WINTER OF 1941, JAPAN WARS WITH THE UNITED STATES!! WHILE IN MEXICO AT THE BEDSIDE OF THE DYING BARON JOJITSO!

THE TIME HAS COME TO STRIKE!! YOUR BROTHER'S EMPIRE WARS WITH AMERICA!!

AS YOU SAY, BARON JOJITSO!

LITTLE DOES THE PUNY ONE OF EAST KNOW THAT FIRST I WILL CONQUER THE UNITED STATES AND THEN RETURN TO JAPAN AND CLAIM THE THRONE FROM HIM!!

THE MOCK MIKADO RIDES FORTH AT THE HEAD OF HIS SECRETLY TRAINED CAVALRY...

FORWARD, FOR THE
INVASION OF THE
UNITED STATES!!

MEANWHILE, ON PATROL DUTY NEAR AN ARMY
OUTPOST ON THE MEXICAN BORDER, WE FIND
PRIVATES ROGER AND BARNES...

GEE, STEVE, I'D LIKE TO
SEE SOME ACTION,
WOULDN'T YOU?

BOY, I CAN'T
WAIT UNTIL I
GET MY HANDS
ON THOSE...

WHAT'S
THAT!!

A BLOOD-CURDLING
CRY ECHOES THROUGH-
OUT THE HILLS...

JAP CAVALRY, AND THEY'RE
CROSSING THE BORDER
INTO THE UNITED
STATES!! WE'VE GOT
TO STOP THEM!!

OKAY...

...LET'S GO,
CAPTAIN
AMERICA!

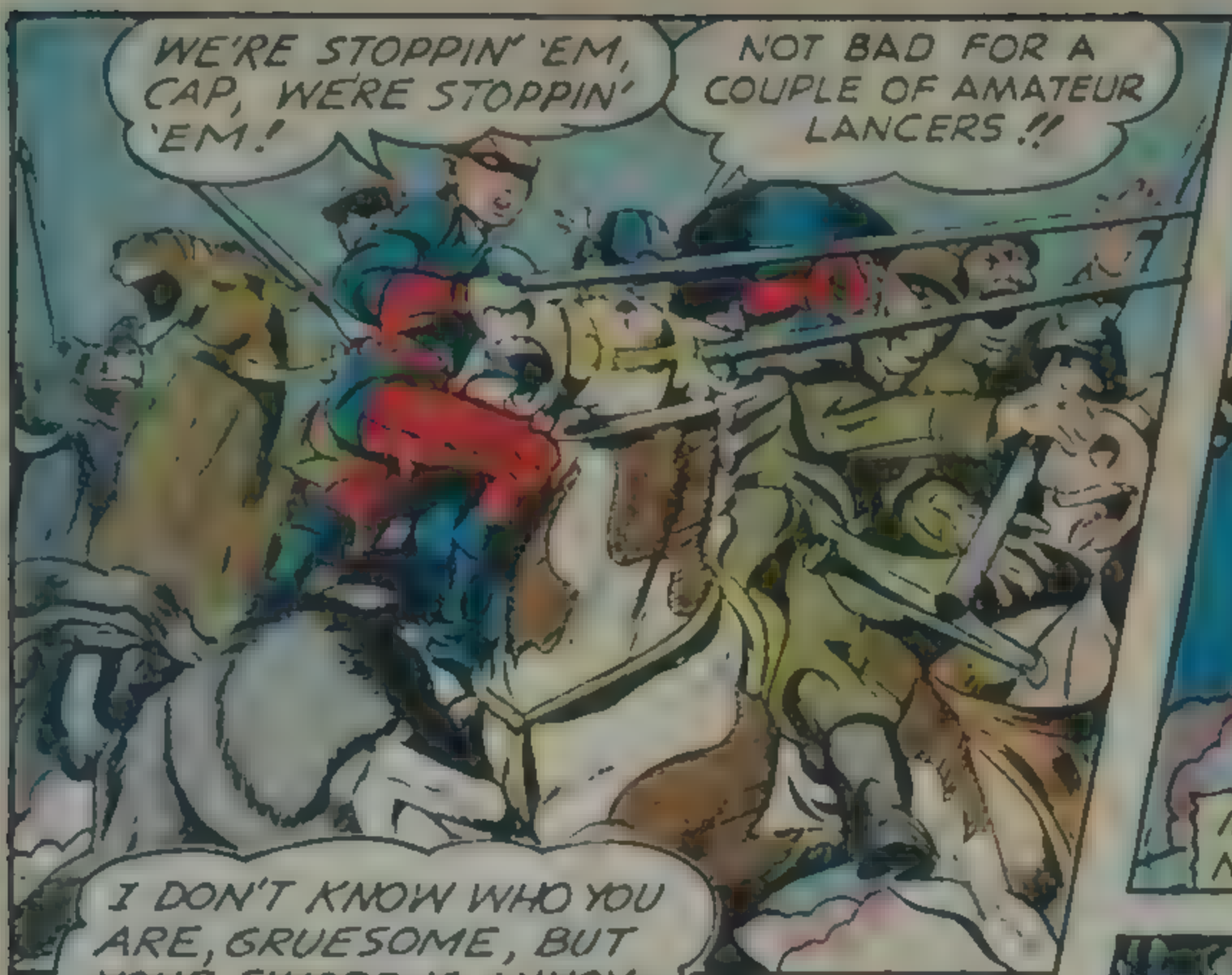
NOW WE'RE
ALL SET!

THIS IS WHAT
WE NEEDED!!

SUDDENLY...

BONG

AS HIS FLYING SHIELD KNOCKS A
JAP OFF HIS HORSE, CAPTAIN
AMERICA LEAPS ON THE CHARG-
ER, WITH BUCKY RIGHT BEHIND!



WE'RE STOPPIN' 'EM,
CAP, WE'RE STOPPIN'
'EM!

NOT BAD FOR A
COUPLE OF AMATEUR
LANCERS!!

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU
ARE, GRUESOME, BUT
YOUR SWORD IS ANNOY-
ING ME!



DOG OF DOGS,
I'LL CLEAVE
THEM IN!!

IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE, THE MOCK
MIKADO, RACES TO THE FORE....



CLANG

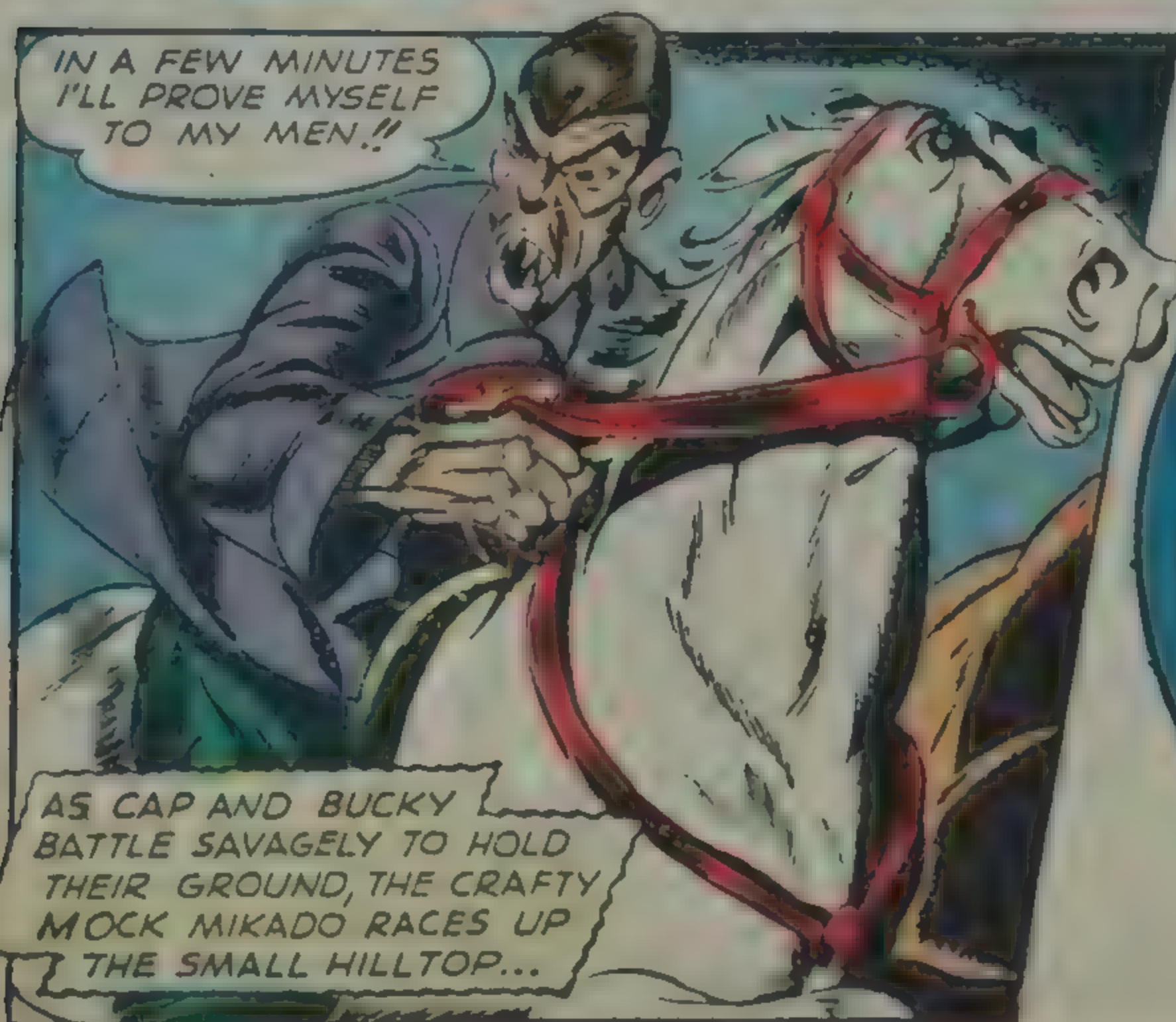
AIEEEE!
MY SWORD!



THEY STRUCK
THE MOCK MIKADO!
DEATH TO THE
SWINE!!

HERE THEY
COME, CAP!! A
MILLION OF
'EM!!

WE BETTER GET
BEHIND THOSE
ROCKS!! WE CAN
HOLD THEM OFF
BETTER THERE!!



IN A FEW MINUTES
I'LL PROVE MYSELF
TO MY MEN!!

AS CAP AND BUCKY
BATTLE SAVAGELY TO HOLD
THEIR GROUND, THE CRAFTY
MOCK MIKADO RACES UP
THE SMALL HILLTOP...

...AND SPURRING HIS HORSE, THE
JAP LEADER LEAPS INTO SPACE...



DOGS... BE TRAMPLED
BY THE MOCK
MIKADO!!

BUCKY,
LOOK
OUT!!

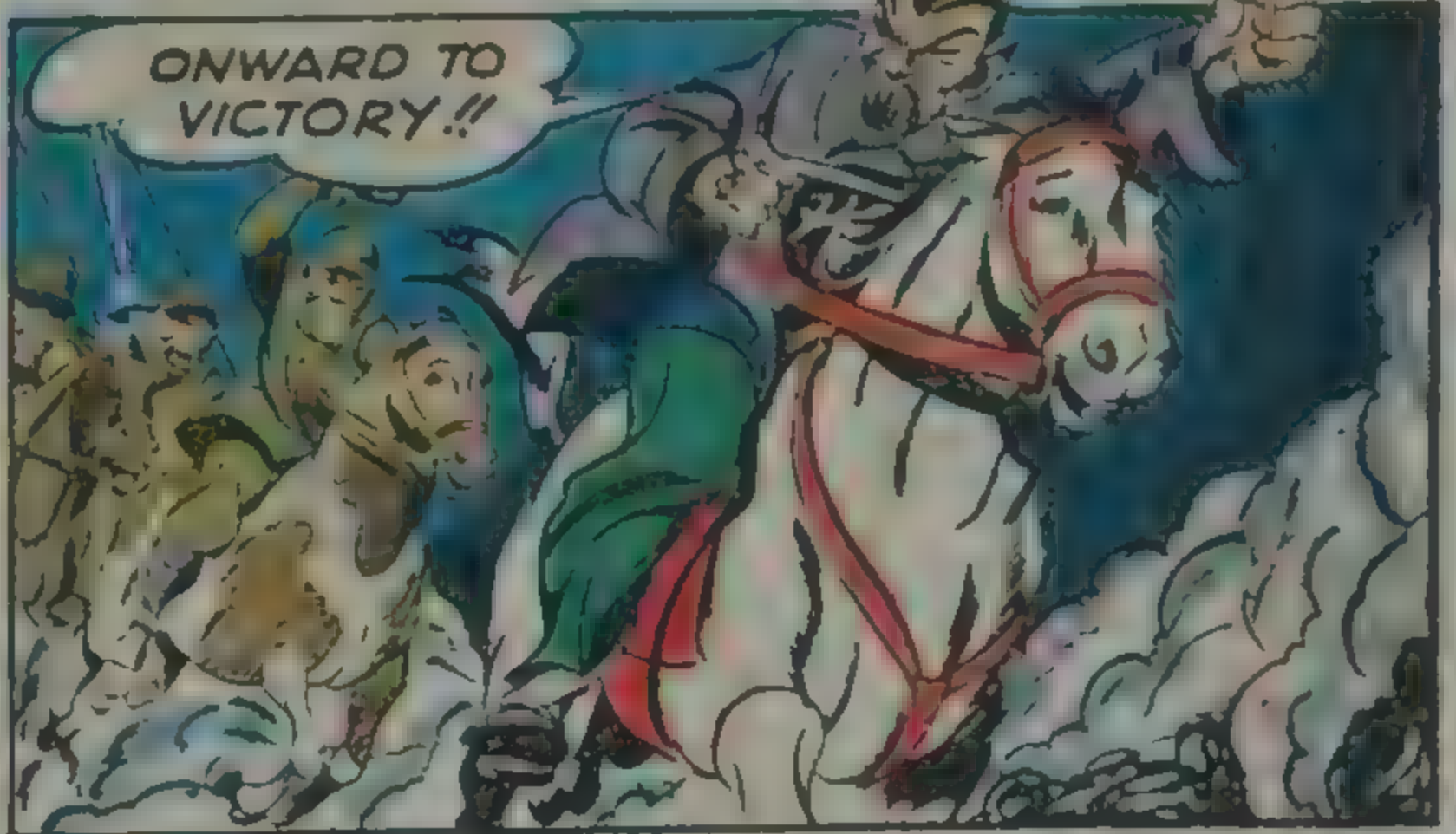


GAP'S MIGHTY SHIELD SAVES HIM AND BUCKY FROM AN AWFUL DOOM!



TAKE THEM BACK TO OUR CAMP!! WHEN CALIFORNIA IS IN MY HANDS, WE WILL HOLD A PUBLIC EXECUTION!!

AS YOU SAY, GREAT MIKADO!!

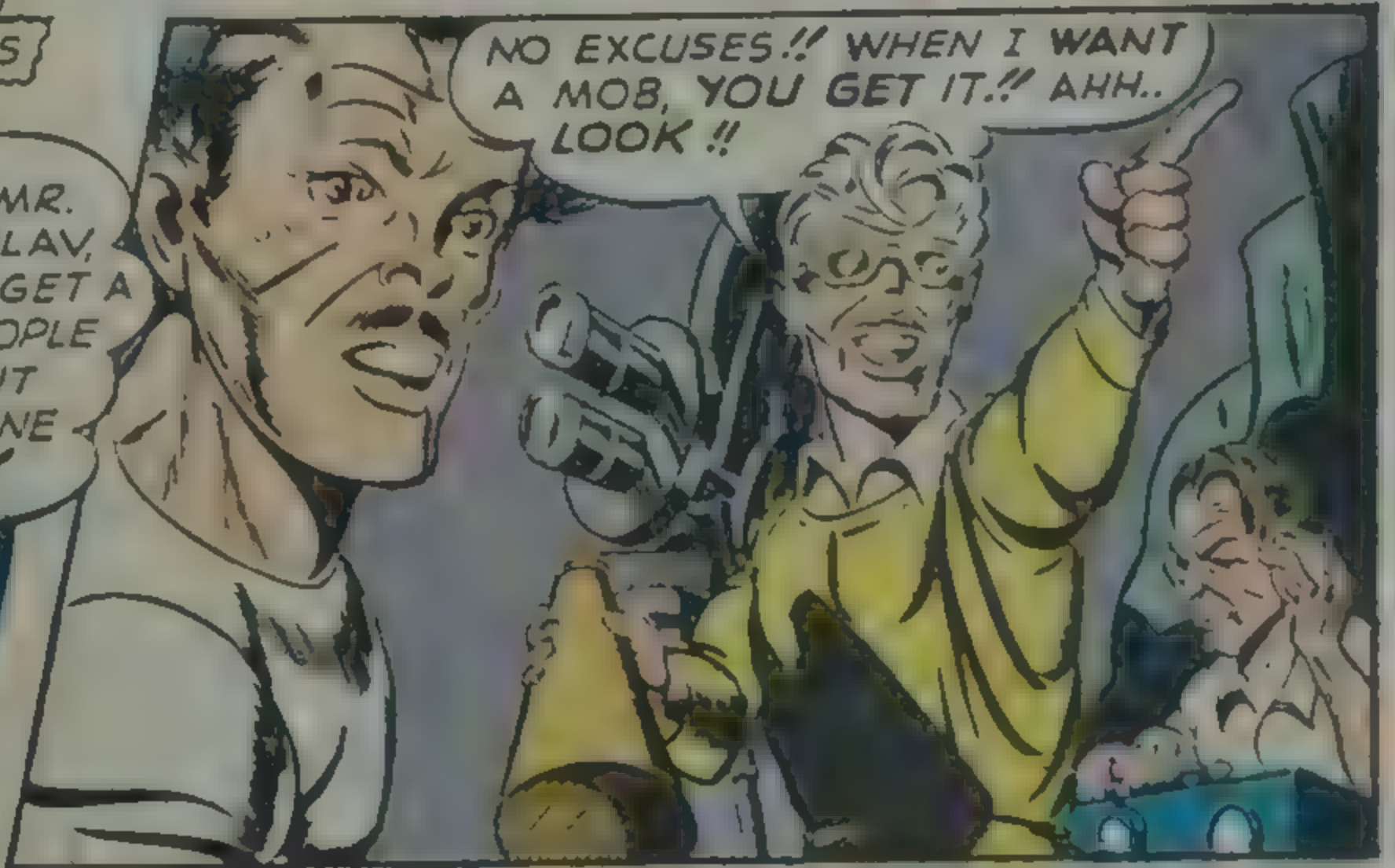


ONWARD TO VICTORY!!

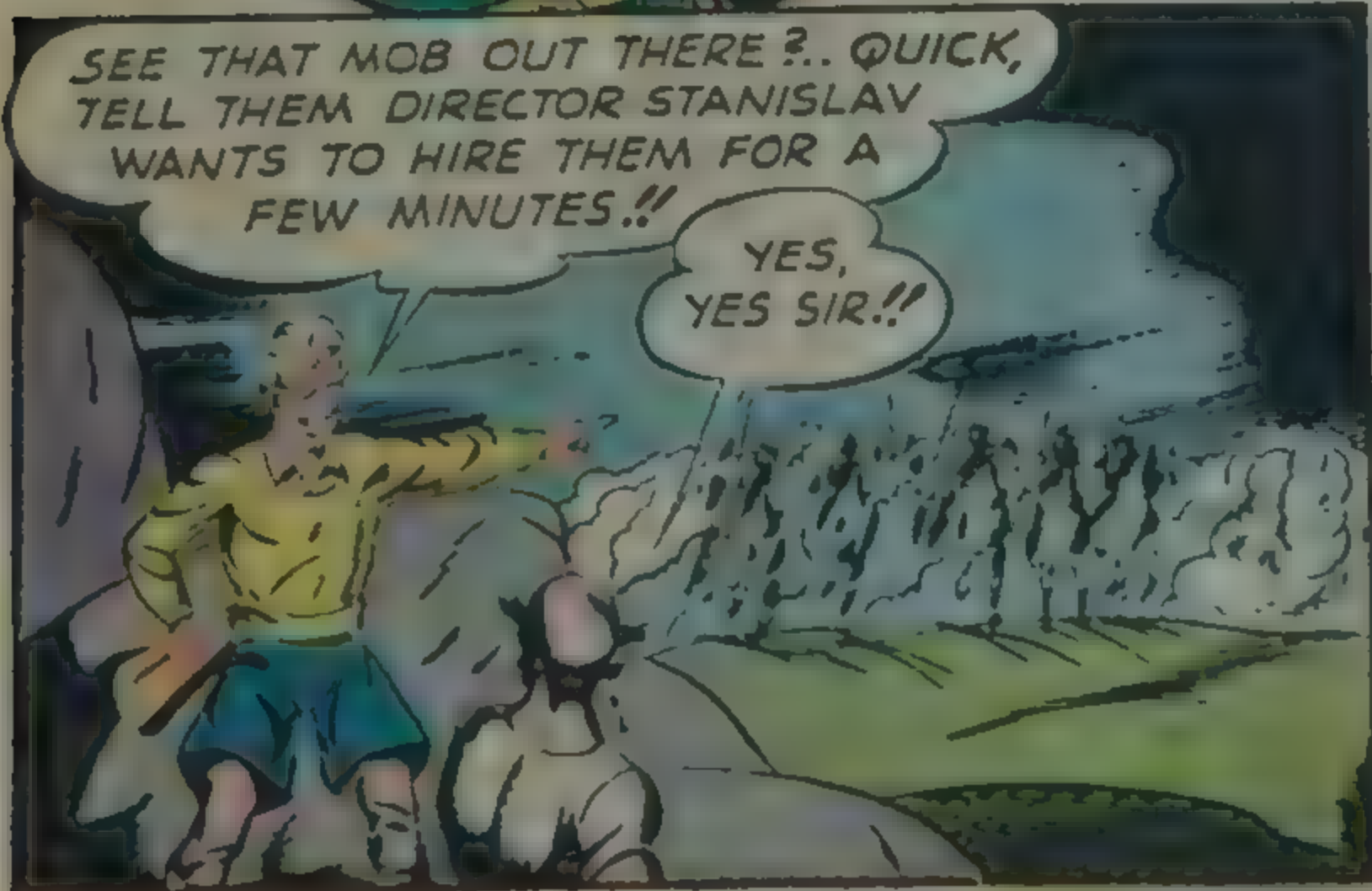
IN THE DESERT JUST NORTH OF THE BORDER, A HOLLYWOOD TROUPE PREPARES FOR THE FILMING OF A SCENE...

YOU'RE MY ASSISTANT!! GET ME A MOB SCENE!! A MOB SCENE!! MILLIONS OF PEOPLE!! DO YOU HEAR?

BUT MR. STANISLAV, I CAN'T GET A MILLION PEOPLE TO COME OUT HERE FOR ONE SCENE!!



NO EXCUSES!! WHEN I WANT A MOB, YOU GET IT!! AHH.. LOOK !!



SEE THAT MOB OUT THERE?.. QUICK, TELL THEM DIRECTOR STANISLAV WANTS TO HIRE THEM FOR A FEW MINUTES!!

YES, YES SIR!!



THIS SCENE WILL BE SO REALISTIC, I'M SURE I'LL WIN THE ACADEMY AWARD!! HA, ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR STANISLAV!!

AS THE ASSISTANT
DIRECTOR APPROACHES
THE ADVANCING
HORDE...

HEY, THERE!!
I WANT TO...
**GAD,
THEY'RE
JAPS!**

AHH... HE'S HIRED
THEM!! NOW, MY
TRIUMPH IS ASSURED!
ACTION, LIGHTS,
CAMERA!!

YIIII...THEY'RE RUINING
MY SET!! I'LL FIRE THAT
ASSISTANT IF IT'S THE...
AGGHHHH!

**DIE,
AMERICAN
FOOL!**

AND THEN AFTER SETTING
FIRE TO THE STUDIO
PROPERTY...

**ONWARD!
NOTHING SHALL
STAND IN OUR
WAY!**

MEANWHILE AT THE
ARMY OUTPOST, A
SOLDIER STANDS
GUARD...

A FIRE OUT THERE
...LOOKS LIKE CATTLE
HERD STAMPEDING!!

**JAP
CAVALRY!!
SOUND
THE
ALARM!!**

AT THE SOUND OF THE ALARM, THE SMALL
AMERICAN DETACHMENT SPRINGS INTO BATTLE
AGAINST AN ENEMY OF OVERWHELMING ODDS!

WE FAR OUTNUMBER
THE GARRISON, GREAT
ONE!!

**GOOD!! THEN
WE ATTACK!!**

THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS FIGHT HEROICALLY BUT ARE OVERWHELMED BY SUPERIOR NUMBERS...

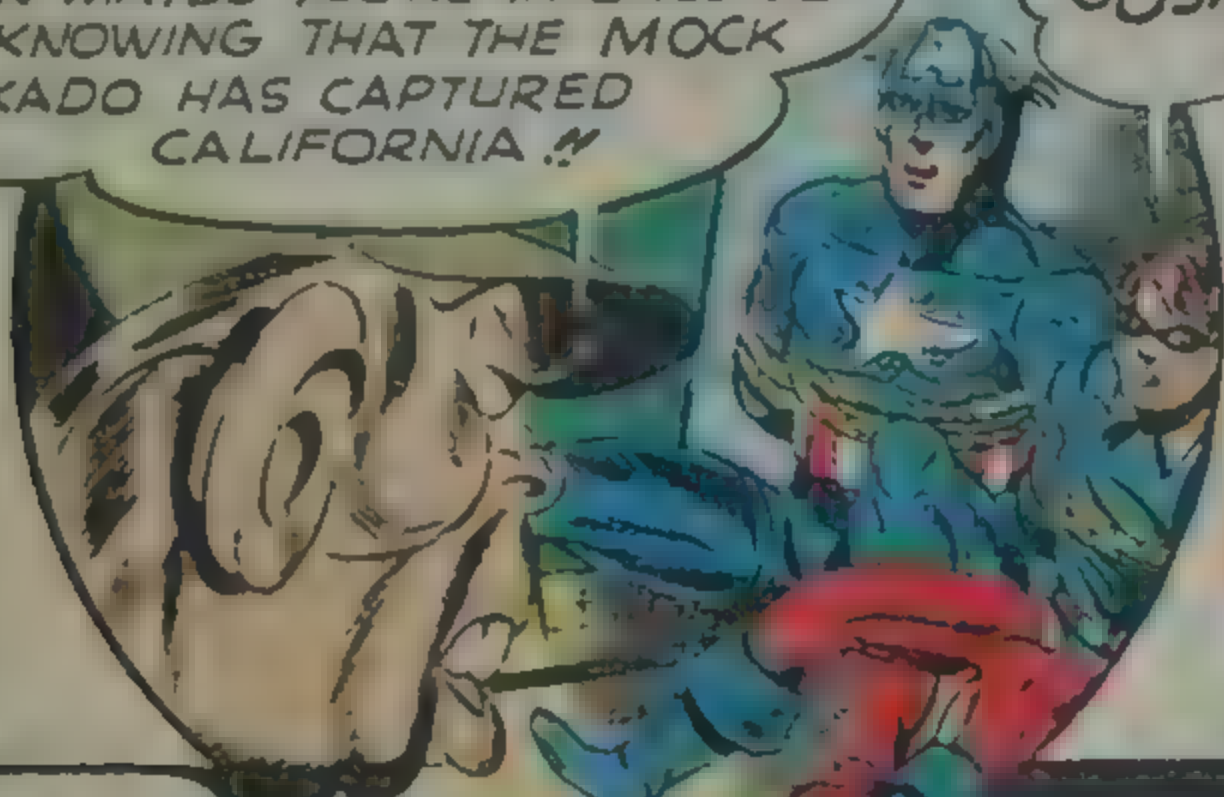


ENOUGH OF THIS!! ON TO LOS ANGELES!!

MEANWHILE, IN MEXICO AT THE MOCK MIKADO'S RANCH, CAP AND BUCKY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS...

SO YOU TWO AWAKEN!! GOOD, THEN MAYBE YOU'RE INTERESTED IN KNOWING THAT THE MOCK MIKADO HAS CAPTURED CALIFORNIA!!

GOSH!!



WE GO DRINK MORE RICE WINE FOR CELEBRATION!!

GOOD!! THAT'LL GIVE ME CHANCE TO GET US FREE!! THAT WIRE...



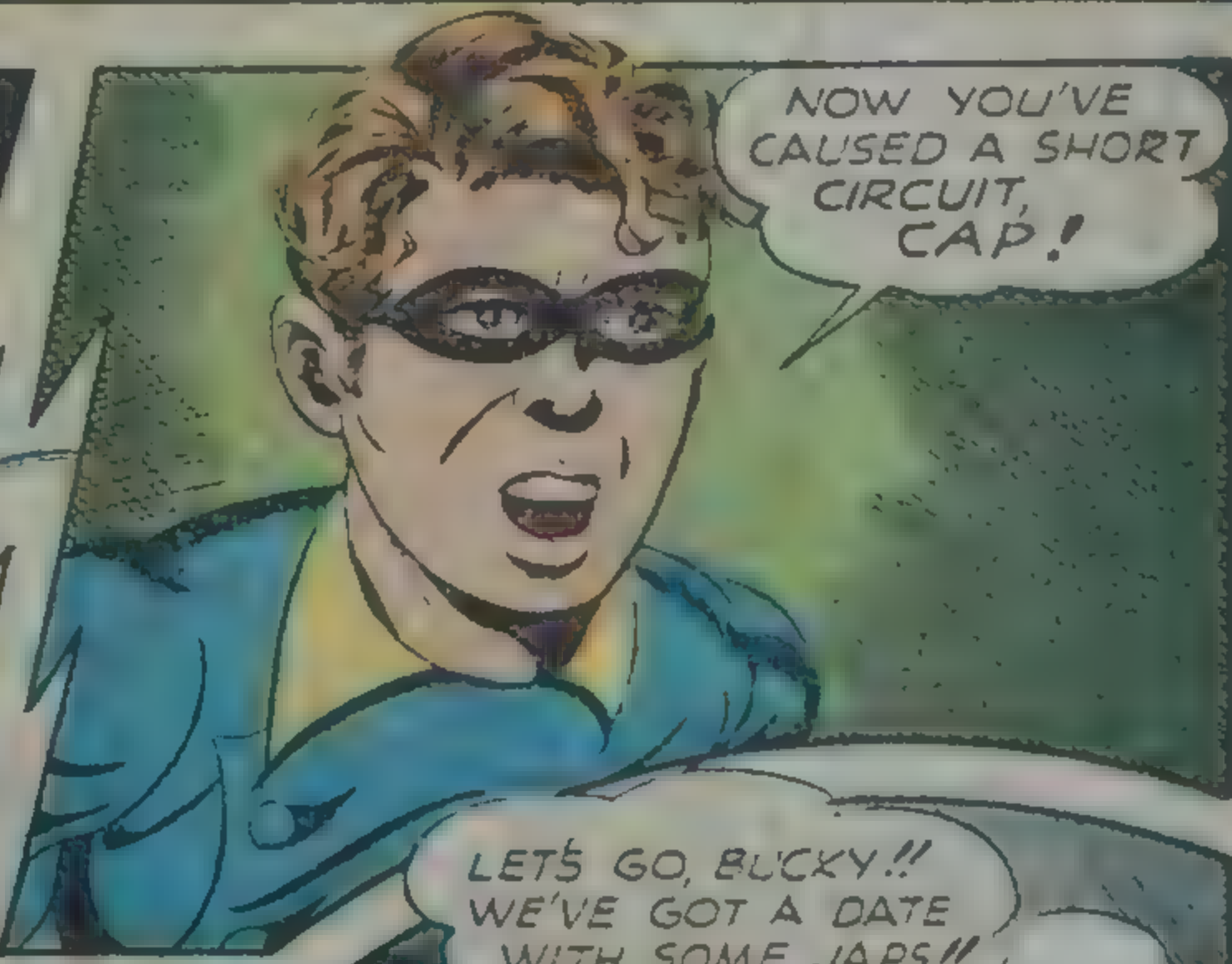
CAP'S KEEN EYES SPOT A LOOSE TELEPHONE WIRE ON THE WALL NEARBY...

HEY!! WHAT'RE YOU UP TO?

LITTLE BOYS SHOULD LOOK AND NOT SAY ANYTHING!!



NOW YOU'VE CAUSED A SHORT CIRCUIT, CAP!

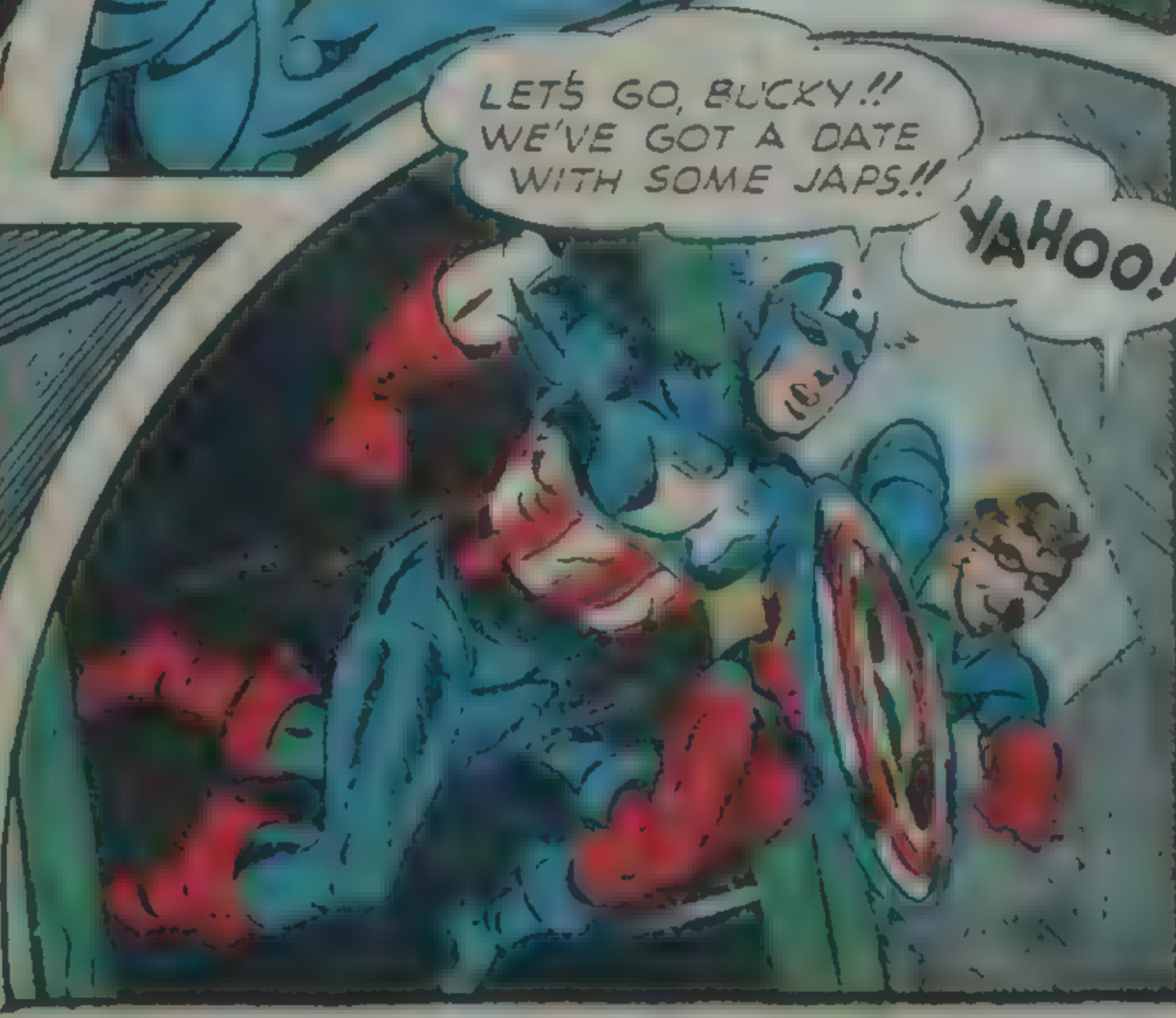


BUT LOOK...NOW ALL I DO IS BURN MY CORDS OFF... AND THEN SET YOU FREE!!



LET'S GO, BUCKY!! WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH SOME JAPS!!

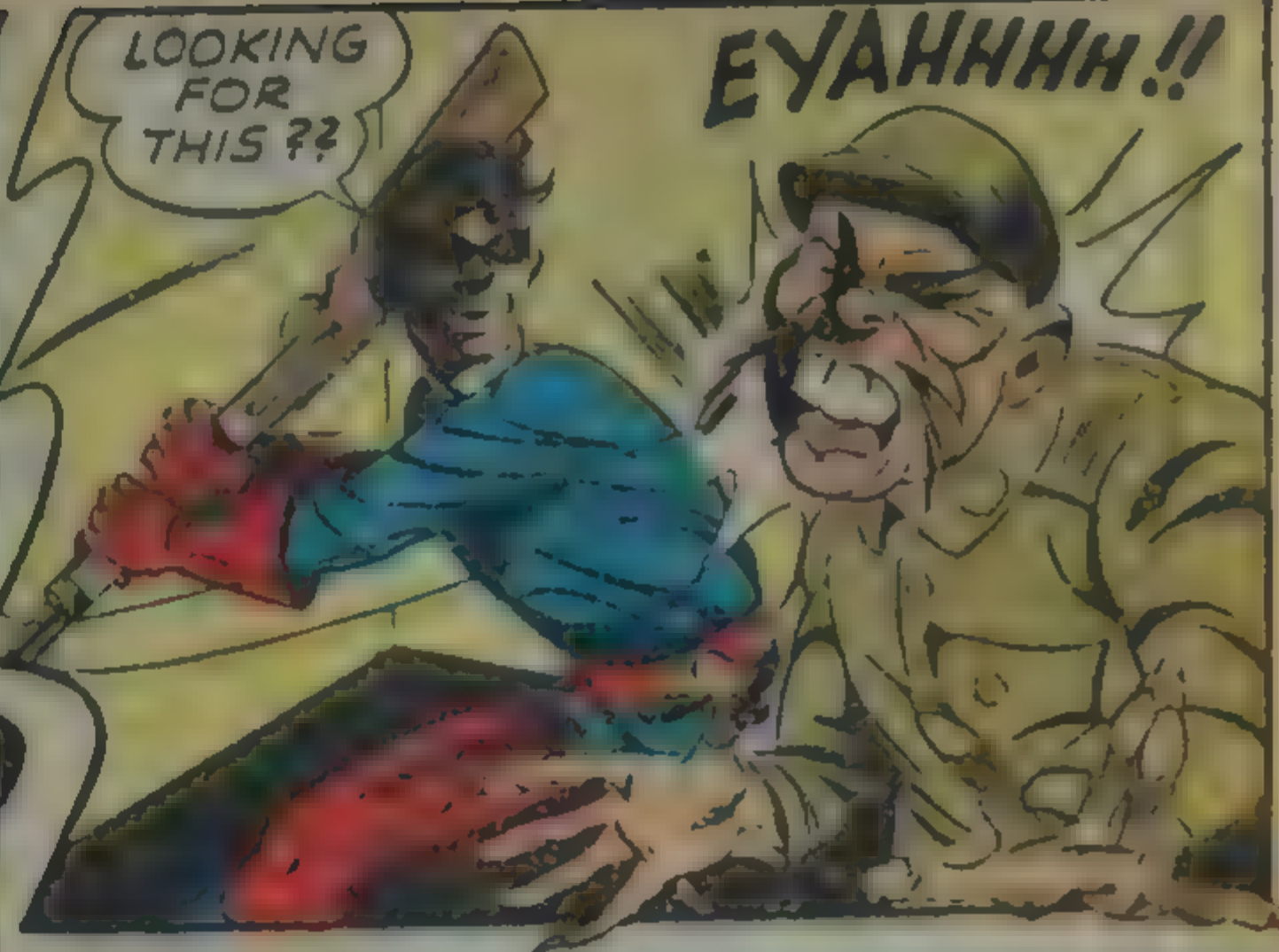
YAHOO!





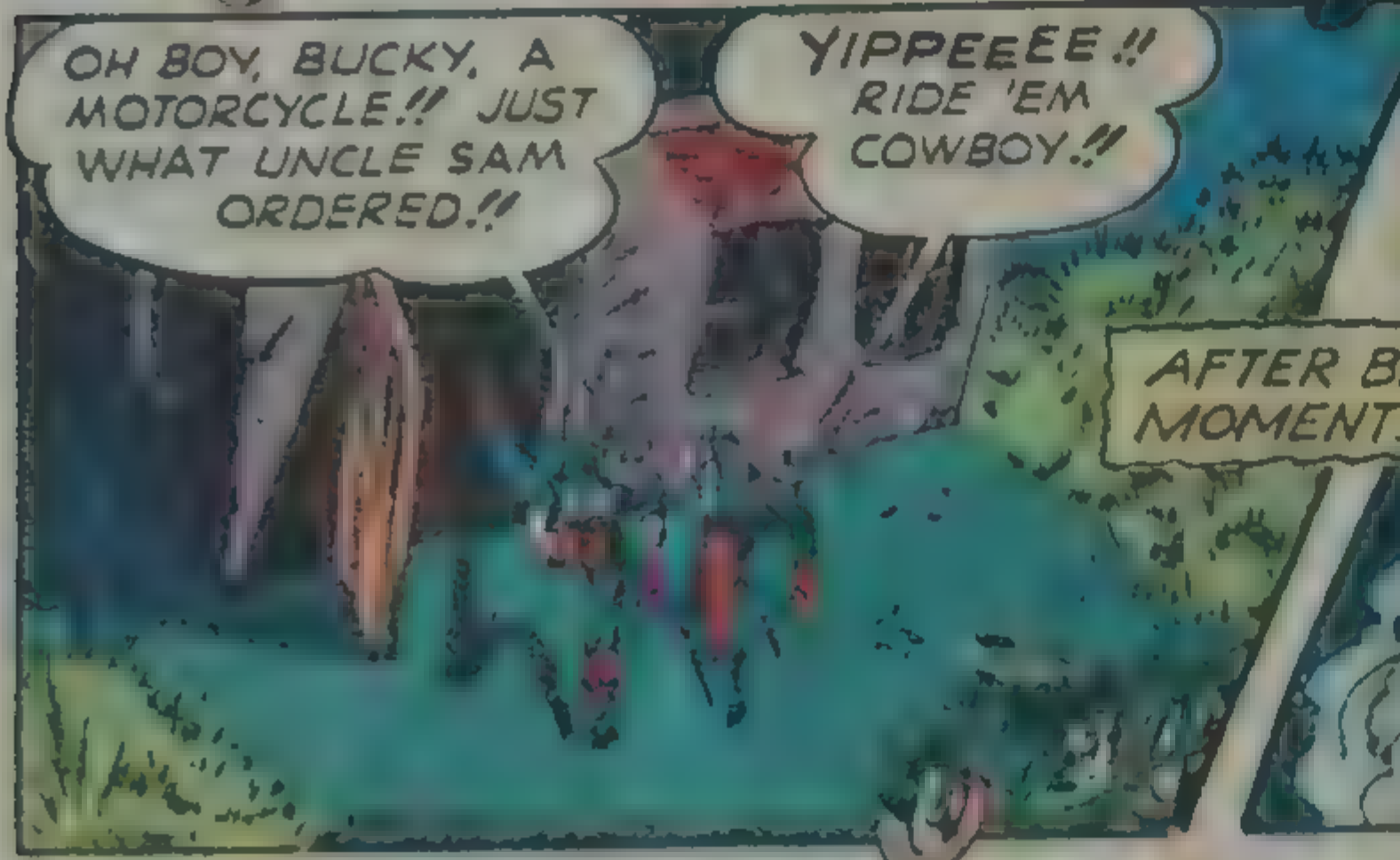
YAHOOOOO!!

PRISONERS
MAKE MUCH
NOISE!! ME GET
RIFLE AND GIVE
THEM ---



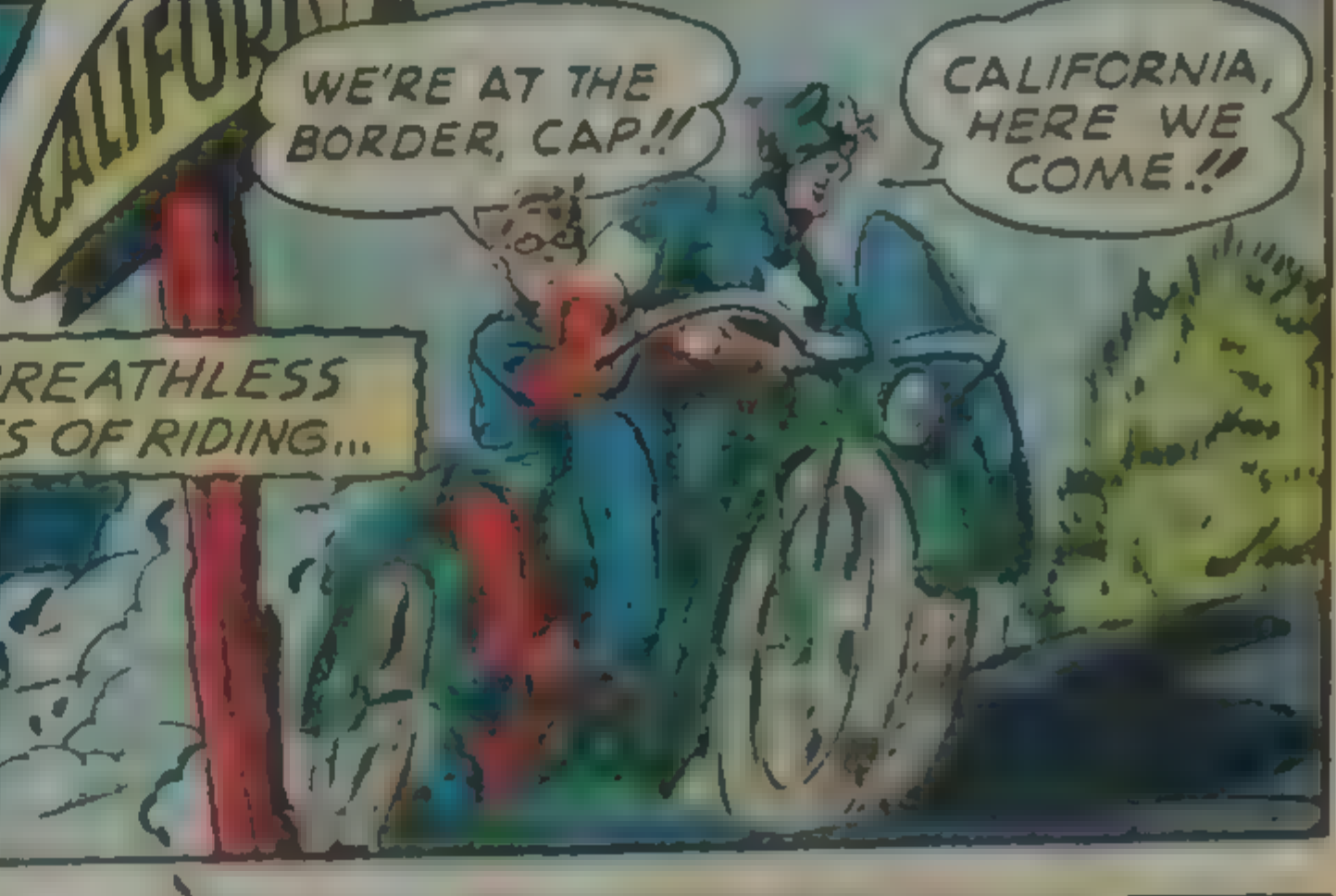
LOOKING
FOR
THIS??

EYAHHHH!!



OH BOY, BUCKY, A
MOTORCYCLE!! JUST
WHAT UNCLE SAM
ORDERED!!

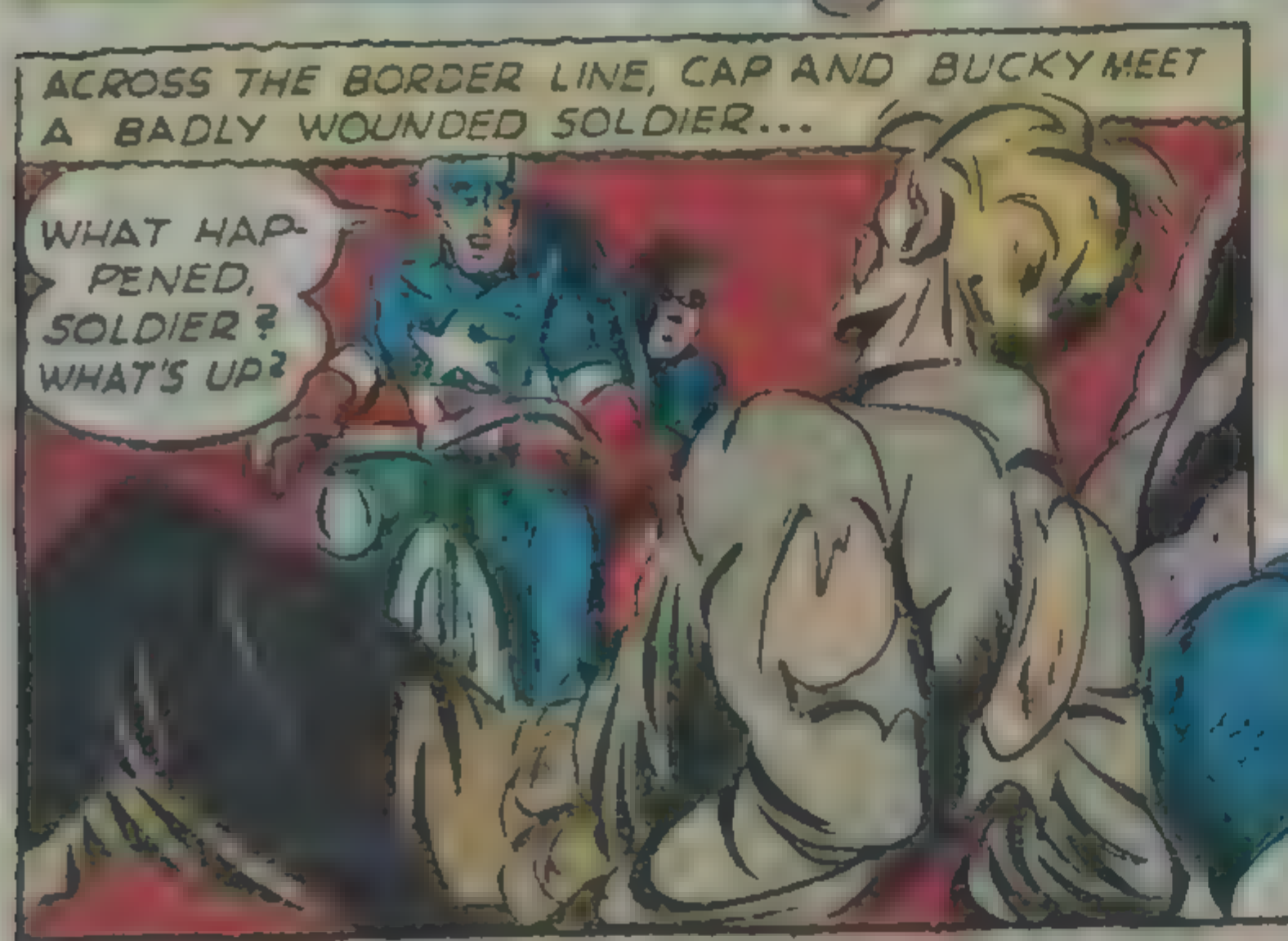
YIPPEEEE!!
RIDE 'EM
COWBOY!!



WE'RE AT THE
BORDER, CAP!!

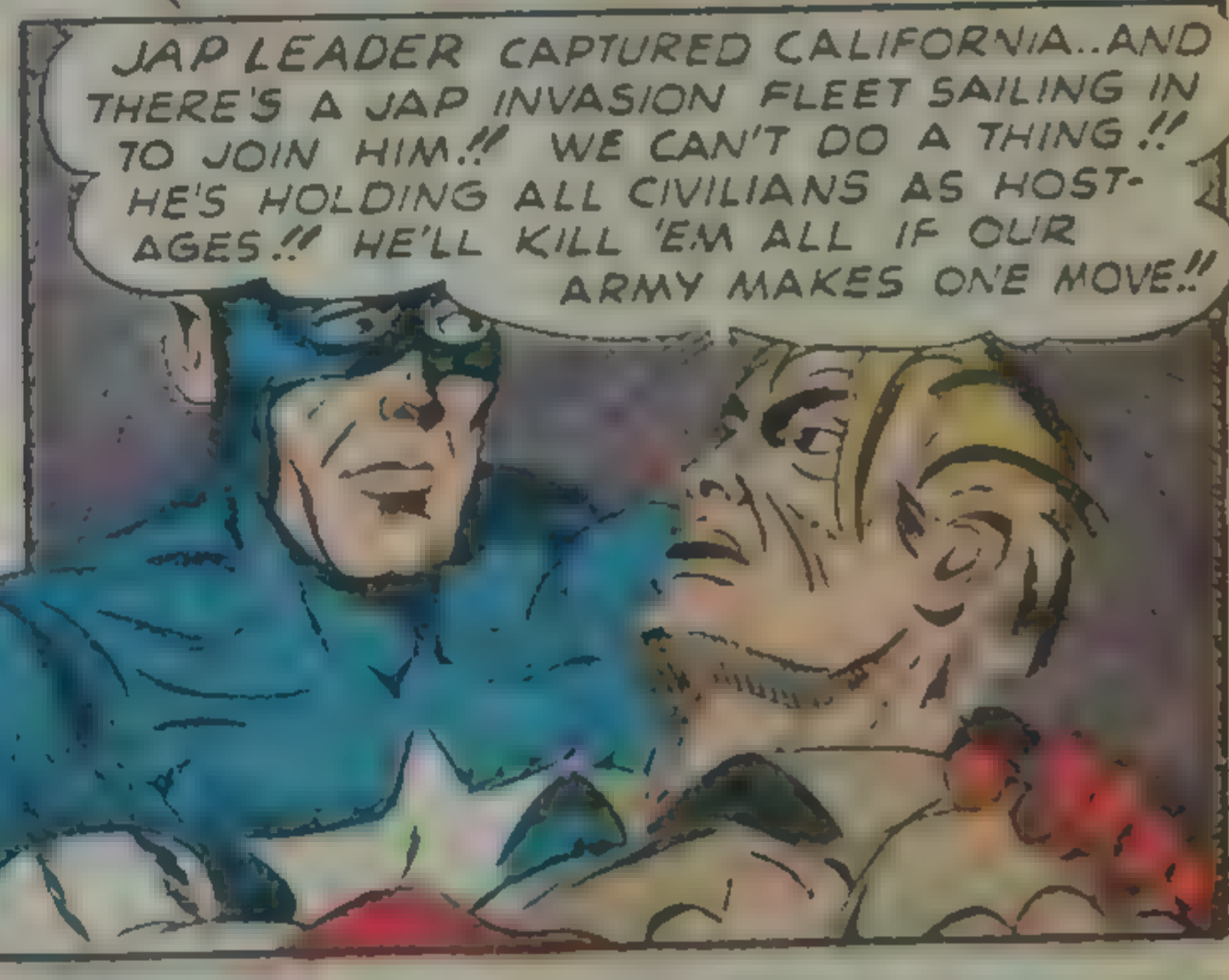
CALIFORNIA,
HERE WE
COME!!

AFTER BREATHLESS
MOMENTS OF RIDING...



ACROSS THE BORDER LINE, CAP AND BUCKY MEET
A BADLY WOUNDED SOLDIER...

WHAT HAP-
PENED,
SOLDIER?
WHAT'S UP?

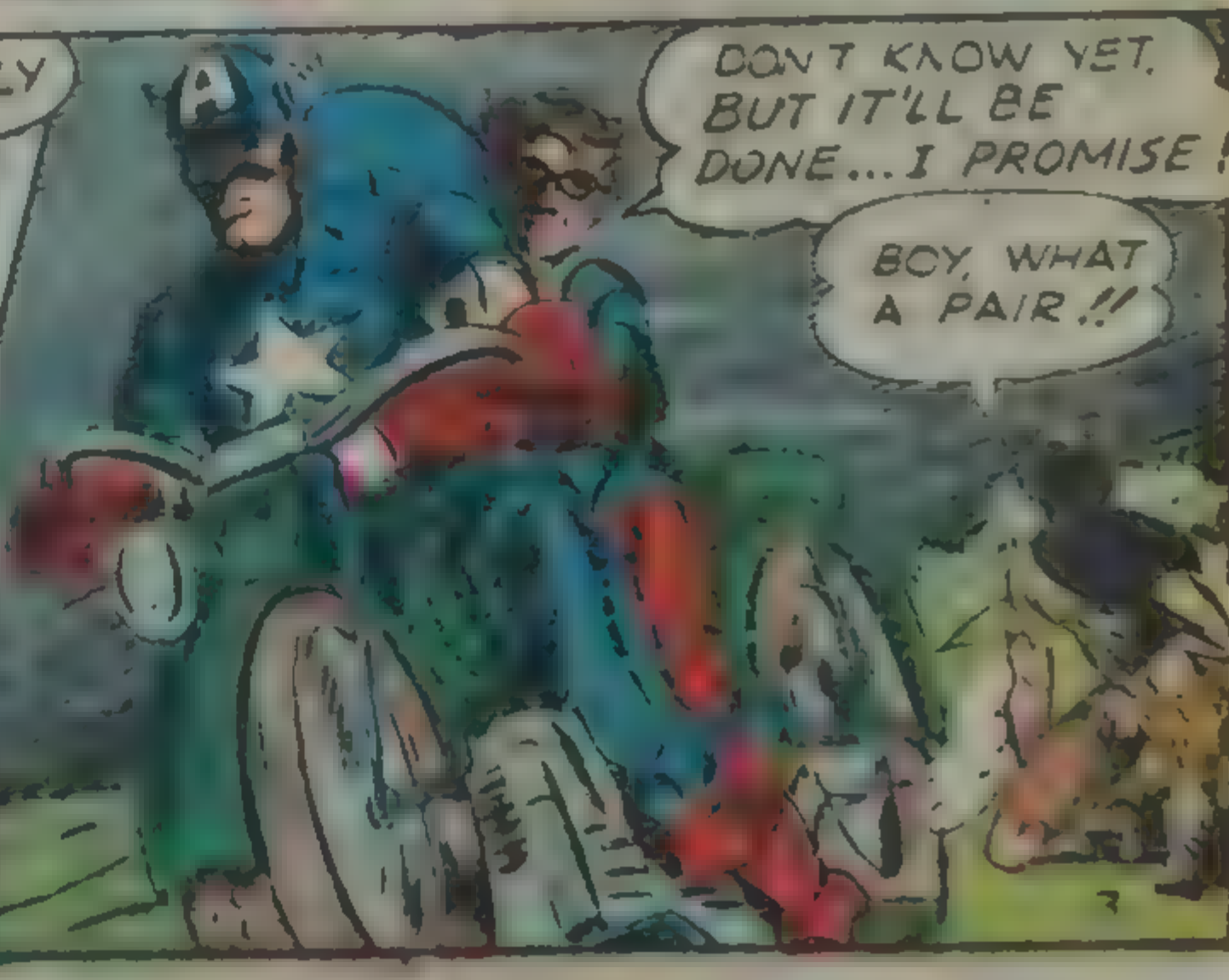


JAP LEADER CAPTURED CALIFORNIA..AND
THERE'S A JAP INVASION FLEET SAILING IN
TO JOIN HIM!! WE CAN'T DO A THING!!
HE'S HOLDING ALL CIVILIANS AS HOST-
AGES!! HE'LL KILL 'EM ALL IF OUR
ARMY MAKES ONE MOVE!!



HAVE OUR MEN SNEAK UP AND ENCIRCLE THE GULLY
WITH MACHINE GUNS!! I'LL LEAD THE MOCK
MIKADO AND HIS MONKEYS
INTO IT!!

YOU TWO
AGAINST THAT
ARMY... HOW'LL
YOU DO IT?



DON'T KNOW YET,
BUT IT'LL BE
DONE...I PROMISE!

BOY, WHAT
A PAIR!!

AFTER A BRIEF BUT HARD RIDE, CAP AND BUCKY ARRIVE AT THE JAP ENCAMPMENT...



HALT!! YIII!!
IT'S THEM!!
I WARN THE...

THANKS FOR
THE SWORD!!

YOU WON'T DO
ANY WARNING
TO-DAY, BUD!



THROUGH THE ROWS OF TENTS, RACE THE
DYNAMIC DUO, SLASHING AWAY AT THE ROPES!



LOOK, CAP,
THE ROOF'S CAV-
ING IN ON THE
MIKADO'S
EMPIRE!!

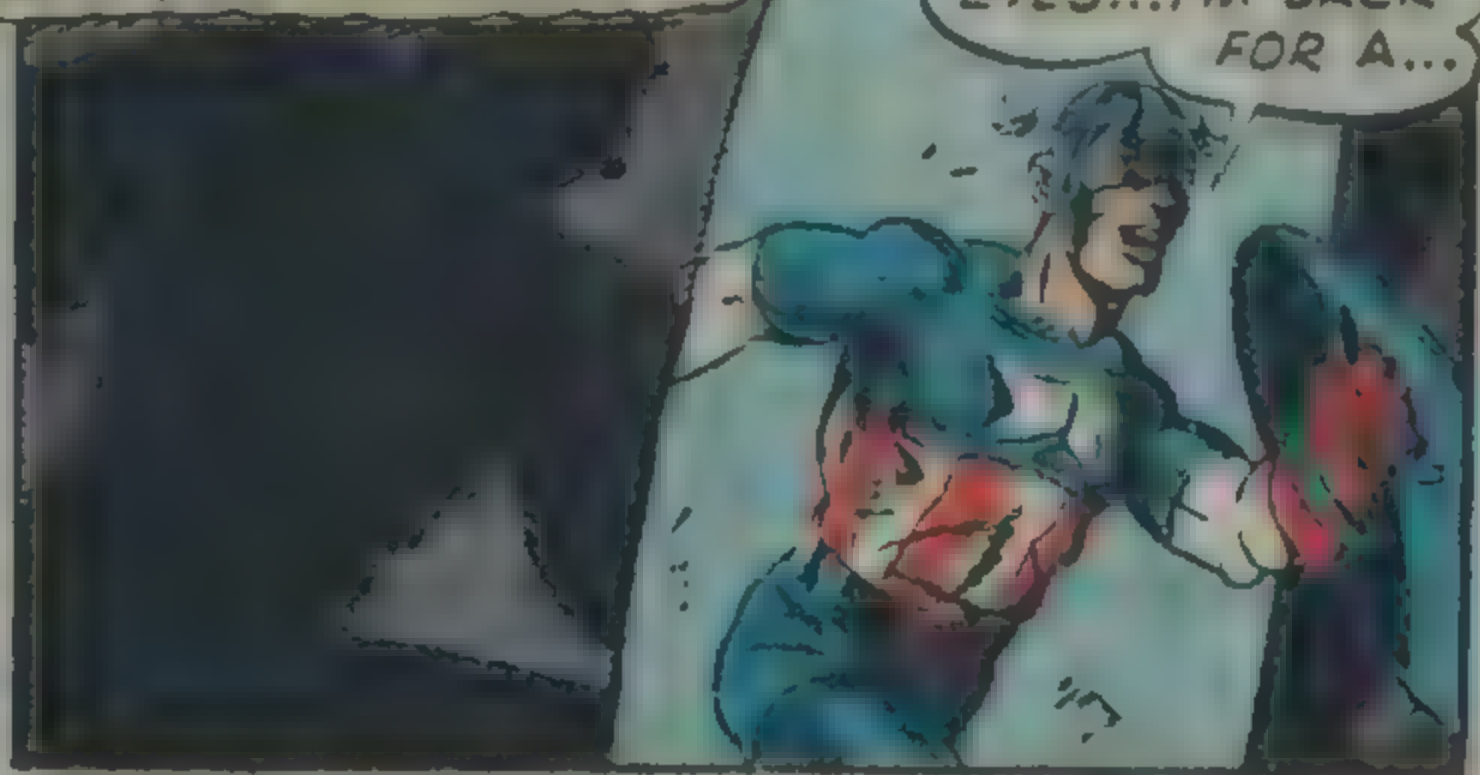
DON'T
STOP NOW,
LAD!

THIS TENT LOOKS
FANCIER THAN THE
OTHERS... MUST BE
THE MIKADO'S!!
GUESS I'LL DROP IN
AND PAY MY
RESPECTS!!



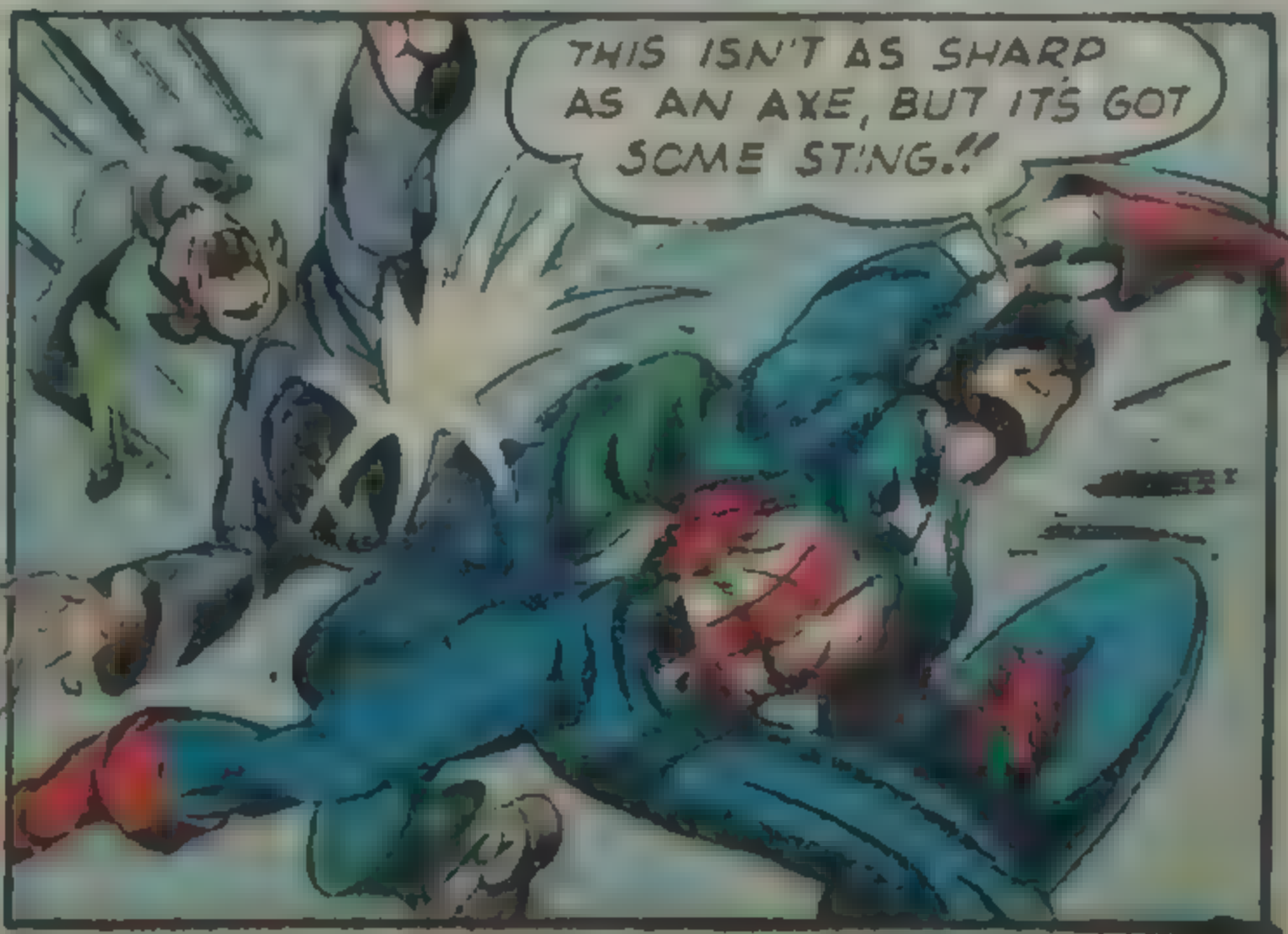
AS THE WILY MOCK MIKADO WAITS TO DEAL
CAP A DEATH BLOW FROM BEHIND, HE
FORGETS THAT CAP CAN
SEE HIS SHADOW!

OKAY, MR ALMOND
EYES... I'M BACK
FOR A...



RETURN BOUT!
TSK, TSK, TOO
SLOW!

THIS ISN'T AS SHARP
AS AN AXE, BUT IT'S GOT
SOME STING!!





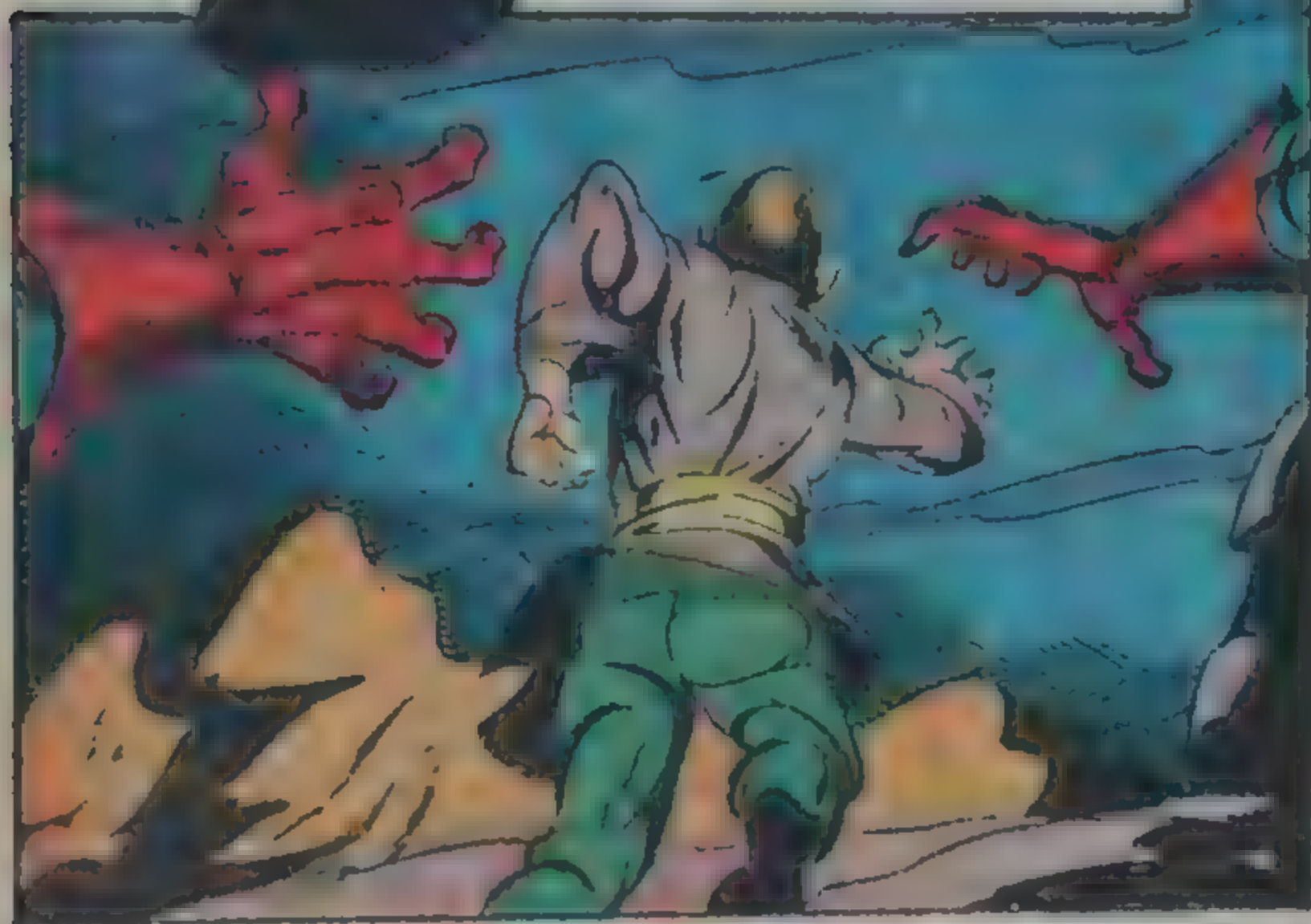
I MUST
GET OUT
OF HERE
!!

GUARDS!
WHERE ARE
MY GUARDS?



LOOK, THE GREAT
WINDBAGS ON
THE RUN!!

THAT'S JUST THE
THING WE WANT!!
THOSE HORSES,
BUCKY!!



REMEMBER
US?

HELLLPPPP!!

AT THE MOCK MIKADO'S CALL, HIS MEN COME
STAGGERING OUT OF THEIR TUMBLED-DOWN TENTS...



LOOK!! THE
MIKADO
IS CAPTURED!!

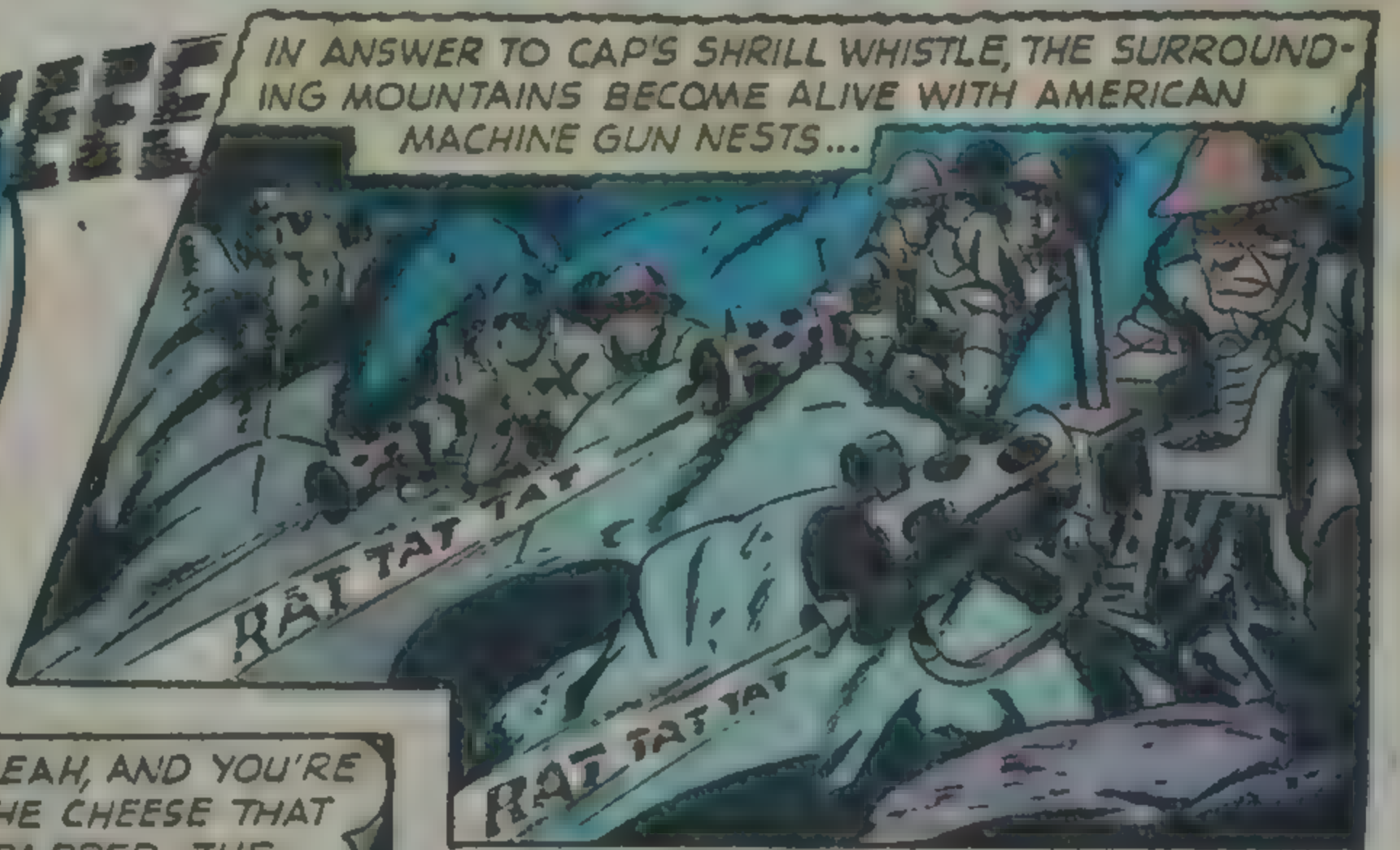
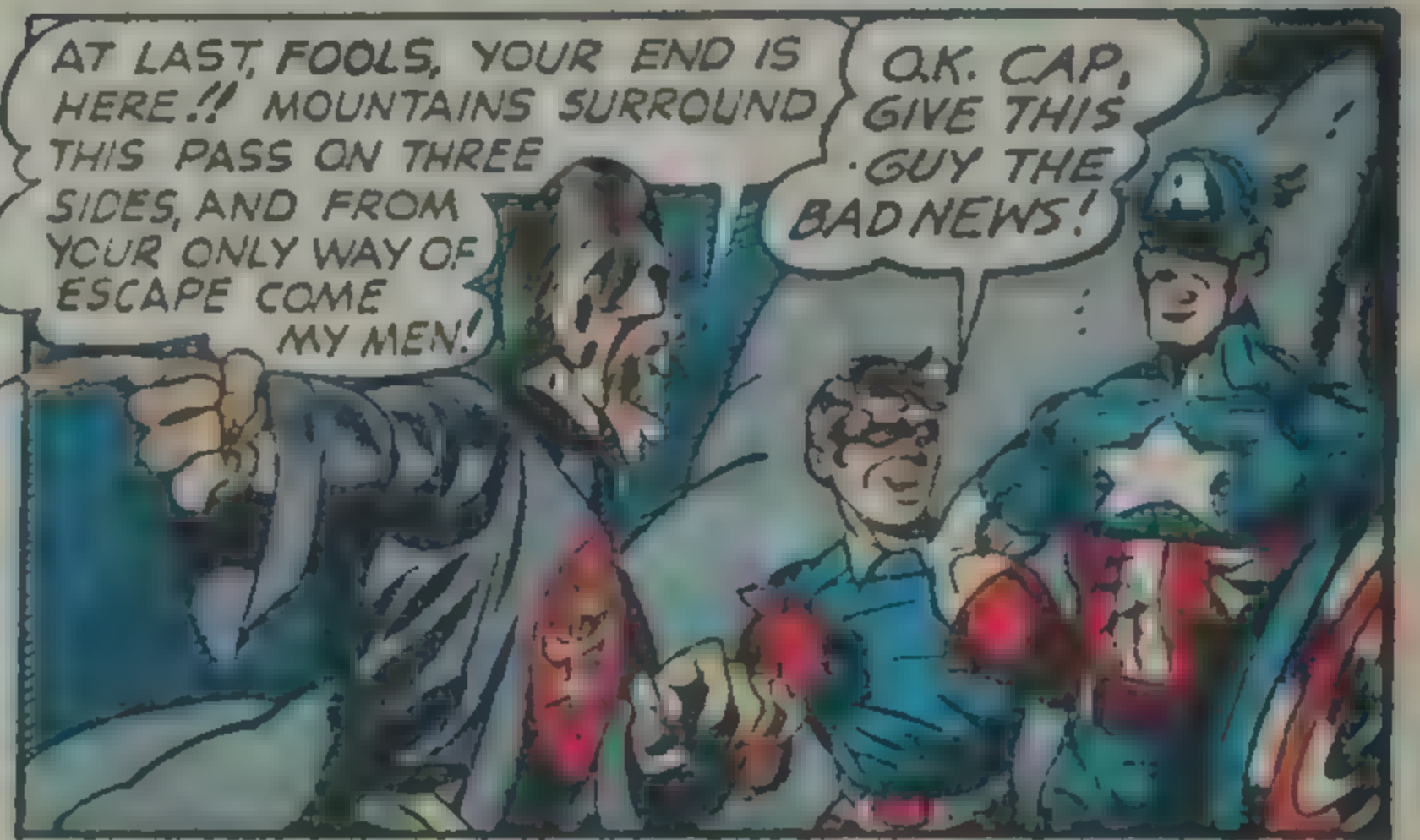
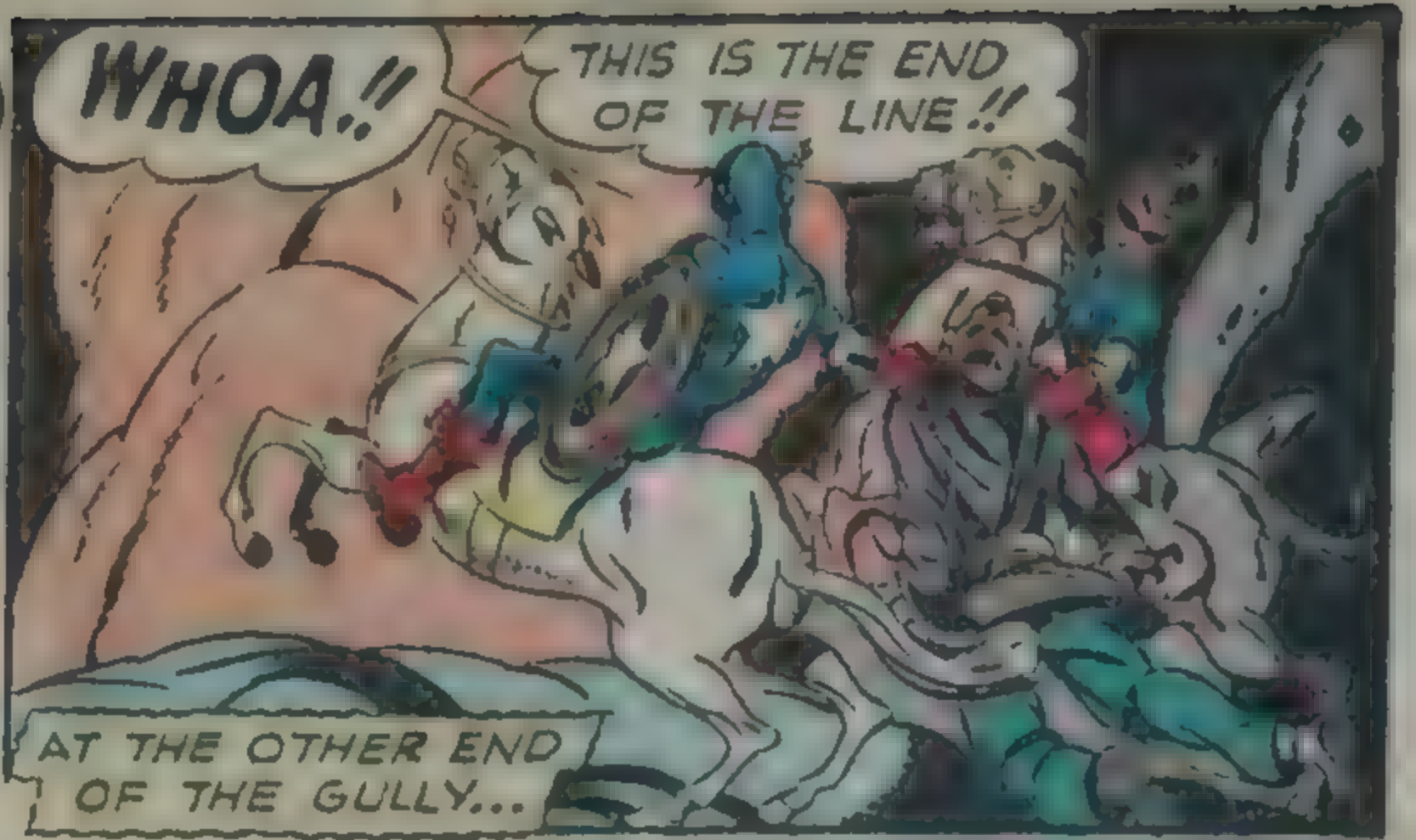
HORSES, MEN!! WE RIDE
TO AVENGE OUR GREAT
LEADER:

THEIR PRISONER HELD SECURELY BETWEEN
THEM, CAP AND BUCKY SPEED INTO A
NARROW PASS...



NOT BAD, CAP...
WE'VE GOT THE
WHOLE MESS OF
'EM AFTER US!!

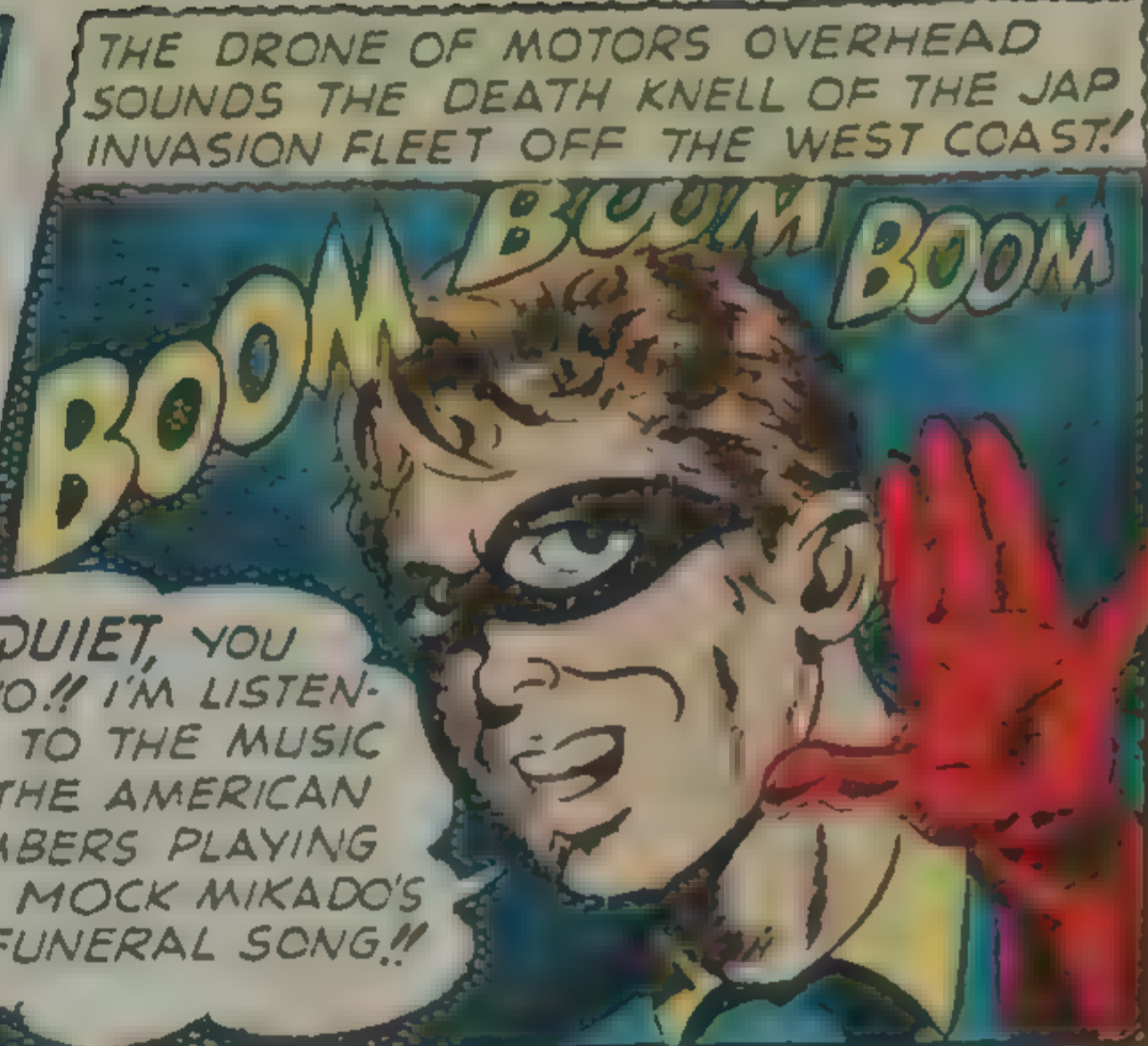
GOOD!!





AMERICAN BOMBING PLANES!!

NOW THAT THE CIVILIANS OF CALIFORNIA ARE OUT OF YOUR HANDS, THE AIR FORCE'LL BLAST YOUR INVADING ARMADA TO BITS!!



QUIET, YOU TWO!! I'M LISTENING TO THE MUSIC OF THE AMERICAN BOMBERS PLAYING THE MOCK MIKADO'S FUNERAL SONG!!



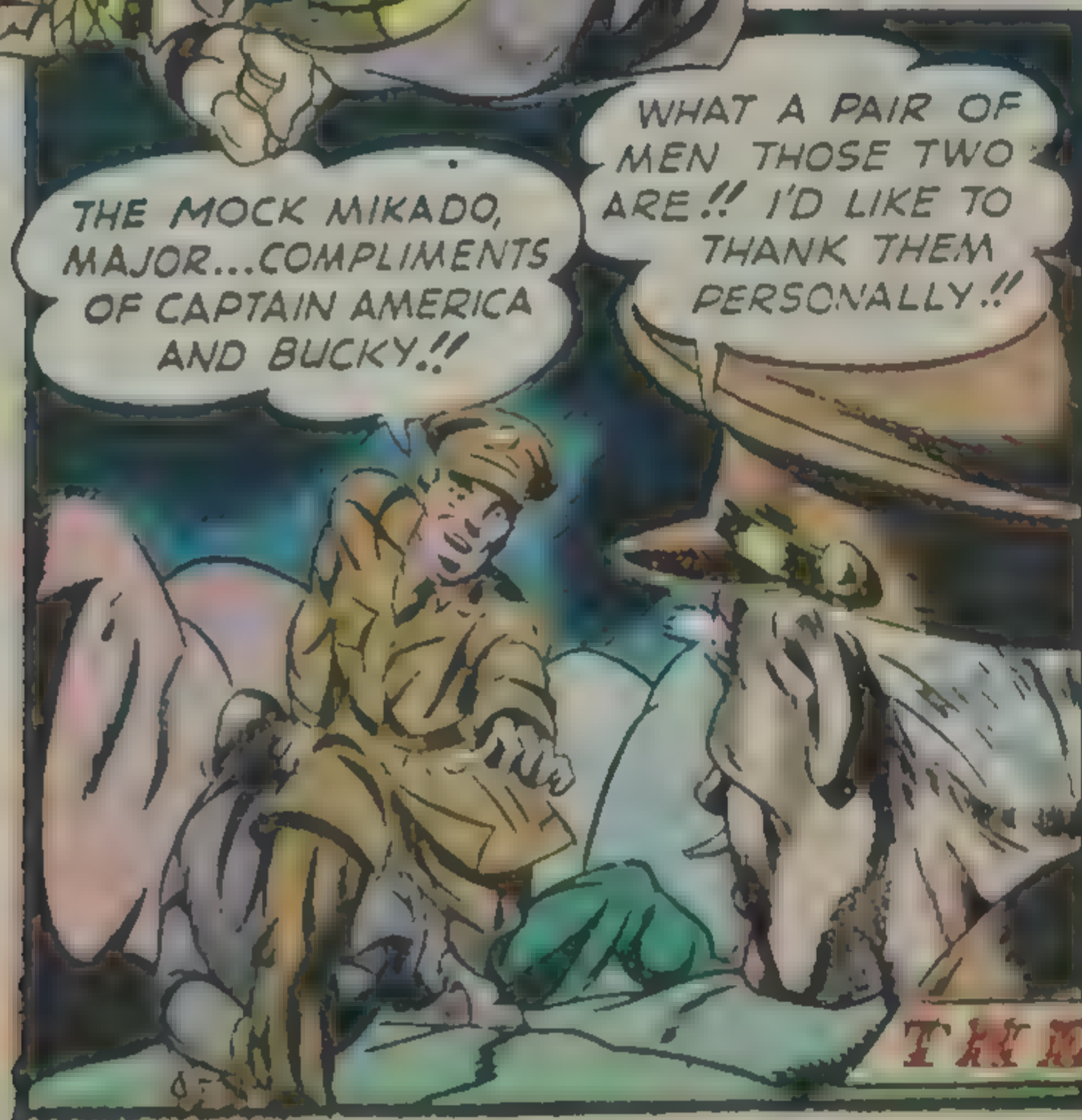
LATER, AS SERGEANT DUFFY SUPERVISES THE ROUND-UP OF THE JAPANESE PRISONERS...

WHY, IT'S THE MOCK MIKADO!! LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY PINNED A NOTE TO HIM!!



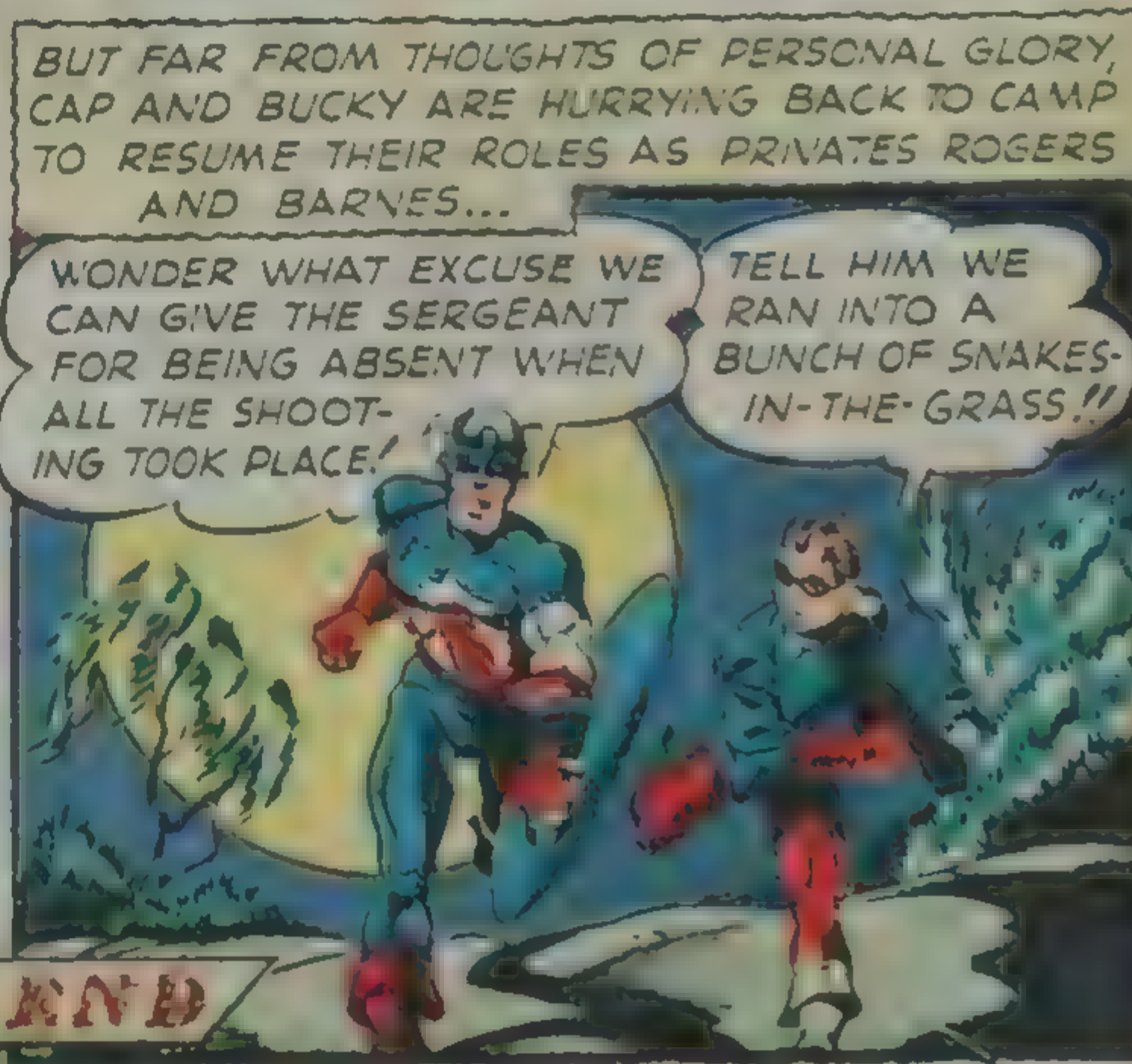
WELL, I'LL BE...

HERE'S THAT MAN FROM JAPAN! HE'S PLENTY FRAGILE, BUT DON'T HANDLE WITH CARE. (SIGNED) CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY



THE MOCK MIKADO, MAJOR...COMPLIMENTS OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!!

WHAT A PAIR OF MEN THOSE TWO ARE!! I'D LIKE TO THANK THEM PERSONALLY!!



BUT FAR FROM THOUGHTS OF PERSONAL GLORY, CAP AND BUCKY ARE HURRYING BACK TO CAMP TO RESUME THEIR ROLES AS PRIVATES ROGERS AND BARNES...

WONDER WHAT EXCUSE WE CAN GIVE THE SERGEANT FOR BEING ABSENT WHEN ALL THE SHOOTING TOOK PLACE!

TELL HIM WE RAN INTO A BUNCH OF SNAKES-IN-THE-GRASS!!

THE END

Tops!

**THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!**



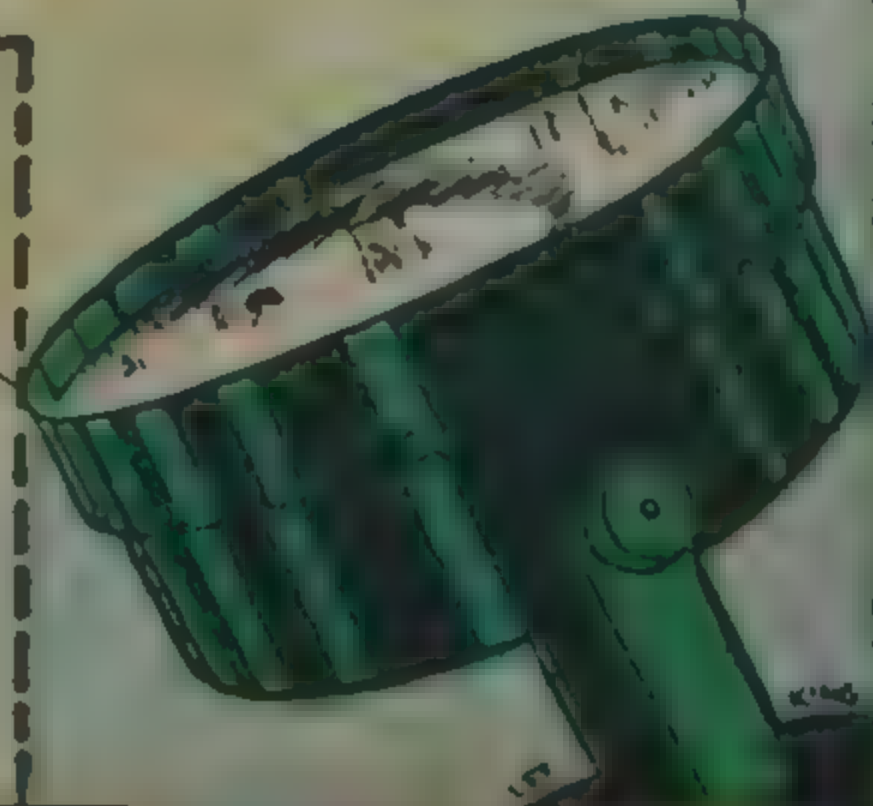
**HEY,
KIDS!**

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS
OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL
BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY
TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

NAME _____

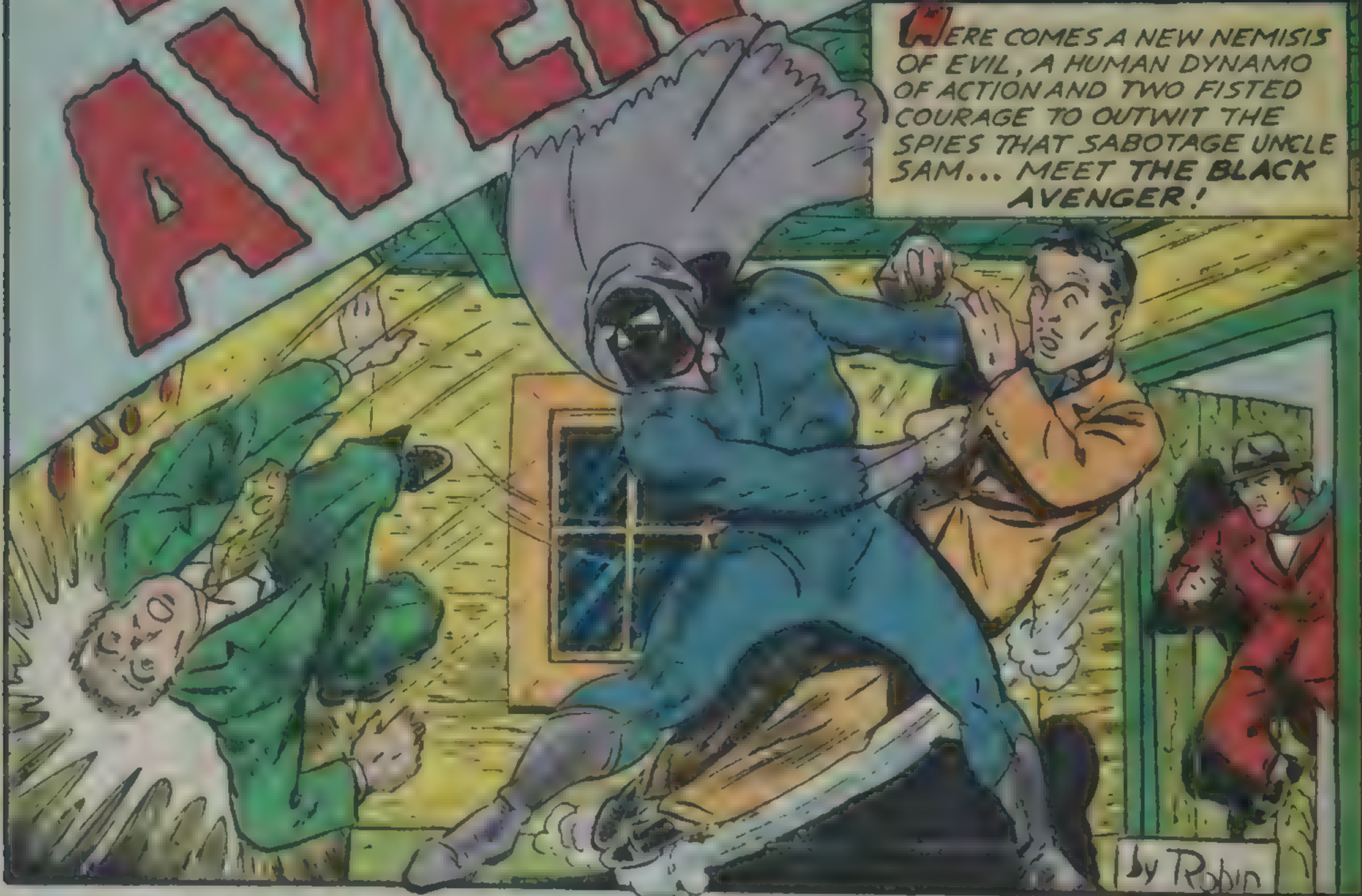
STREET _____

CITY AND STATE _____



THE BLACK AVENGER

HERE COMES A NEW NEMESIS OF EVIL, A HUMAN DYNAMO OF ACTION AND TWO FISTED COURAGE TO OUTWIT THE SPIES THAT SABOTAGE UNCLE SAM... MEET THE BLACK AVENGER!



by Robin

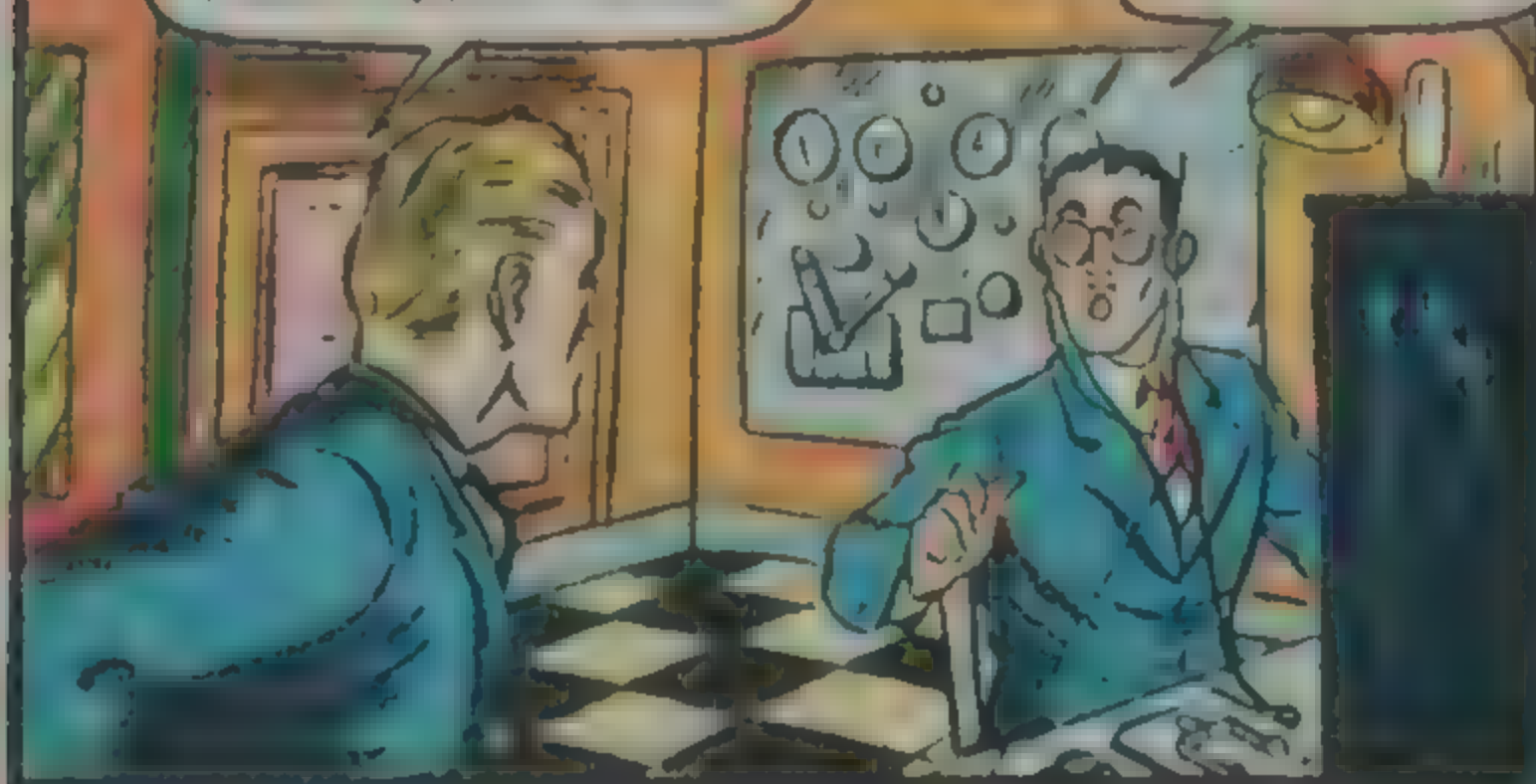
JERRY CARSTAIRS IS ON THE JOB IN THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION'S LISTENING POST... WHEN. .

SAY, JERRY... I'LL TAKE OVER! YOU'RE WANTED AT F.B.I HEADQUARTERS!

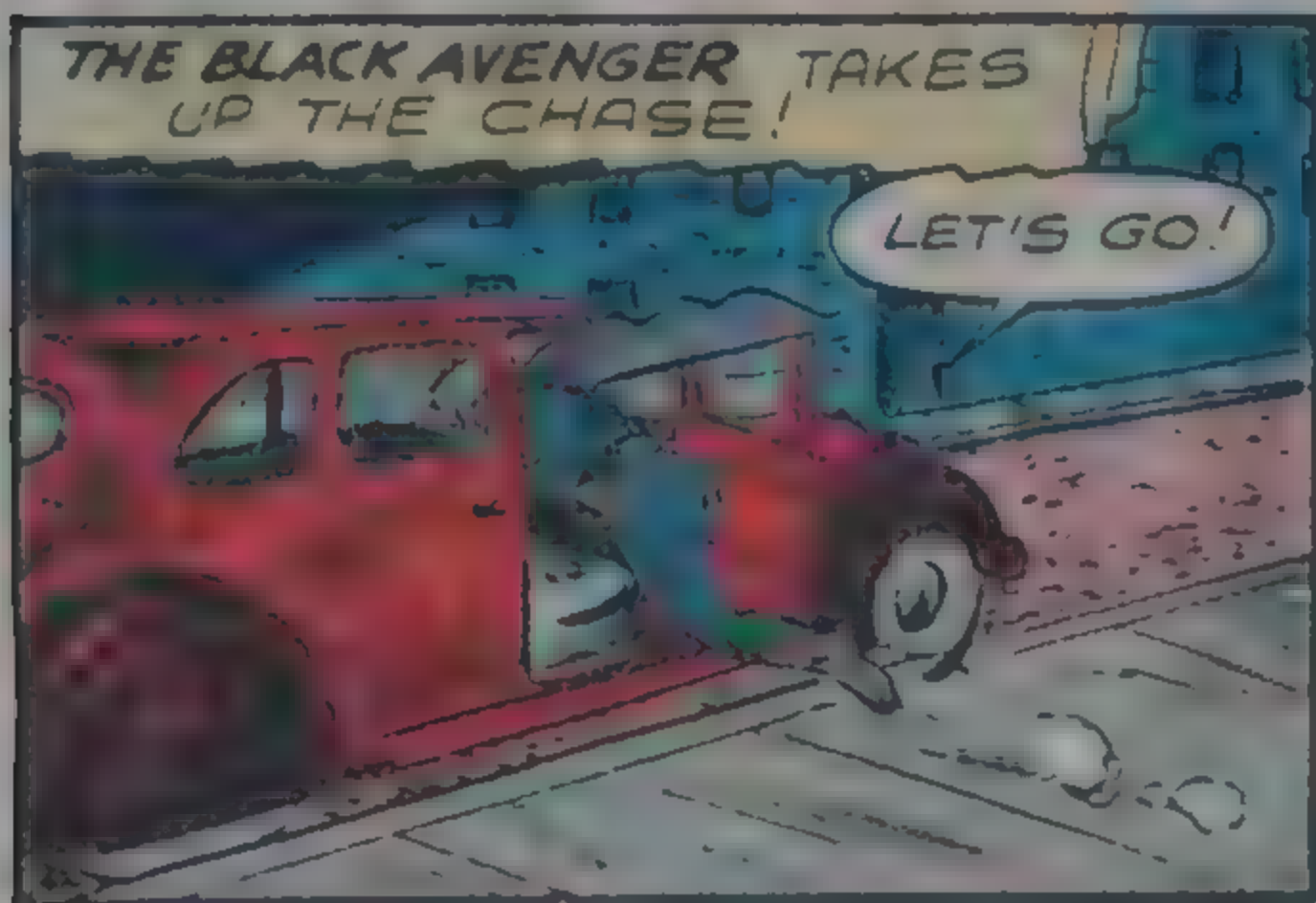
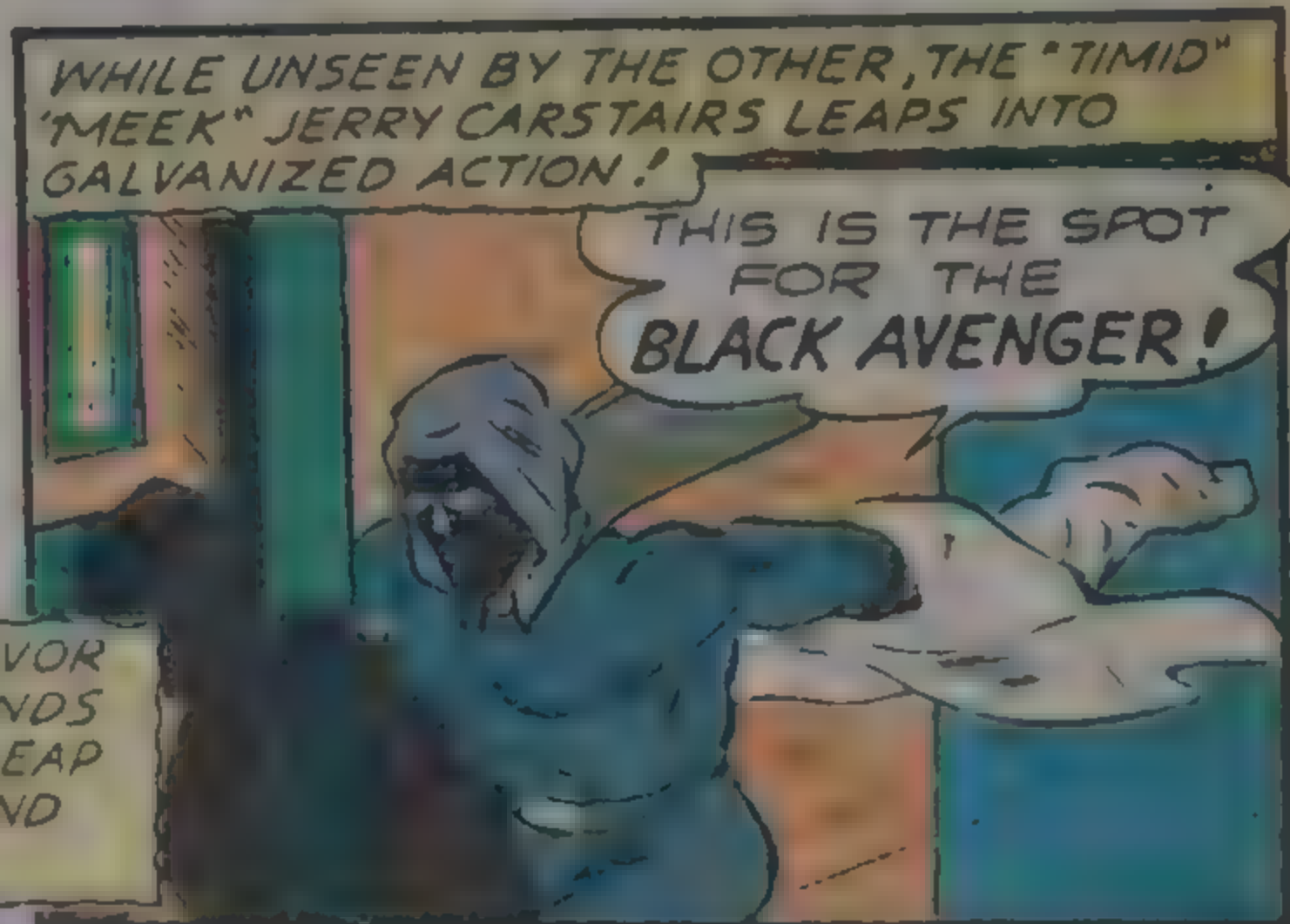
ME? WHAT WOULD THEY WANT WITH ME?

I THINK THEY WANT YOUR HELP ON A CASE!

WANT MY HELP? WELL, GEE... I'D BETTER HURRY!







THE BLACK AVENGER LEAVES WEIDNER TO THE CAPABLE HANDS OF THE F.B.I.

THERE'S A PRESENT FOR THE F.B.I.. I'D BETTER GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS!



FBI HEADQUARTERS...

SO YOU FINALLY DECIDED TO DO IT, EH, CARSTAIRS? REPORT TO THIS ADDRESS.. AND BE CAREFUL! THIS IS DANGEROUS!

I'LL D-DO MY BEST, SIR!



THE ADDRESS TURNS OUT TO BE A BAKERY.

THIS IS THE PLACE NOW FOR THE PASSWORD!



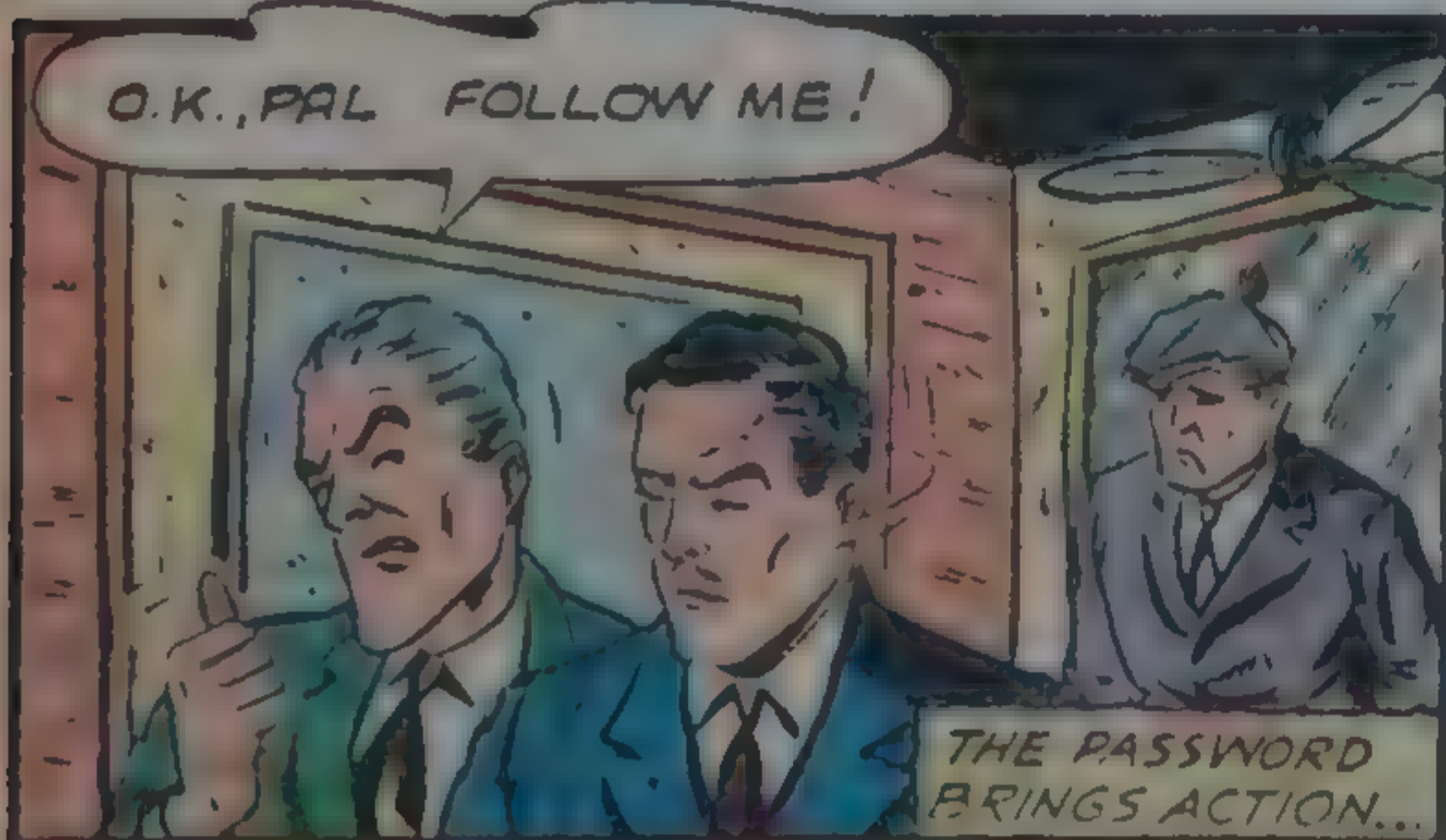
I'D LIKE A BIRTHDAY CAKE FOR MY GRANDMOTHER!



JERRY IS LED THRU A SECRET PANEL TO A DAMP, OMINOUS CELLAR...



O.K., PAL FOLLOW ME!



THE PASSWORD BRINGS ACTION...

JERRY IS PRESENTED TO THE VICIOUS CHIEF OF THE SPIES!



ZO... YOU ARE KURT VEIDNER, EH?

WITHOUT WARNING, THE CHIEF KNOCKS JERRY SPRAWLING!



THIS ISS TO SHOW YOU WHO'S BOSS HERE!

HEY!

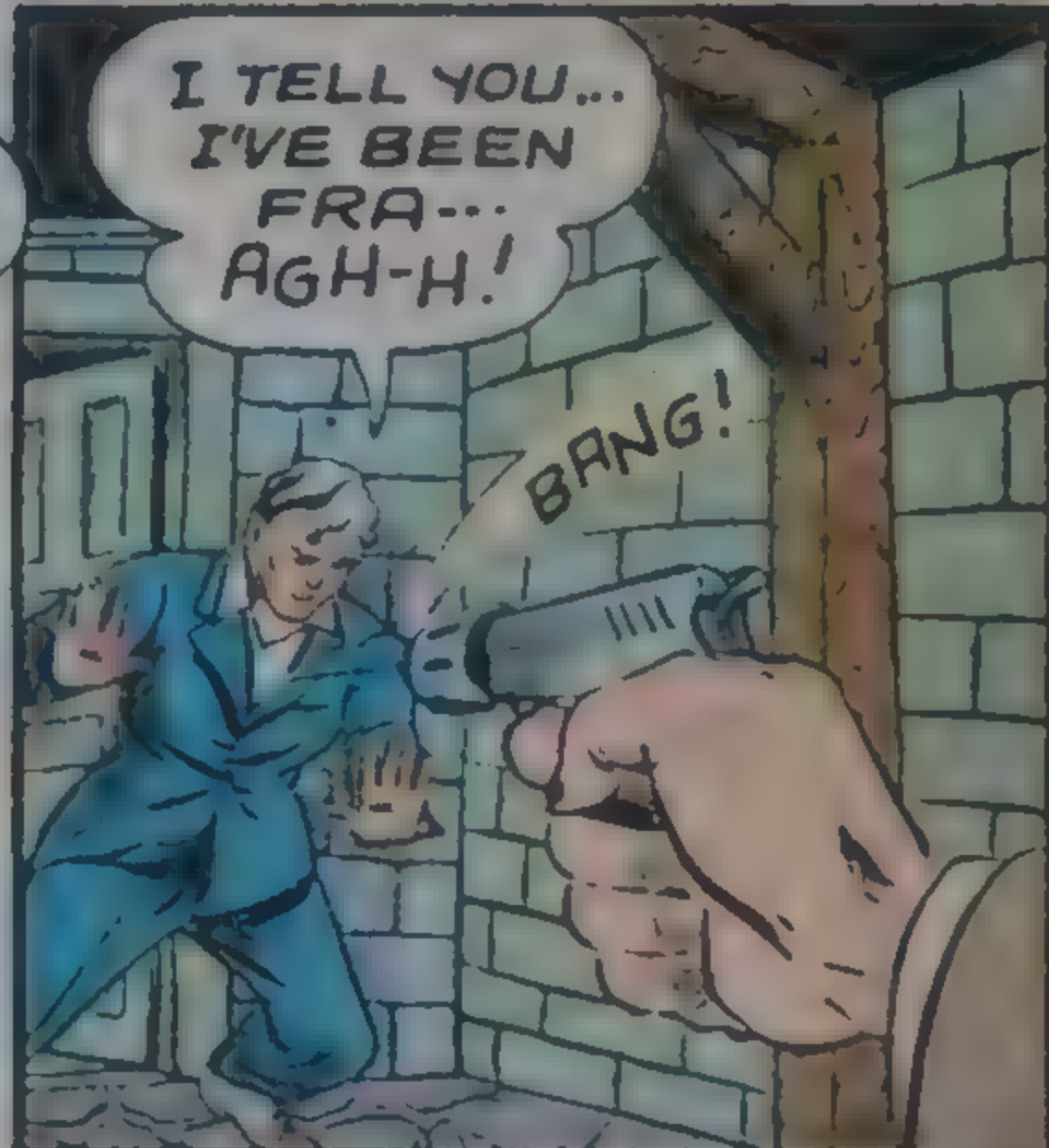
AT THAT MOMENT... TWO MEN DRAG IN A PRISONER...



I'VE BEEN FRAMED!

OH, IT ISS YOU SCHMIDT!

I TELL YOU... I'VE BEEN FRA... AGH-H!



BANG!

THE BODY IS THROWN INTO AN OPEN FIRE AT THE ORDERS OF THE SPY-CHIEF...



THAT'S THE WAY I HANDLE TRAITORS... NOW FOR YOUR ORDERS!

JERRY IS BLINDFOLDED AND DRIVEN OFF IN THE CAR..



TAKE HIM TO DER RADIO STATION!

MEANWHILE, IN A JAIL CELL, THE REAL SPY FEIGNS ILLNESS, DRAWING THE GUARD IN, AND...



GOT YOU, SUCKER!

WEIDNER ESCAPES IN THE GUARDS CLOTHES! AND HEADS FOR THE BAKERY!

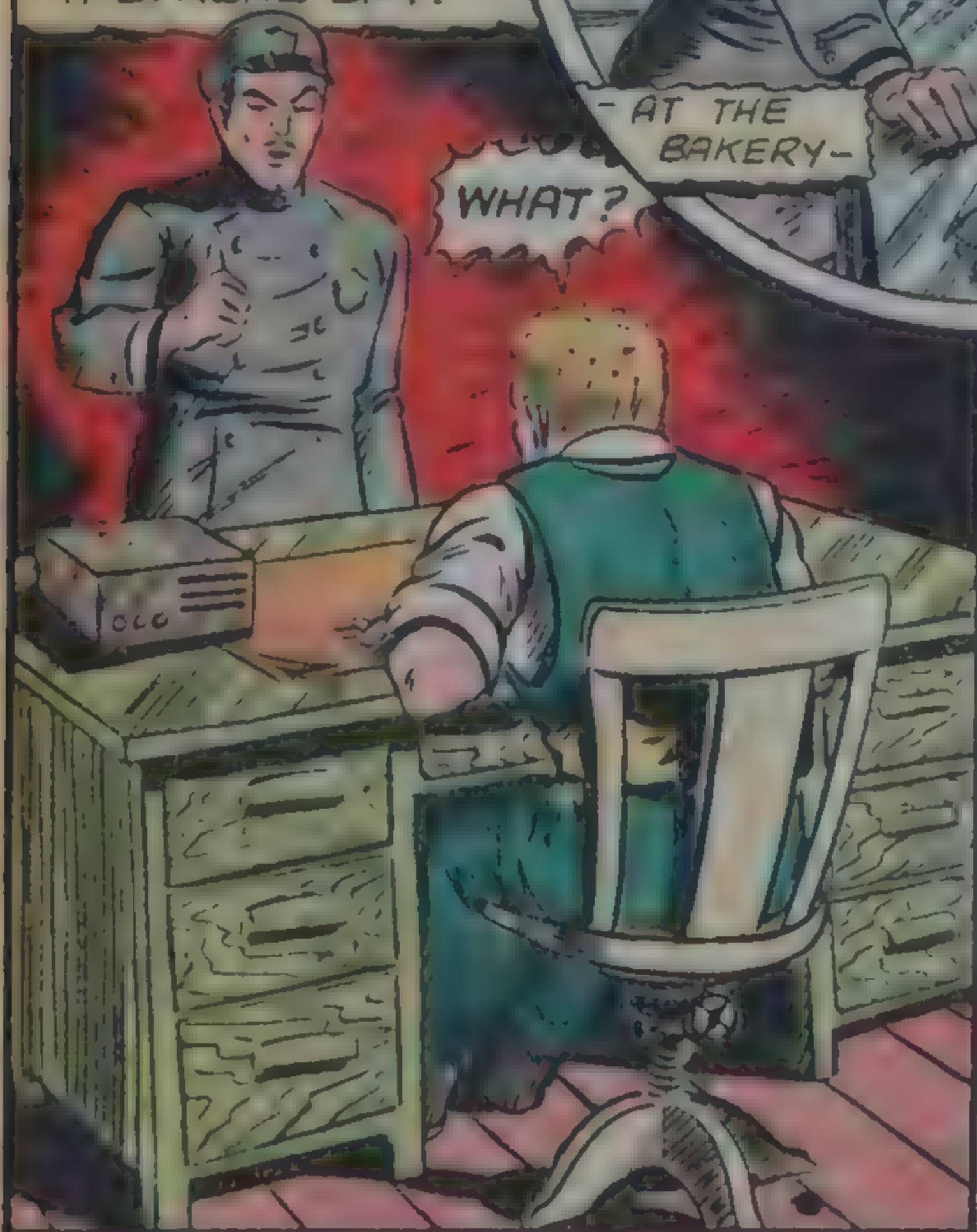
THAT GAG WILL KEEP HIM QUIET FOR AWHILE!



I TELL YOU I AM KURT WEIDNER... TAKE ME TO THE CHIEF RIGHT AWAY!



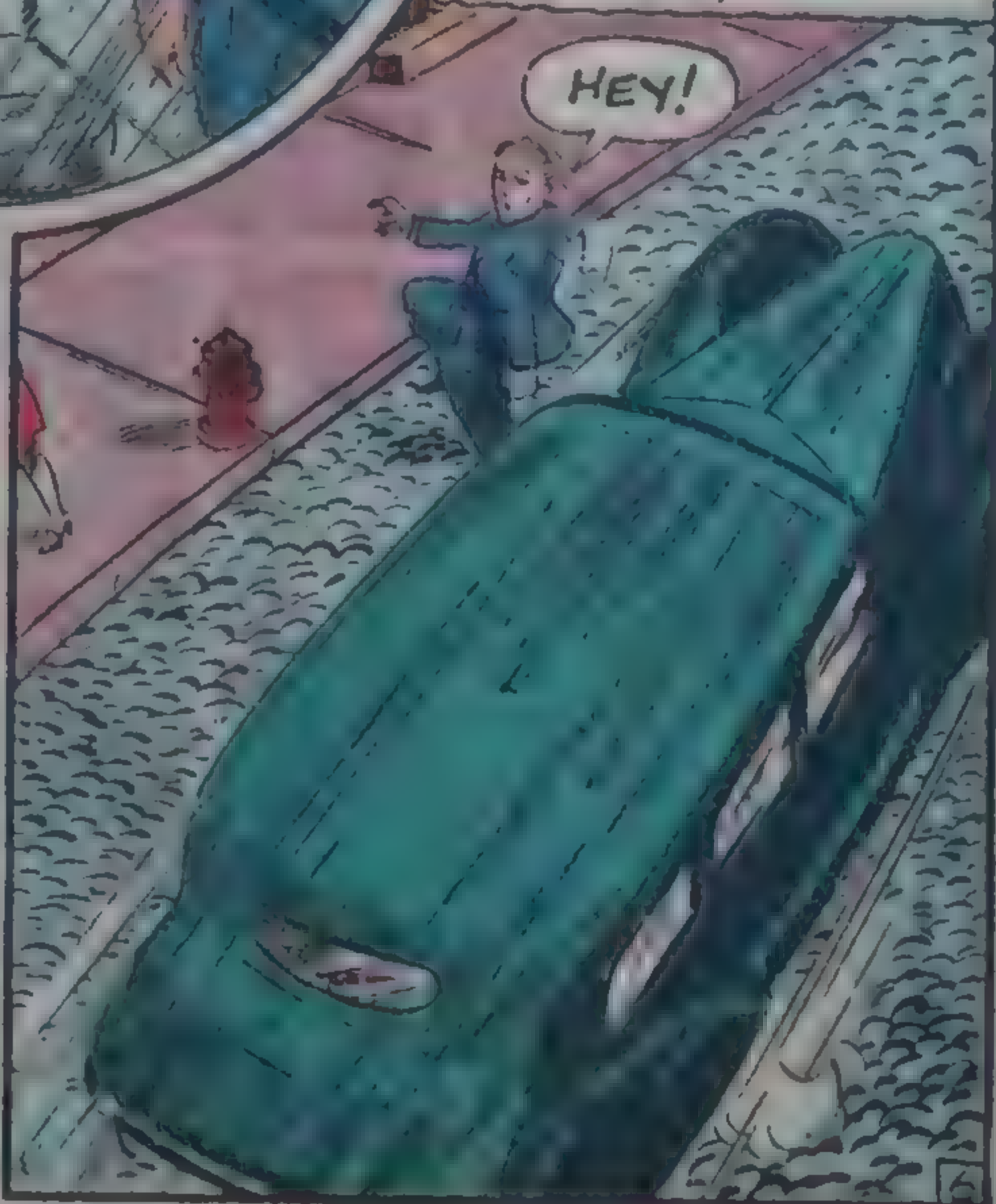
WEIDNER TELLS THE CHIEF THAT HE IS THE REAL SPY!



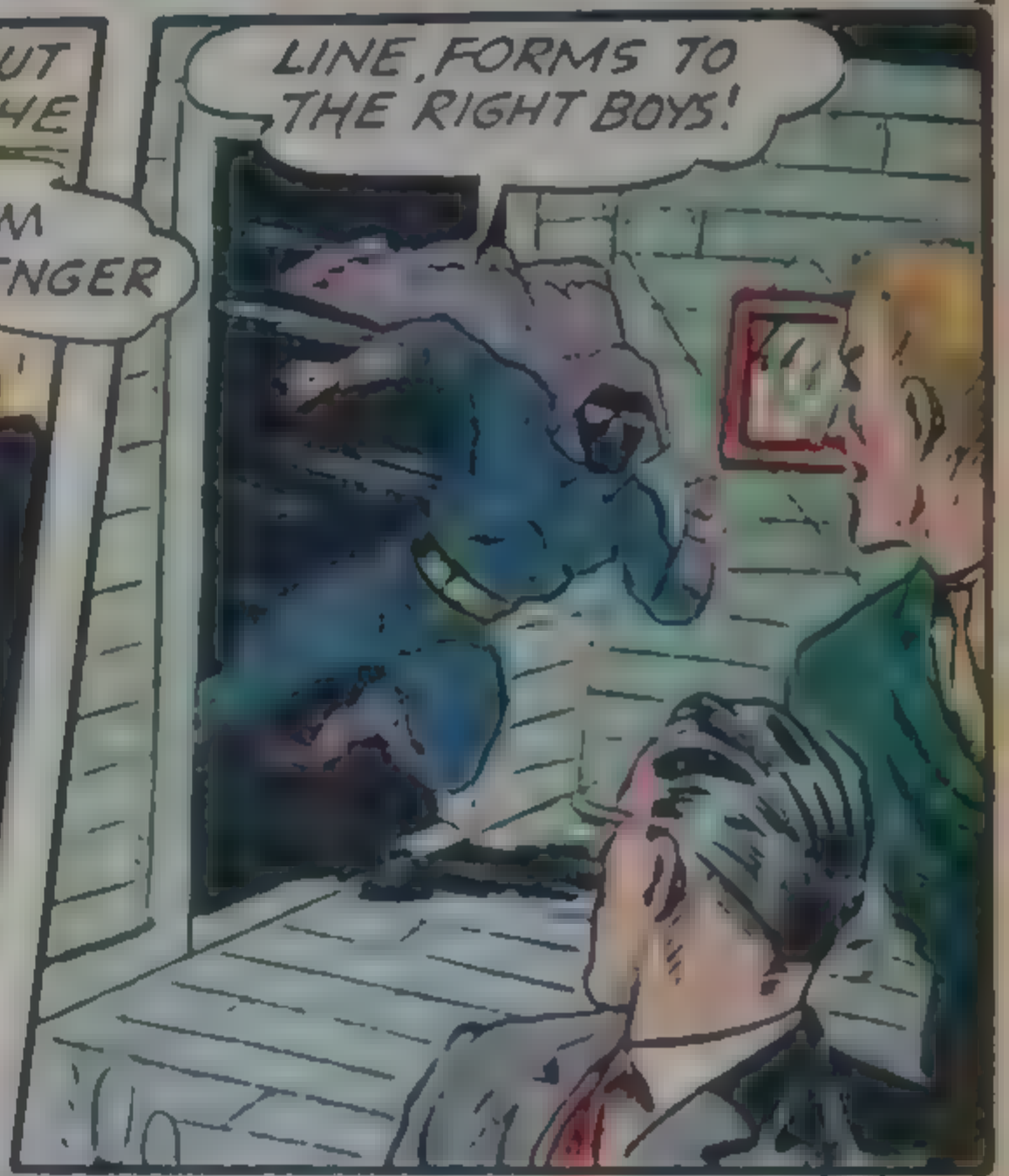
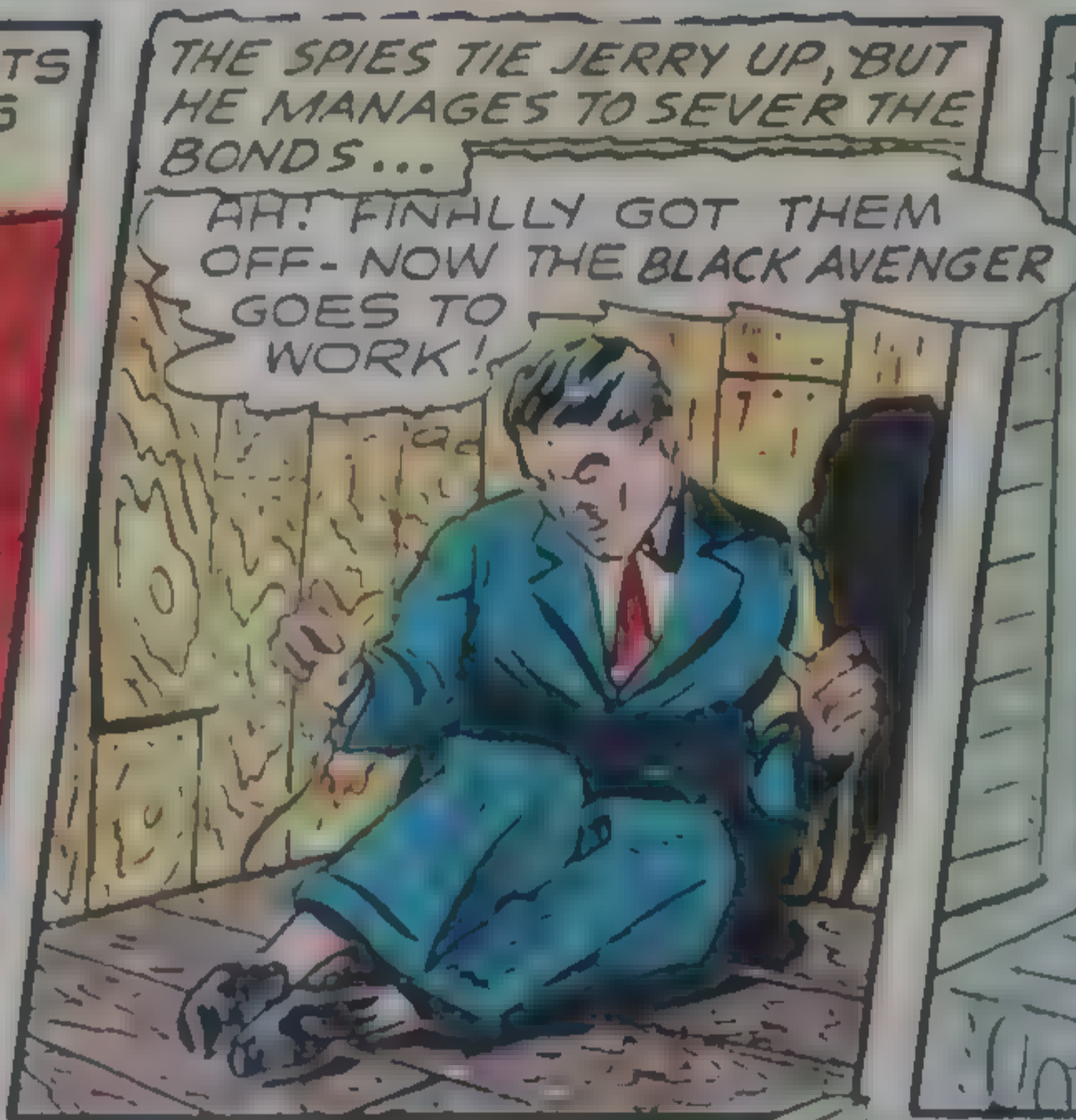
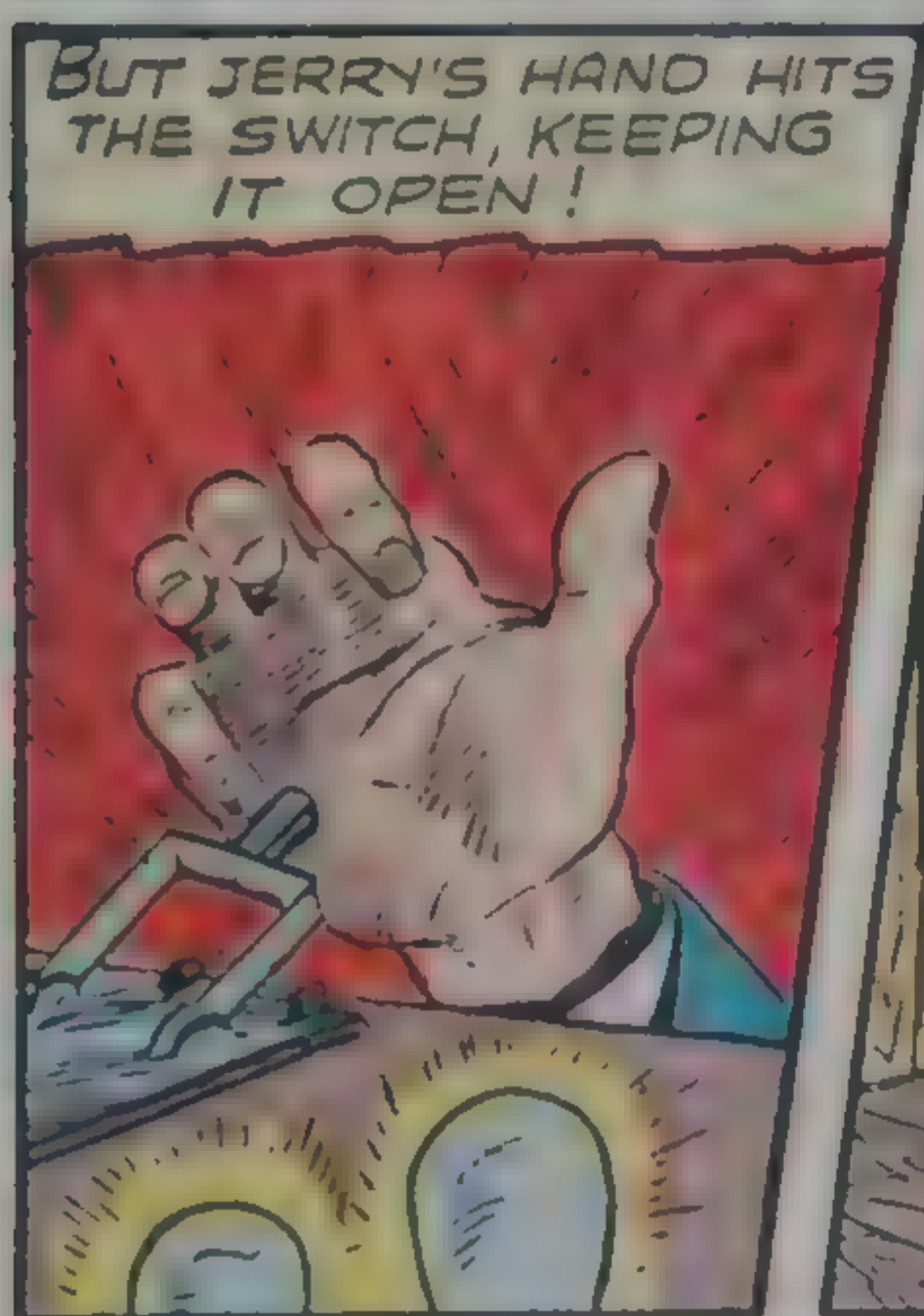
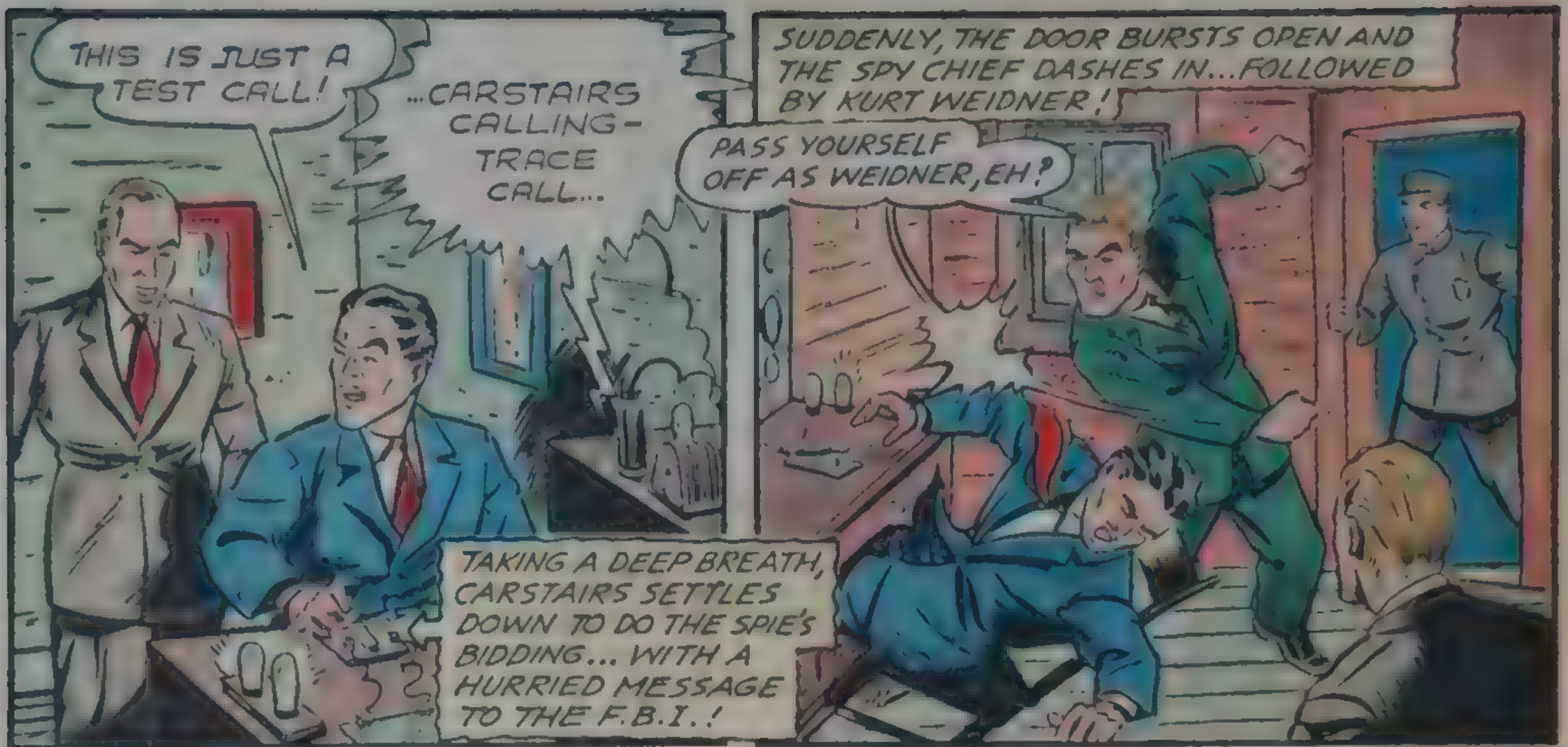
WHAT?

- AT THE BAKERY -

THE CHIEF AND WEIDNER RACE TO THE RADIO STATION TO REVEAL CARSTAIRS AS AN IMPOSTER!



HEY!



THE CHIEF AND WEIDNER DASH OUT THE DOOR!

WHY, BOYS, YOU DON'T WANT TO LEAVE SO SOON!



THEY RUN INTO AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL WITH THE BLACK AVENGER ON THEIR HEELS!

AH! A RAT HOLE!



2 MINUTE LATER, THEY EMERGE FROM THE OTHER END!

HURRY UP!



IF HE'S IN THERE, HE'S FINISHED!

BOOM!



THE HAND GRENADE LEAVES THE AVENGER UNTOUCHED!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!



HE SCRAMBLES OUT OF THE LOOSENED EARTH.

GUESS I LOST THEM!



...AND DASHES BACK TO THE SHACK!

GOT TO GET BACK TO THOSE OTHERS!

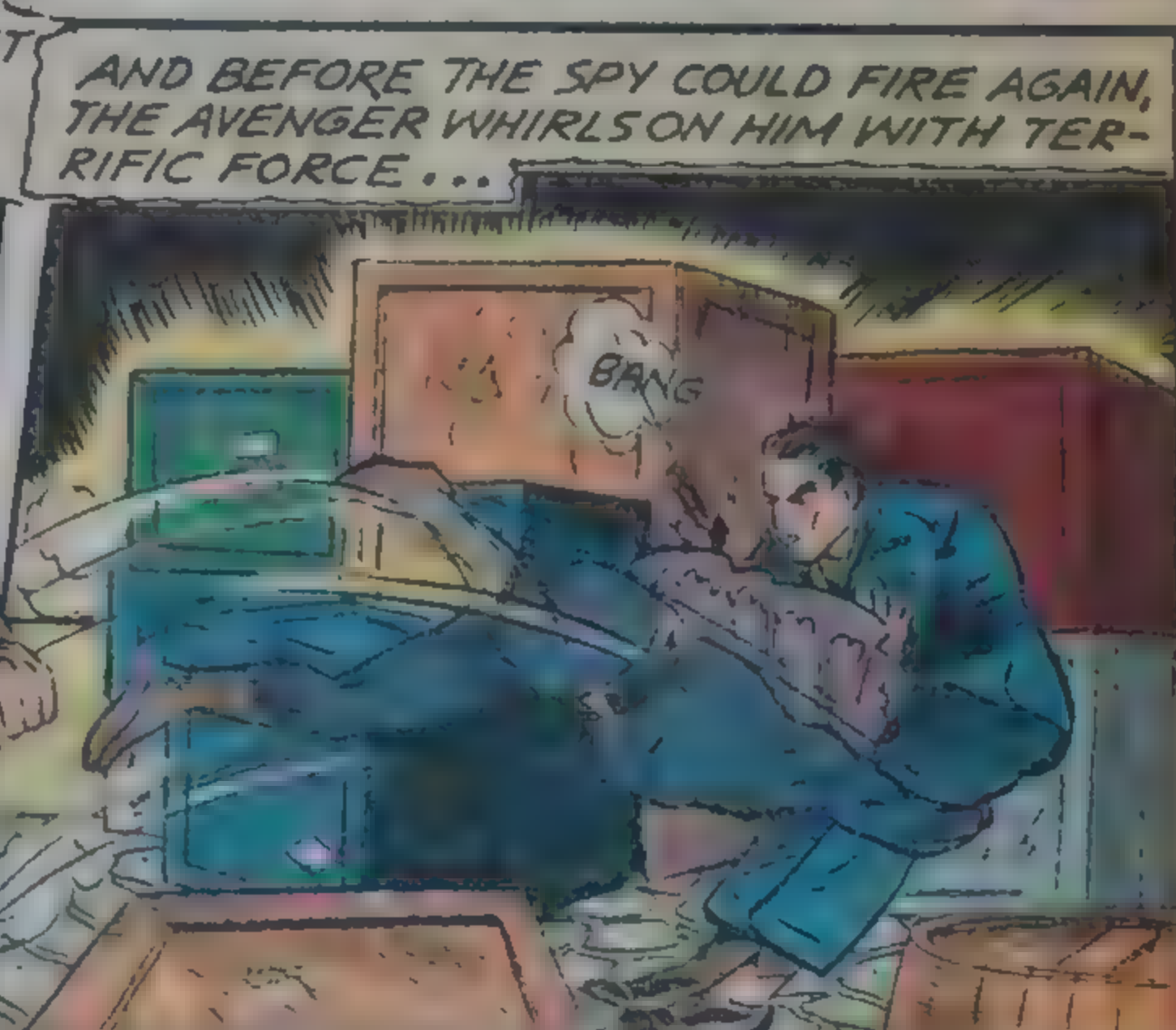
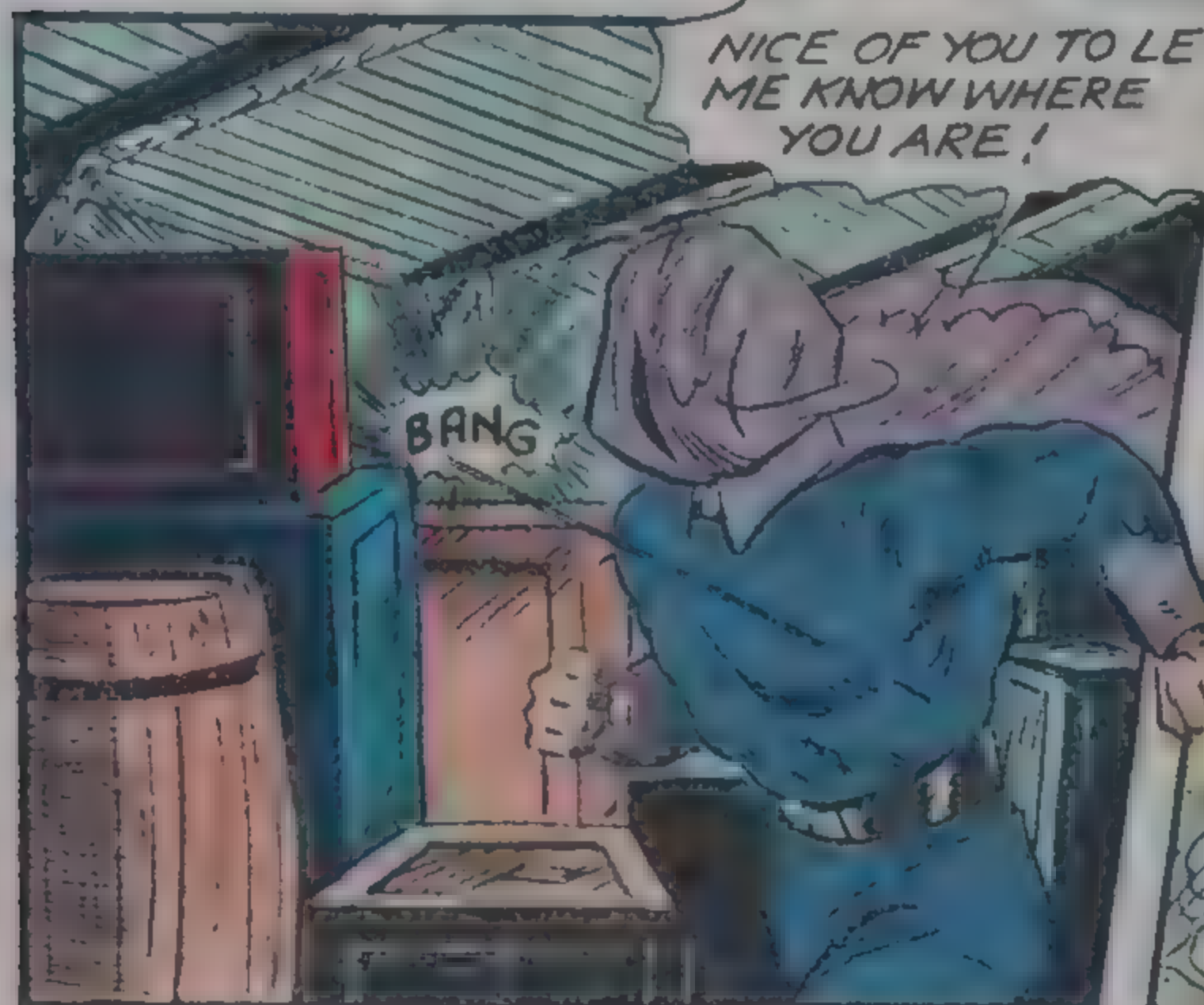
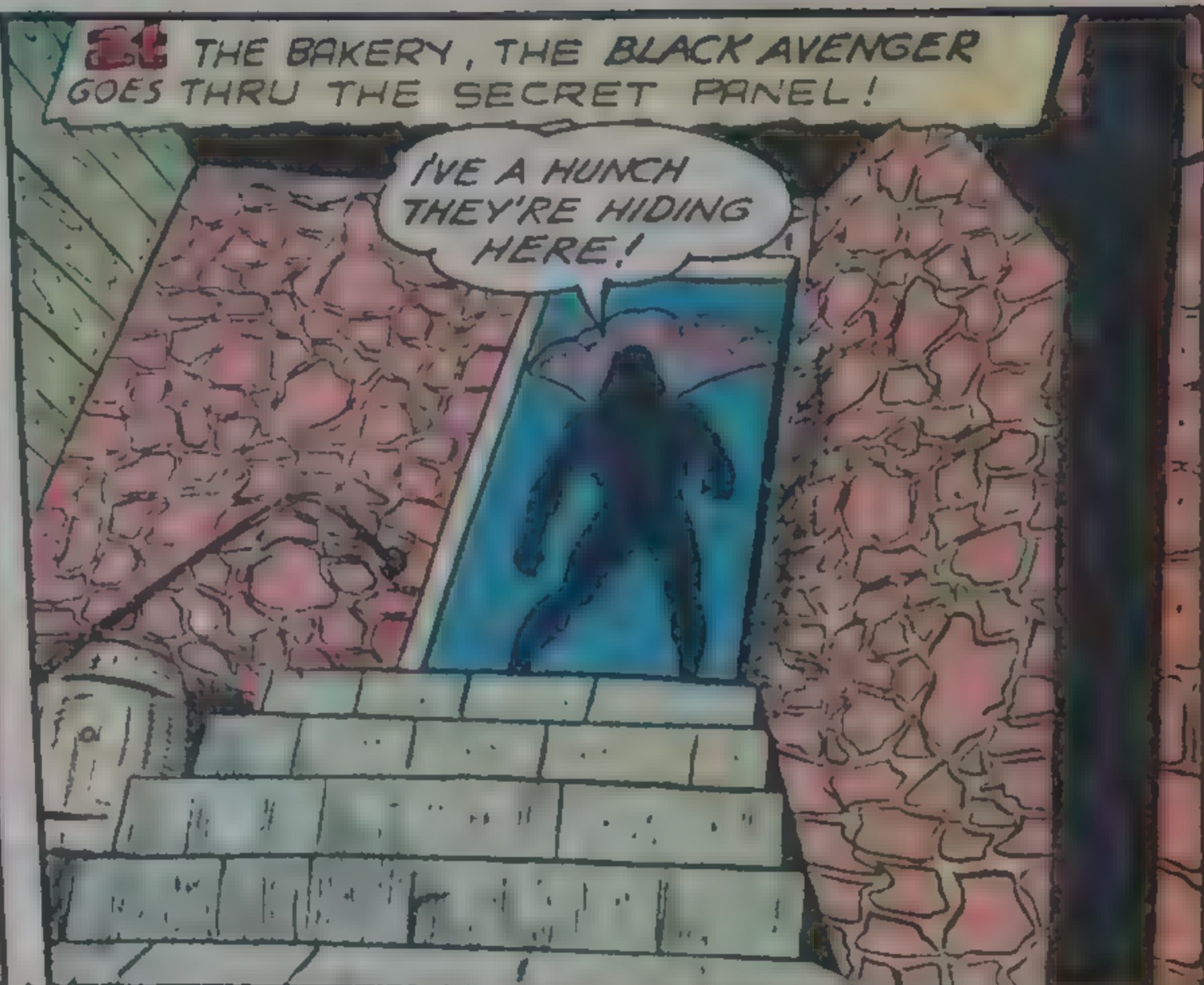


TALK, SCUM! OR----

NEVER, MY FEUHRER VILL KILL ME!



BACK AT THE RADIO SHACK!



HE SWOOPS DOWN ON THE SPY CHIEF.

AH, HITLER WILL MISS HIS LITTLE PLAYMATE!



WE WILL SEE!



THE AVENGER PLUNGES A DYNAMITE LIKE FIST INTO THE NAZI AGENT'S EYE!

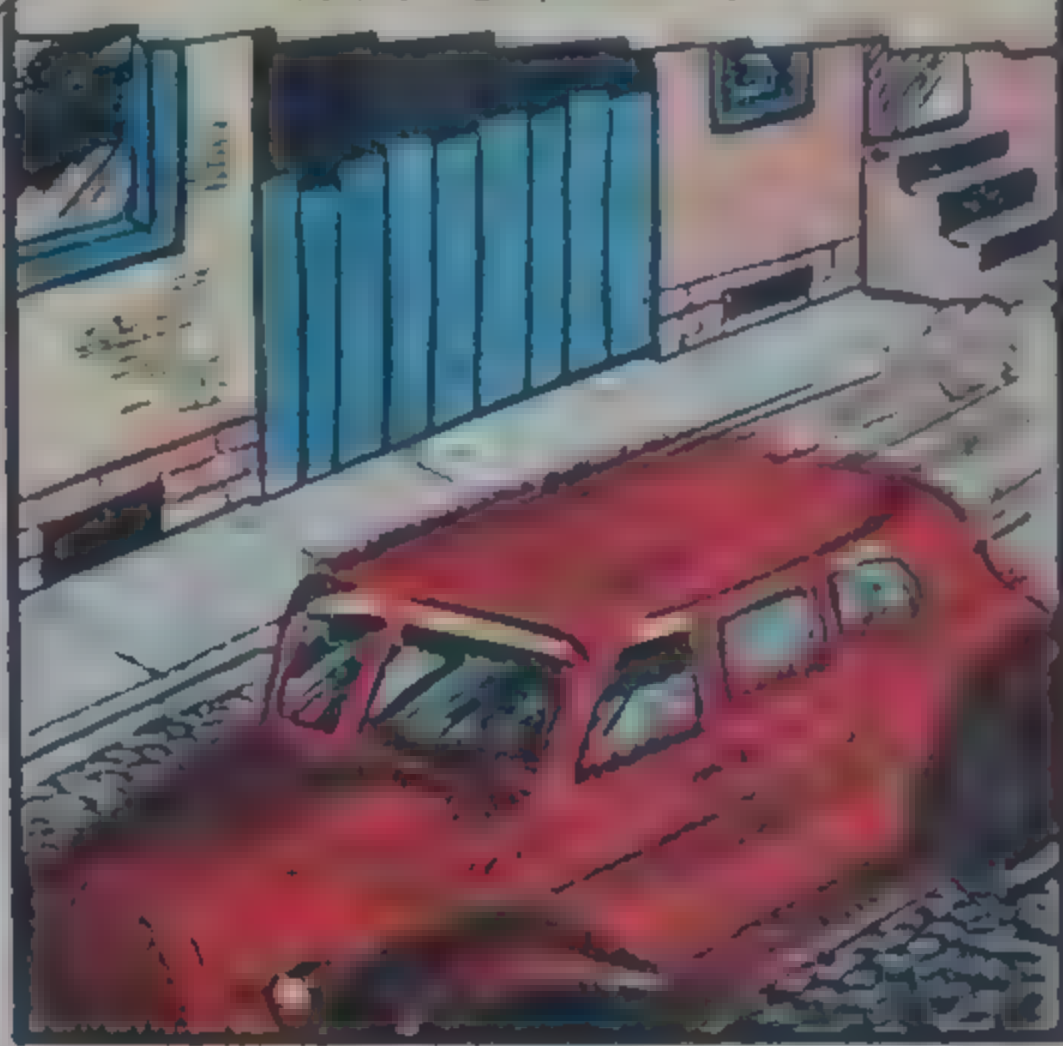
THEN HERE IS SOMETHING TO HELP YOUR EYE-SIGHT!



WHY, BOYS, WHAT'S MAKING YOU SO UNHAPPY?



HE THROWS THE SPYS INTO THE CAR AND HEADS FOR THE SHACK!



AT THE SHACK. CARSTAIRS WAITS FOR THE F.B.I

WE GOT YOUR CALL DID YOU CATCH THEM?



I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, JERRY, HOW DID YOU DO IT?

OH, — I JUST SURROUNDED THEM!



THE END!

PRESENTING--

HORROR in HOLLYWOOD

NOW
ON
SALE!

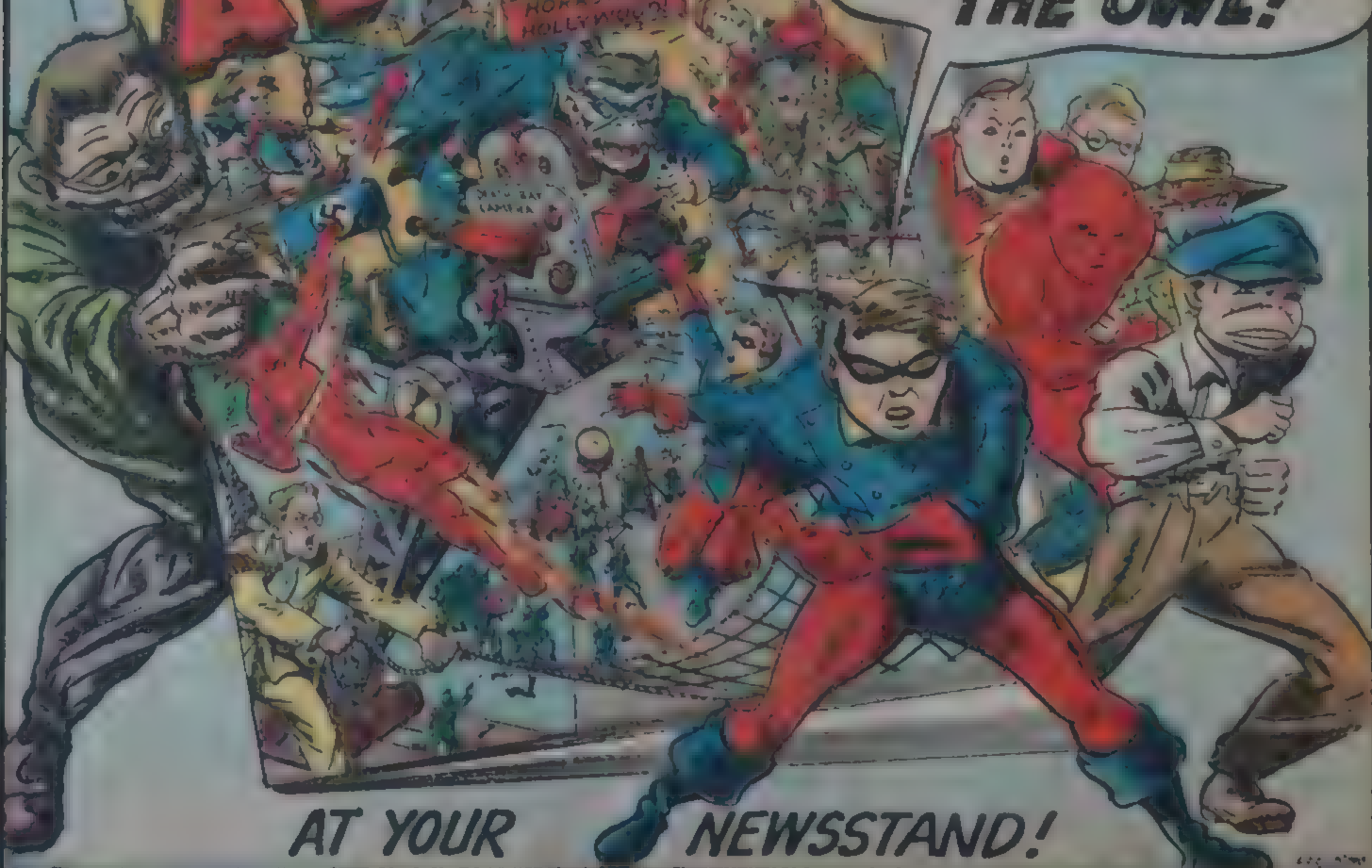
HA! HA! THOSE
BRATS WILL NEVER
LEAVE THIS PLACE ALIVE!
THE OWL WILL SEE
TO THAT!

OUR SIX YOUNG DAREDEVIL FAVORITES ARE HERE AGAIN IN ANOTHER THRILLER-CRAMMED ADVENTURE! FOLLOW THEM THROUGH 64 PAGES OF CRASHING ACTION AND MYSTERY AMIDST THE GLAMOUR THAT IS HOLLYWOOD, AS THEY BATTLE TO SAVE THEIR COUNTRY FROM THE INSANE MENACE OF THE MOST HIDEOUS FOE OF ALL TIME ---

THE OWL!

FORWARD,
FELLAS -- OUR NEXT
DATE IS WITH
THE OWL!

BUCKY & TORO
IN
YOUNG ALLIES
10¢
FALL ISSUE



AT YOUR NEWSSTAND!

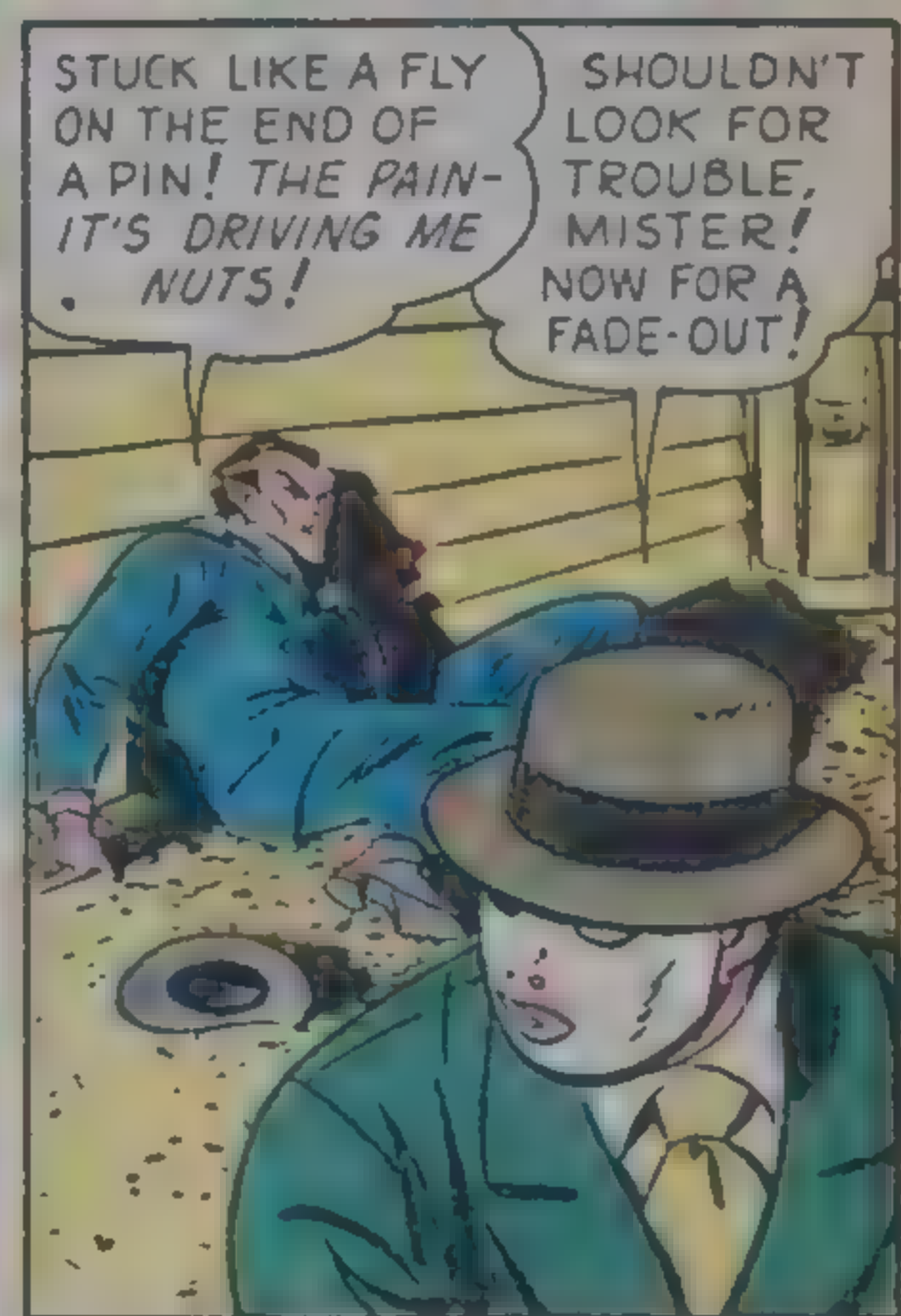
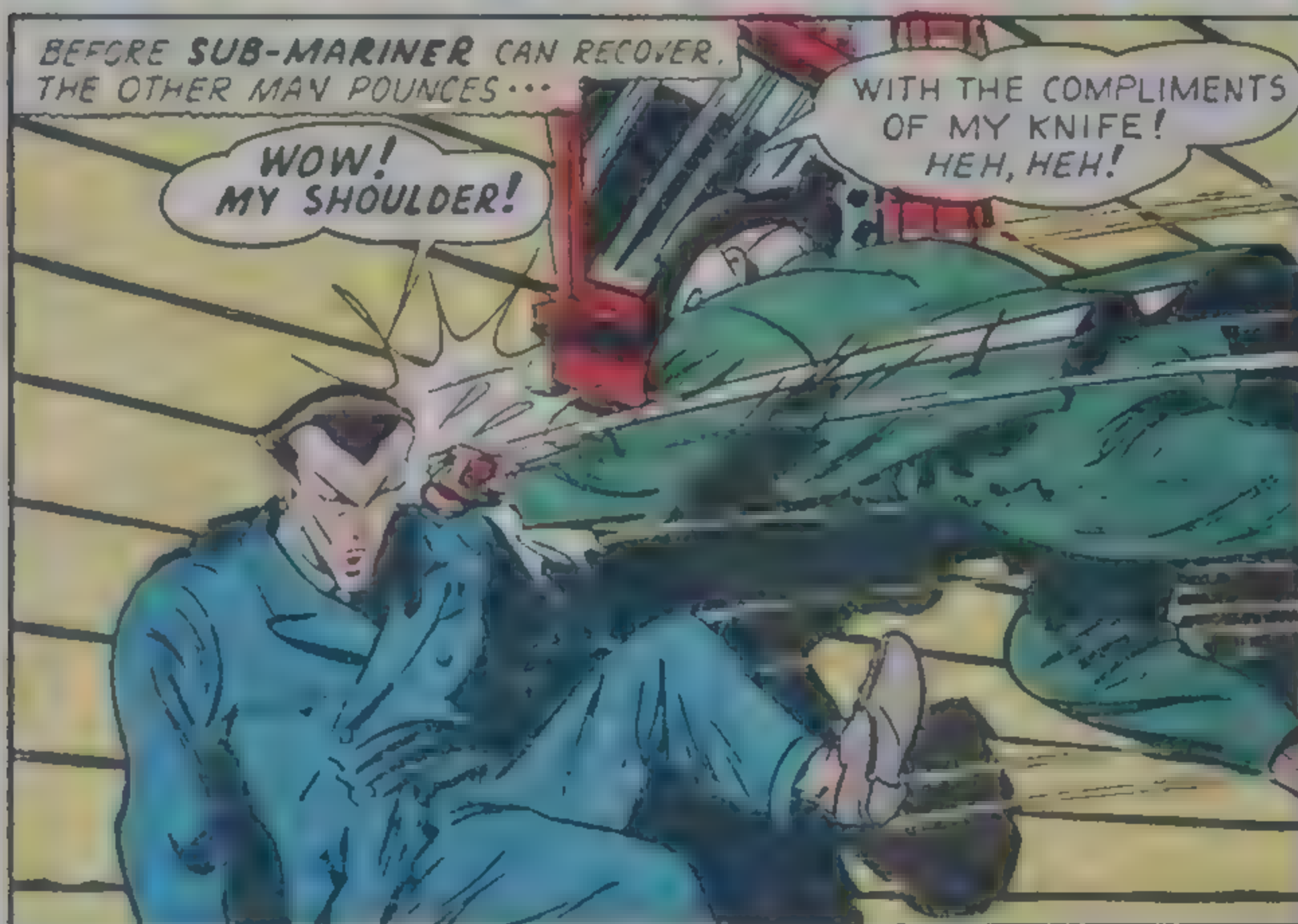
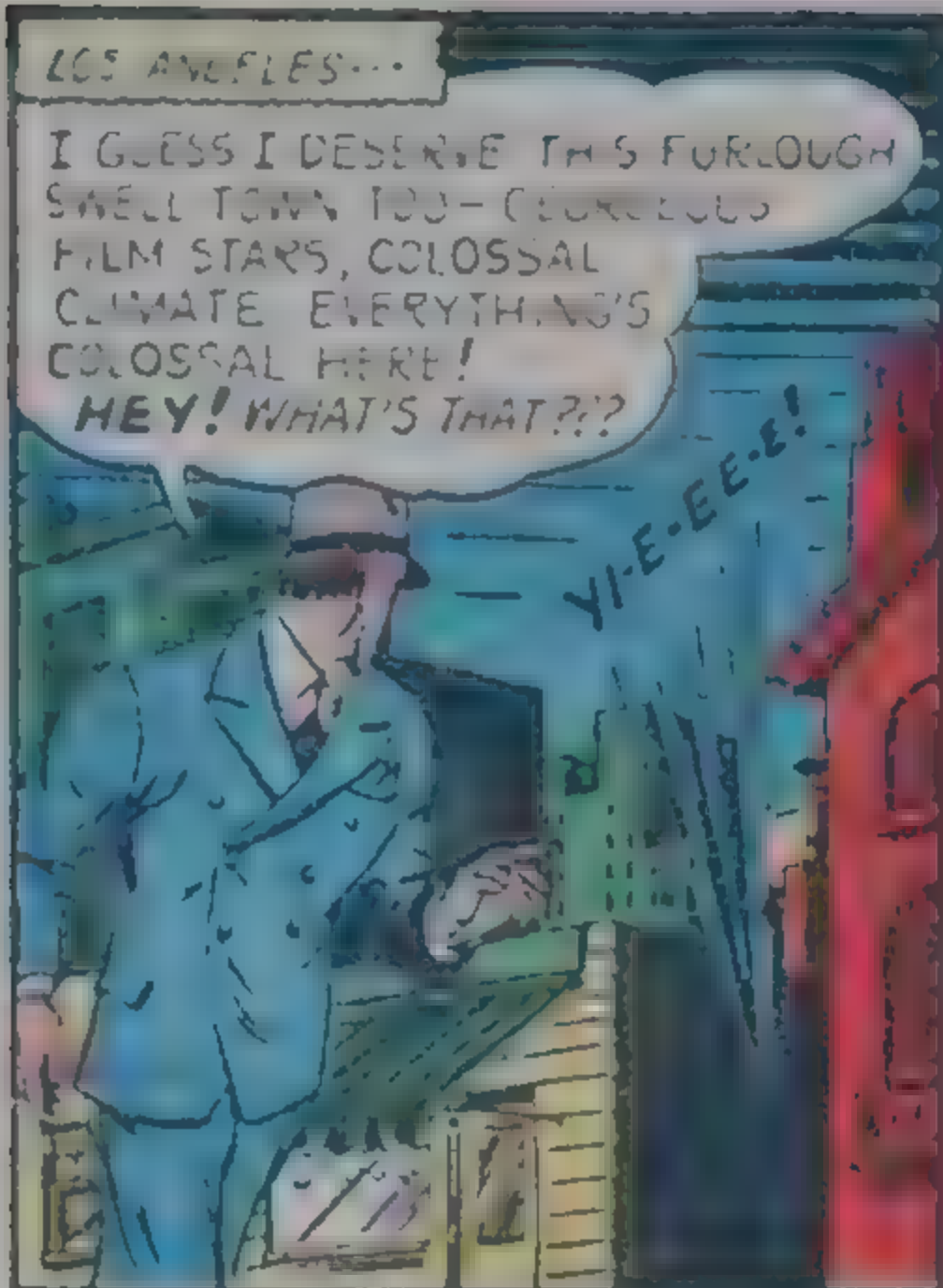
THE SUB-MARINER

COME ON,
YOU OLD
GOAT!

PRINCE NAMOR
THE
SUB-MARINER

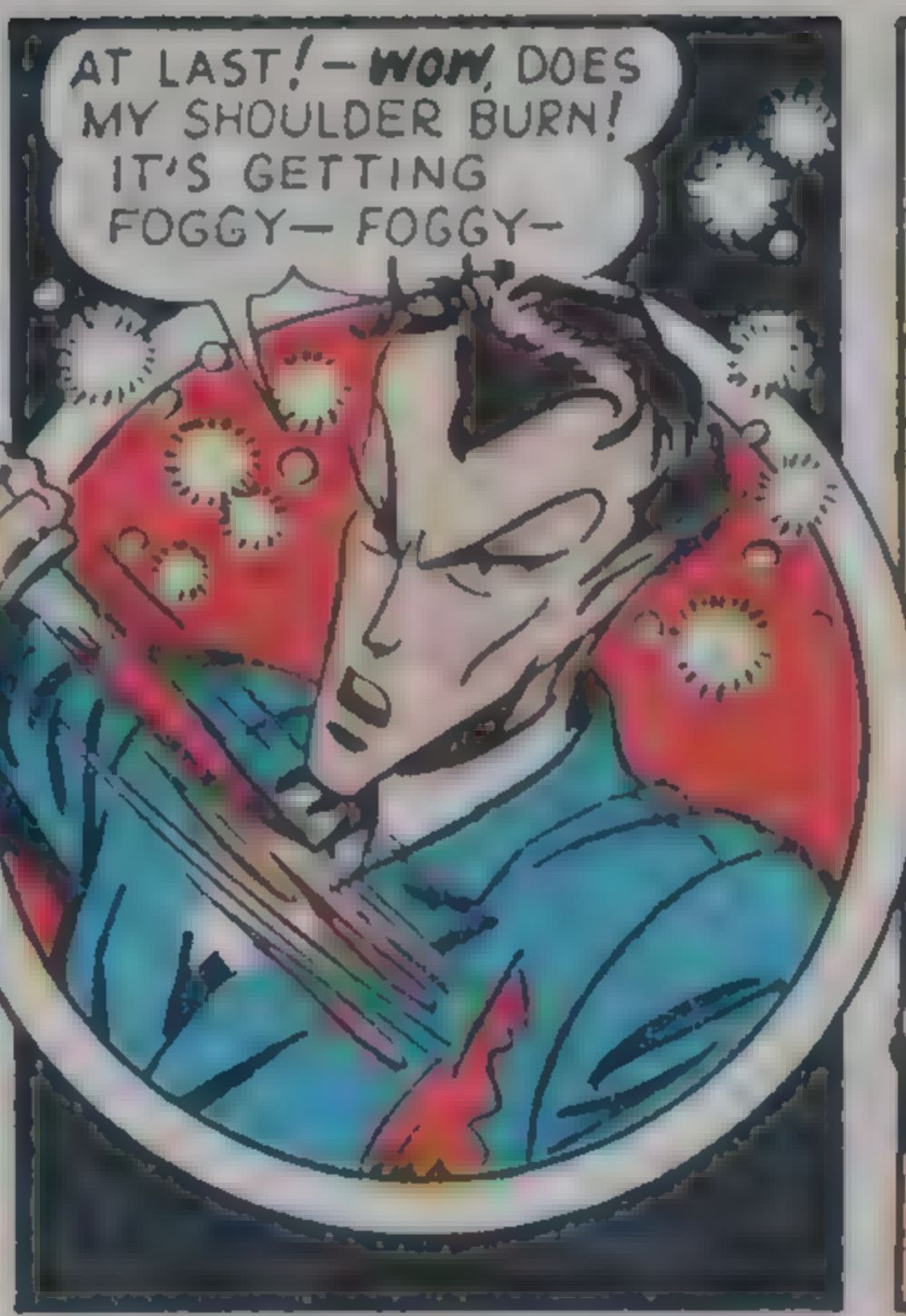
SEES A YOUNG MAN LOSE HIS
HEAD IN ONE OF THE MOST
HAIR-RAISING
ADVENTURES OF HIS
THRILL-PACKED CAREER!

in
SPIES USE THEIR **HEADS!**





THE WORST IS YET TO COME! NOW TO GET THIS BLASTED KNIFE OUT!



AT LAST!—*WOW*, DOES MY SHOULDER BURN! IT'S GETTING FOGGY— FOGGY—



THE ONLY FOG IN THE ALLEY IS THE MERCIFUL FOG OF OBLIVION!



BUT *SUB-MARINER'S* MIGHTY BODY HAS HIDDEN SPRINGS OF POWER—HIS STRENGTH RETURNS.

FEEL BETTER NOW— BLEEDING'S STOPPED. NOW— WHERE'S THE GUY WHO SCREAMED?



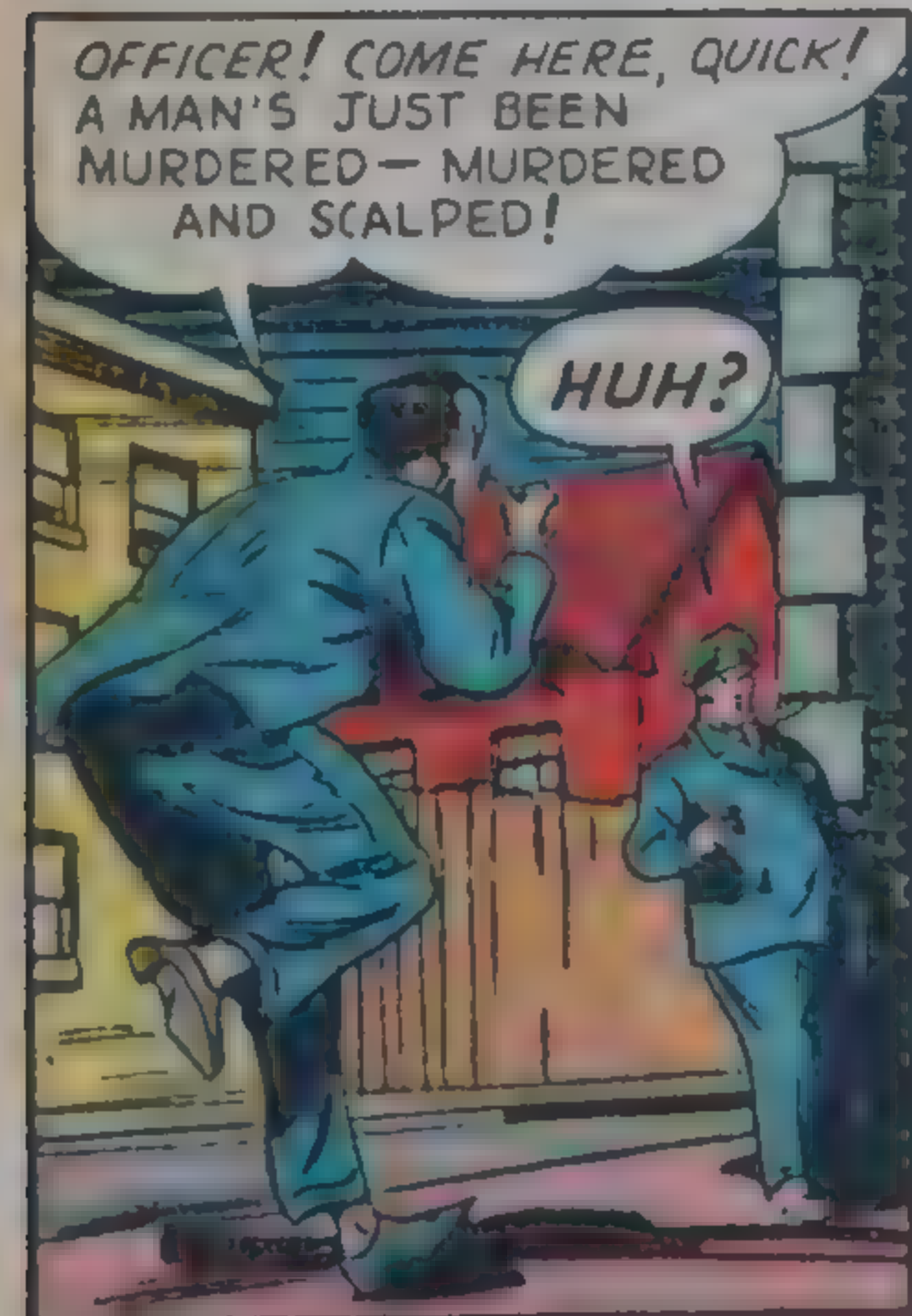
WASHED UP! BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS FACE?

RUBBED OUT WITH ACID!



NO PAPERS— NOTHING TO IDENTIFY HIM—

GREAT SCOTT! HE'S BEEN SCALPED!



OFFICER! COME HERE, QUICK! A MAN'S JUST BEEN MURDERED— MURDERED AND SCALPED!

HUH?



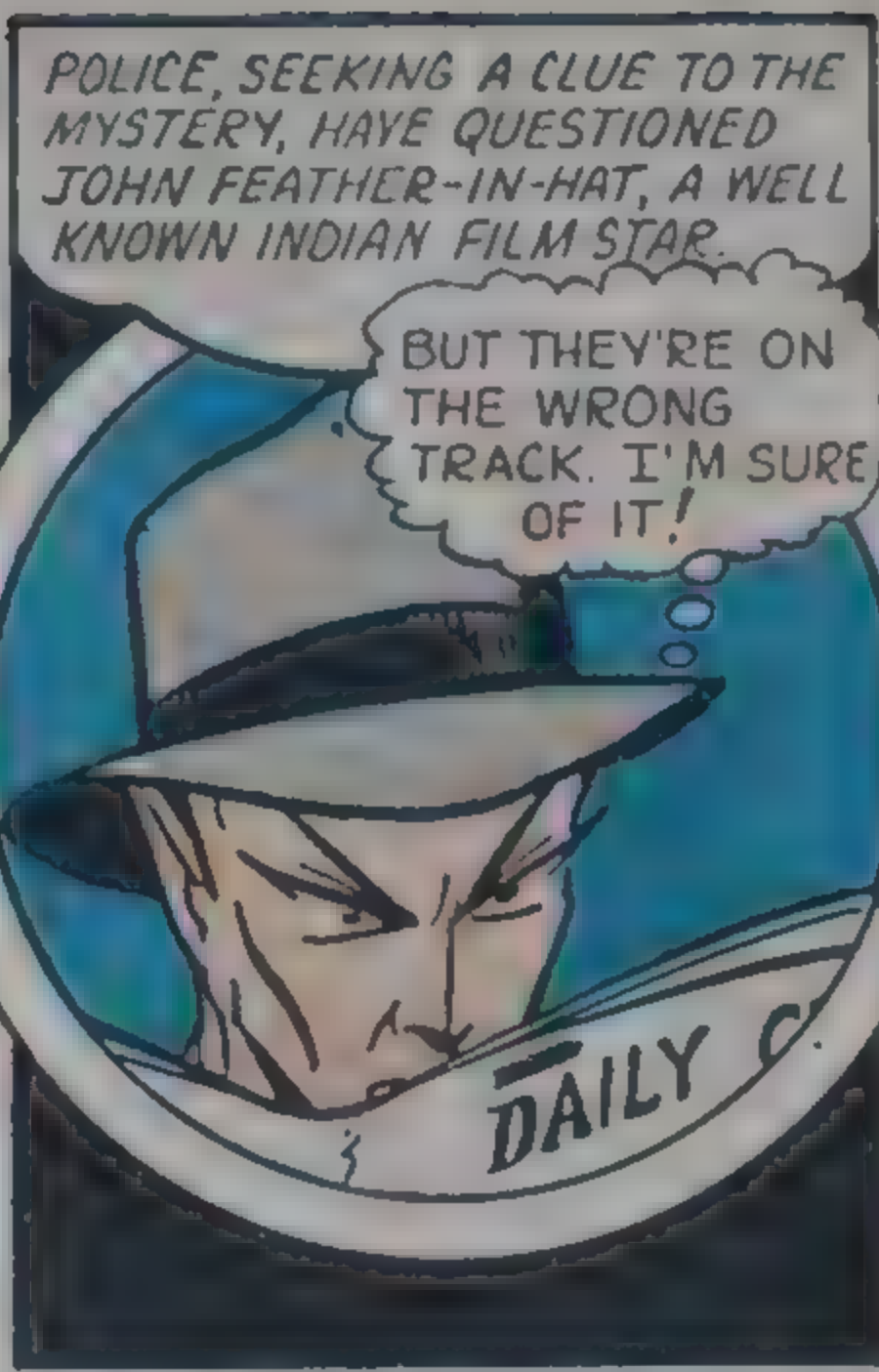
SAY, BUD, YOU AIN'T BEEN SEEIN' TOO MANY O' THEM COWBOY-AND-INJUN PICTURES? OR MAYBE YOU'RE ONE OF THE WHACKS WHO WRITES THEM!

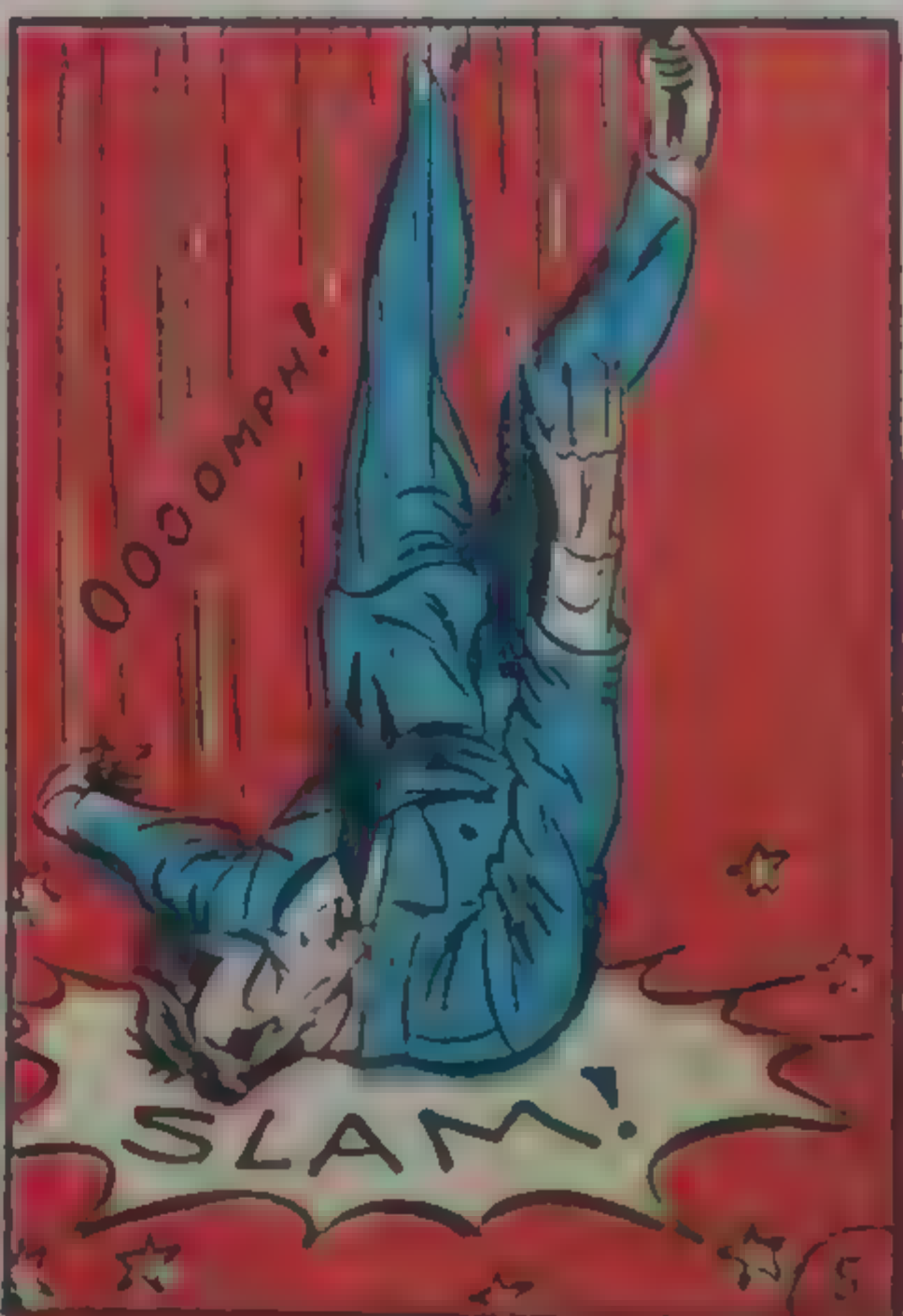
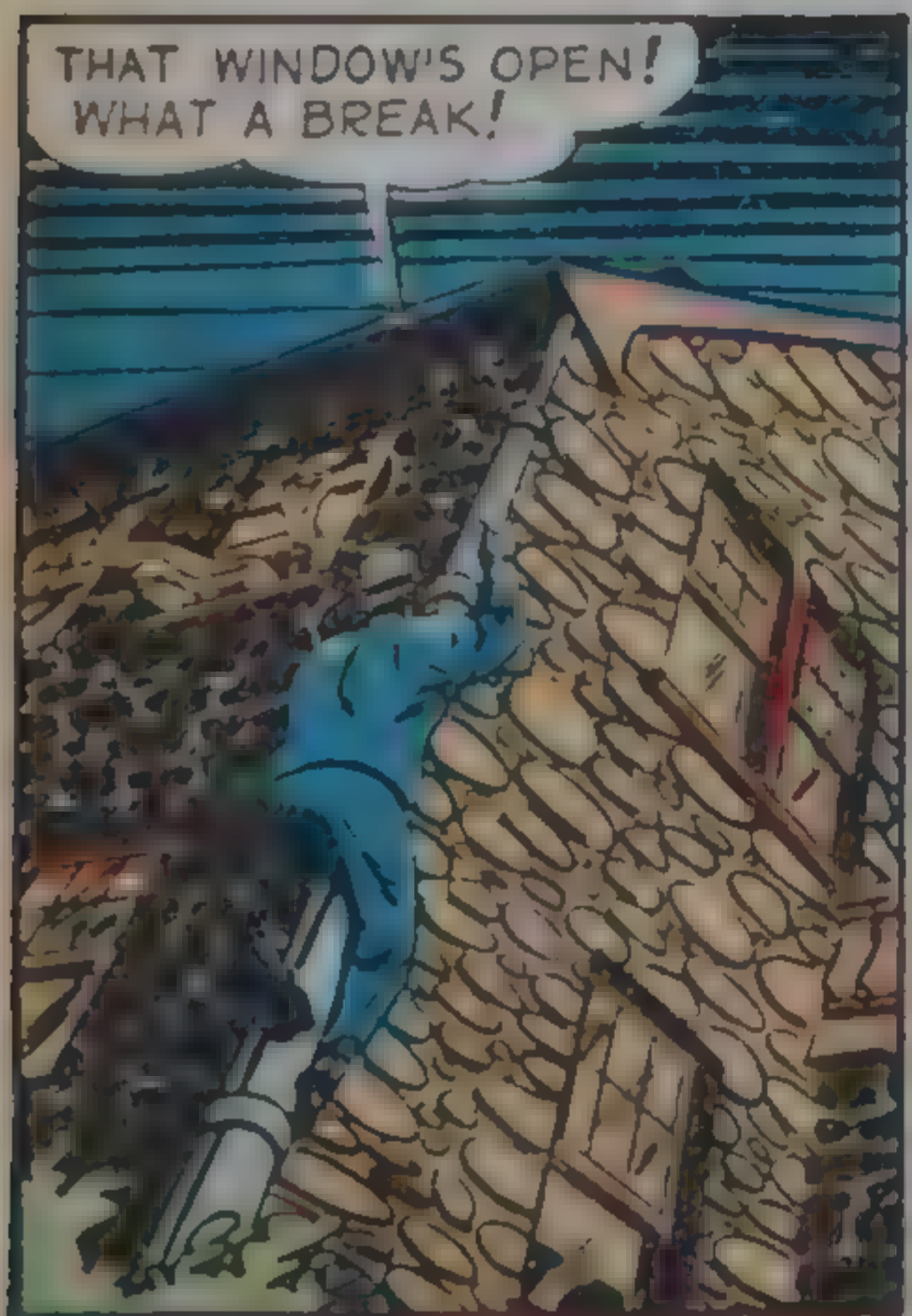
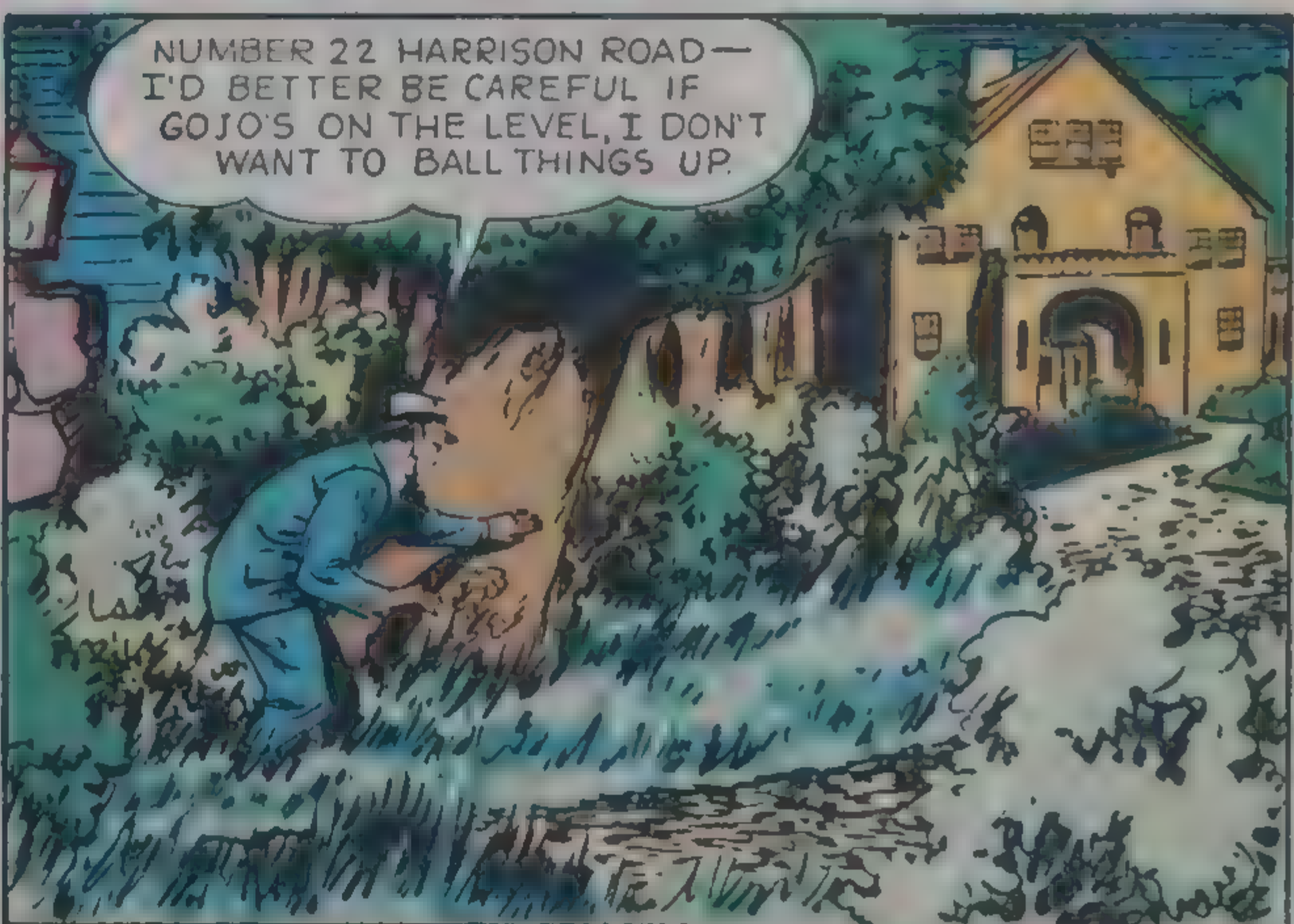
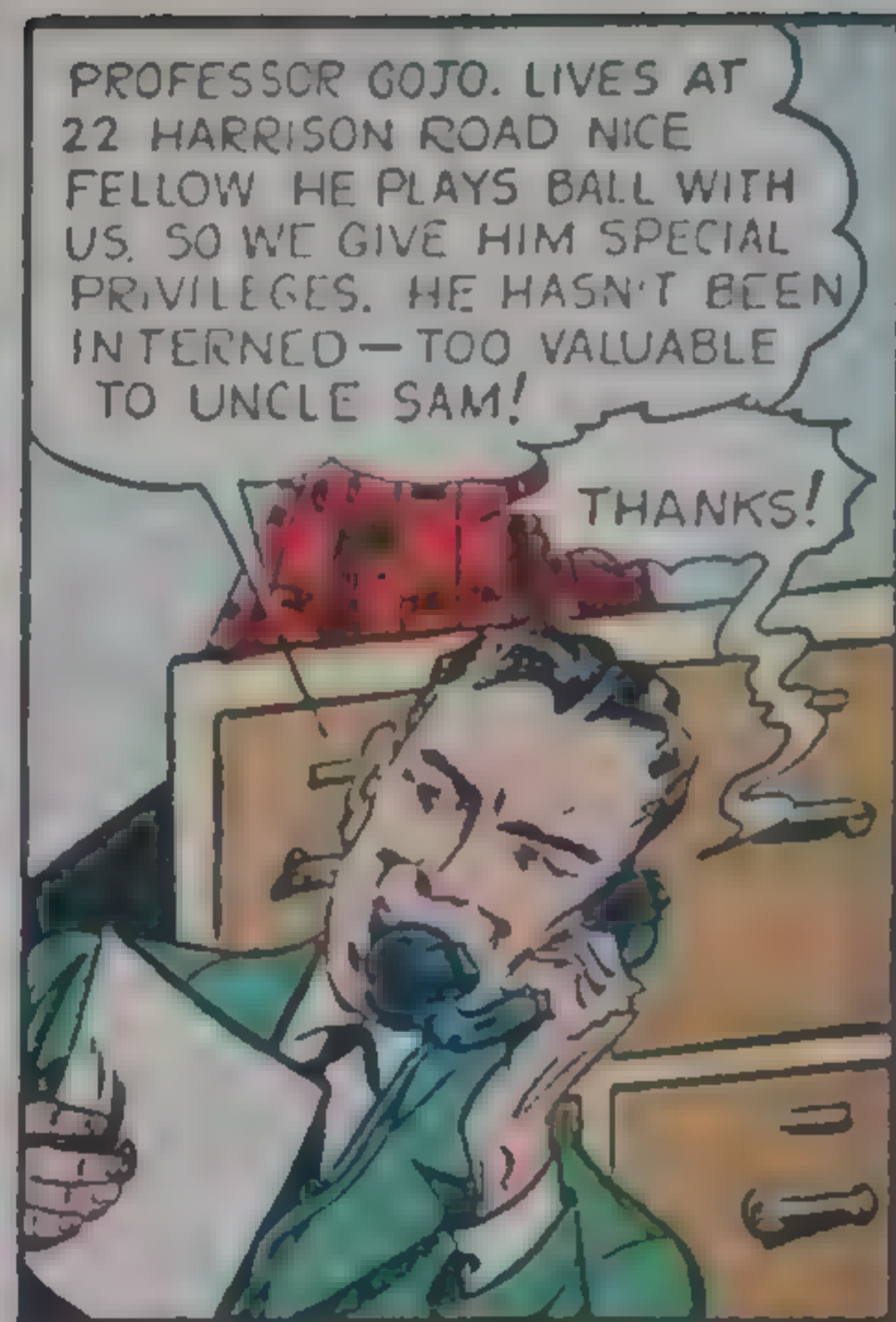
DON'T TAKE *MY* WORD FOR IT! HAVE A LOOK!



I'LL BE—! IT-IT'S TRUE! JUST LIKE THEM INJUNS—

I'VE A HUNCH IT WASN'T AN INDIAN. BUT WHOEVER IT WAS, I'M GOING AFTER HIM!







NO WONDER HE LEFT THE WINDOW AJAR—AN OPEN INVITATION TO NOSEY MUGS LIKE ME!



HERE'S HOPING **THIS** DOESN'T TURN OUT TO BE A THIRD RAIL!



SO FAR, SO GOOD **NOW—!**



DOUBLING FOR SANTA CLAUS ISN'T STRICTLY DOWN MY ALLEY, BUT WHAT A PRESENT GOJO'S GOING TO GET IF HE'S WHAT I SUSPECT HE IS!

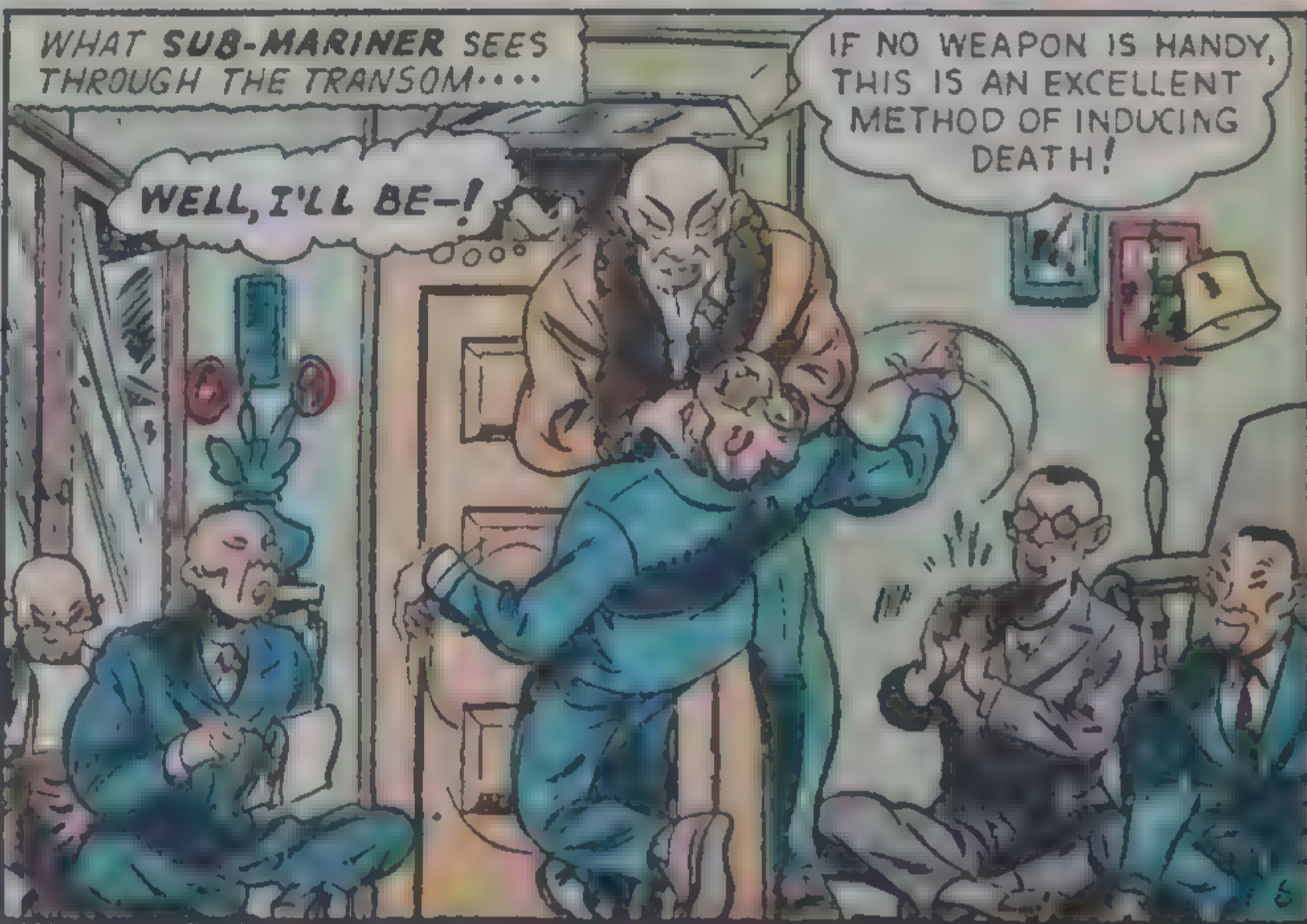


FEELS LIKE STEPPING OUT OF AN INKWELL! MY OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T KNOW ME NOW!



MURDER, GENTLEMEN, IS A FINE ART—

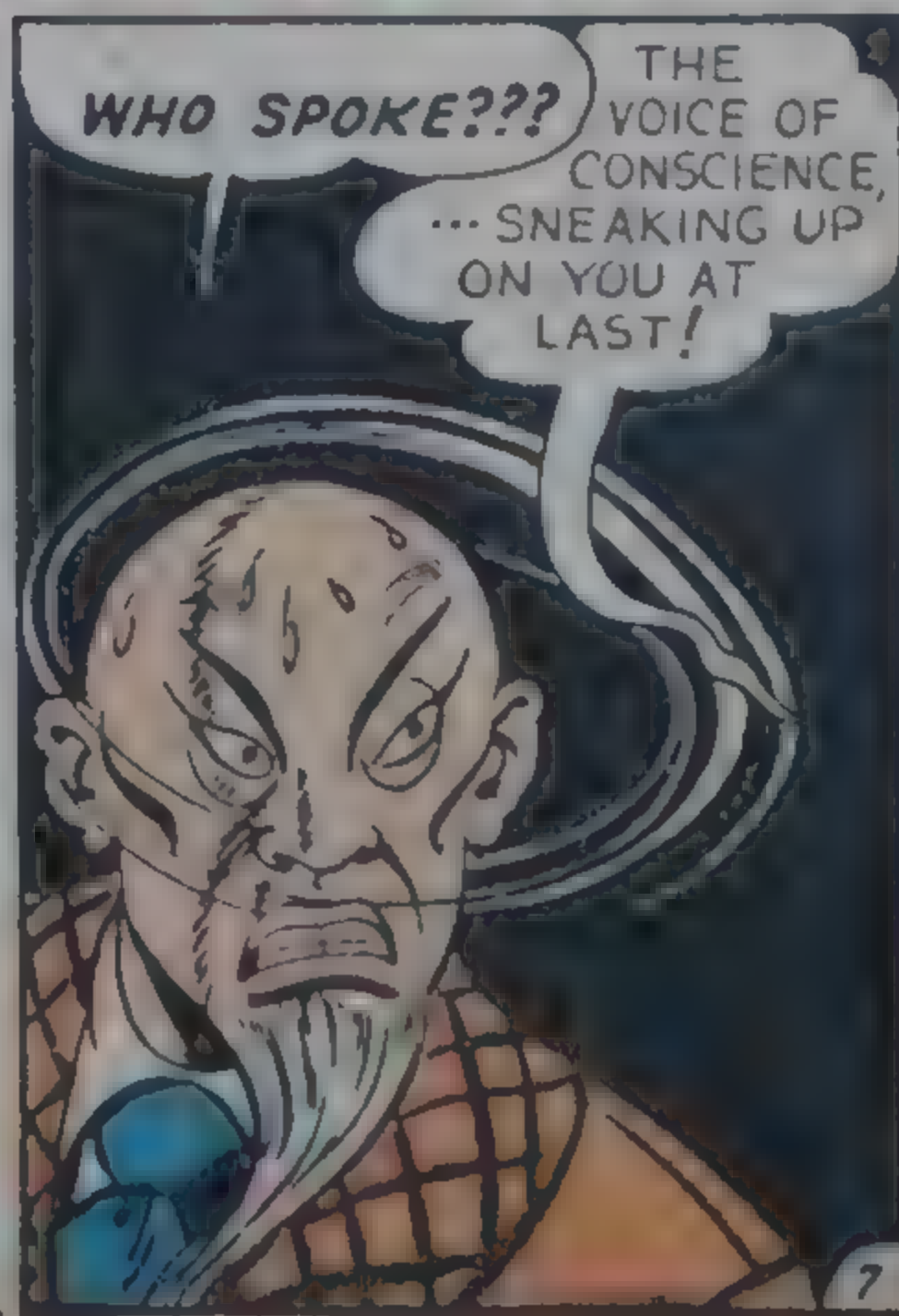
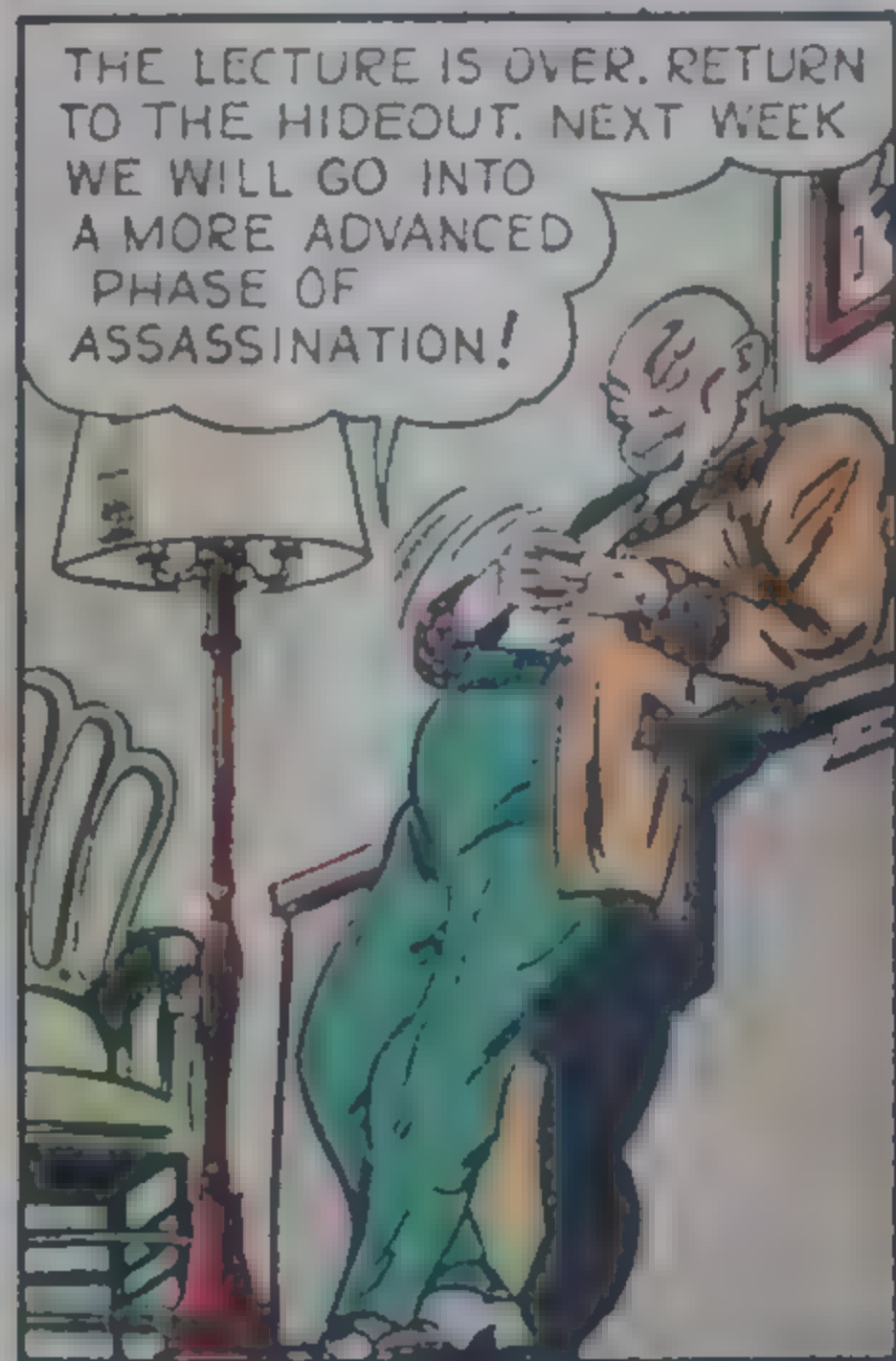
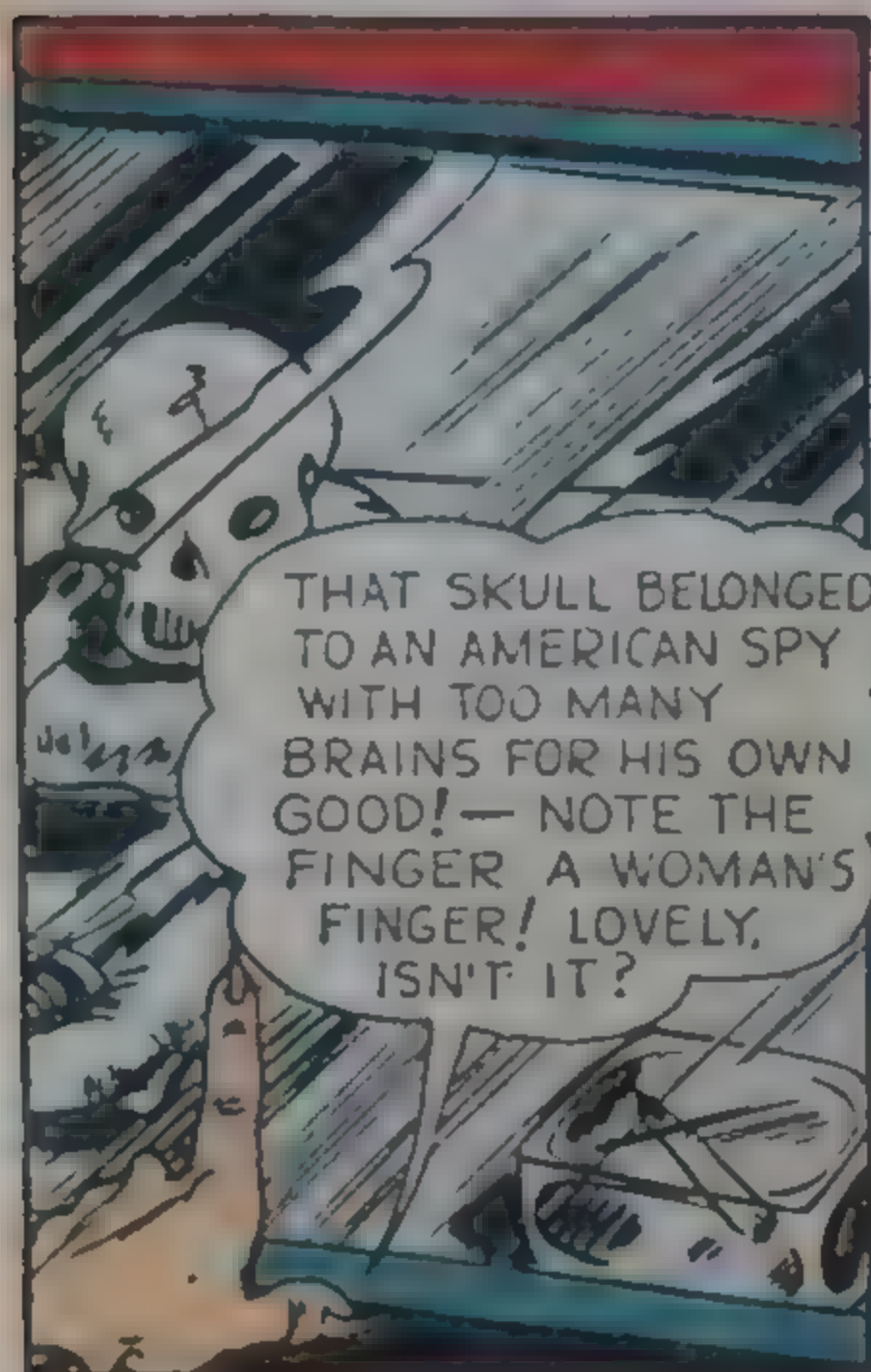
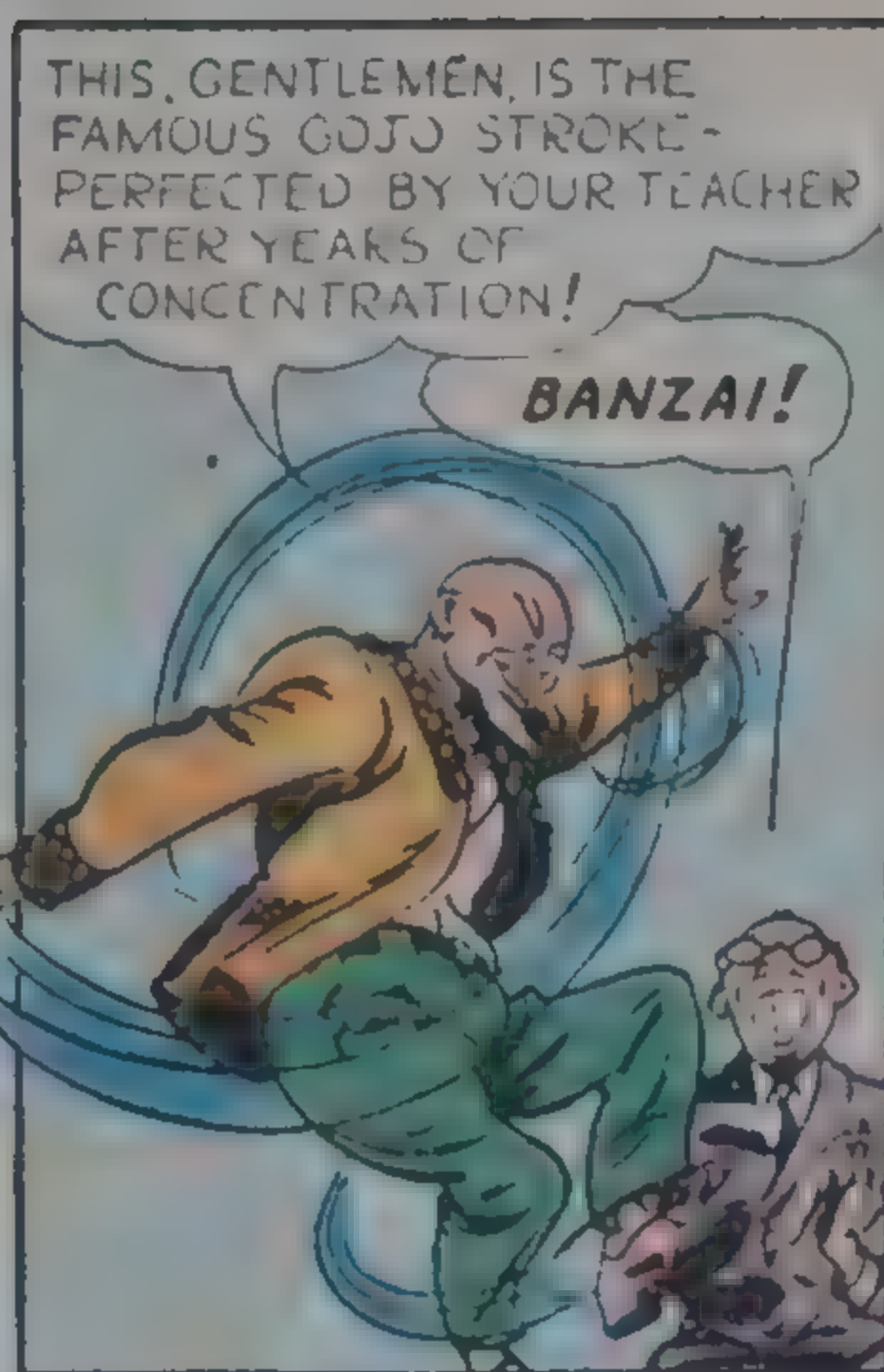
THAT GUY SAID A MOUTHFUL! NOW FOR A PEEK THROUGH THAT TRANSOM—

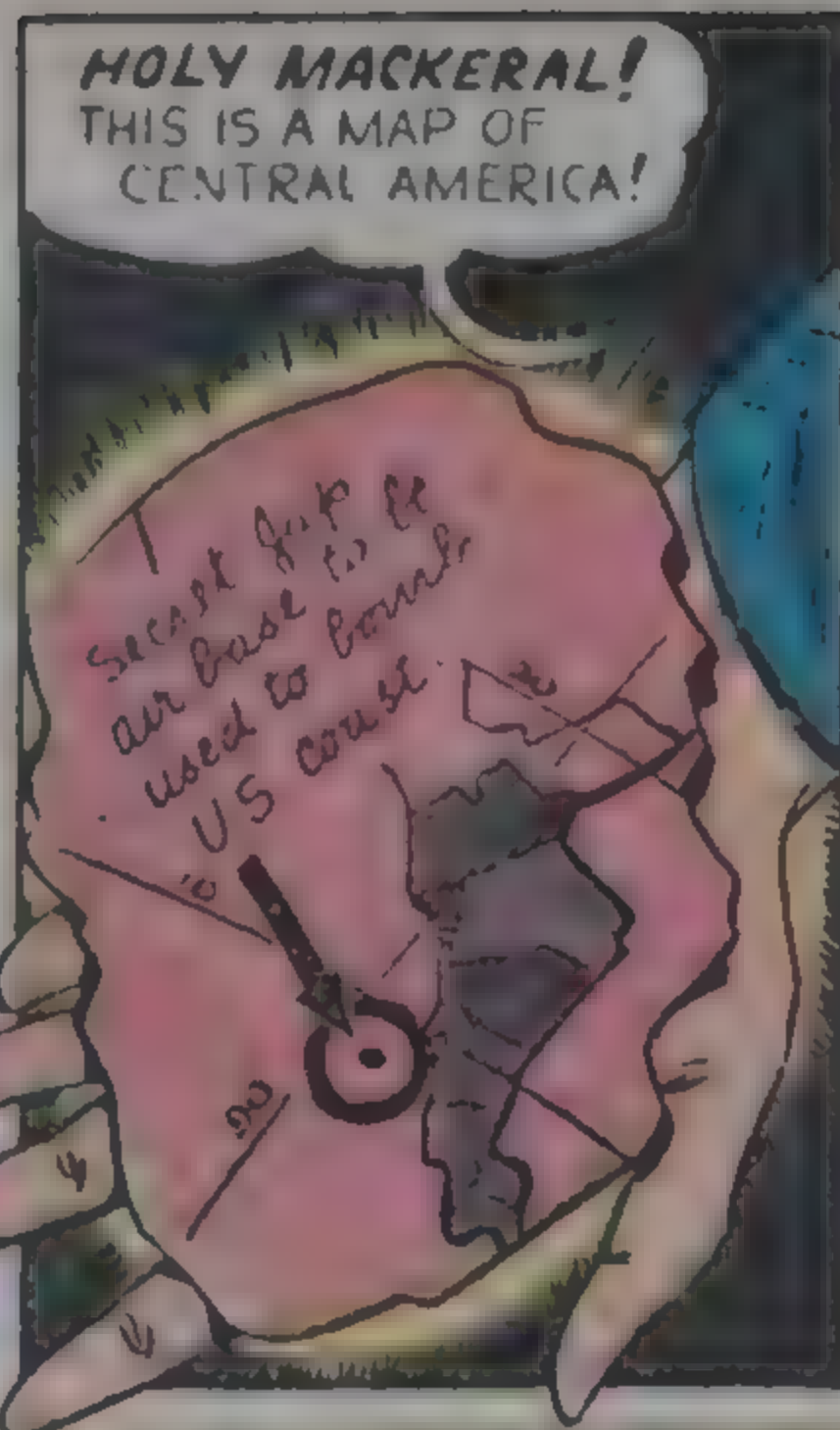


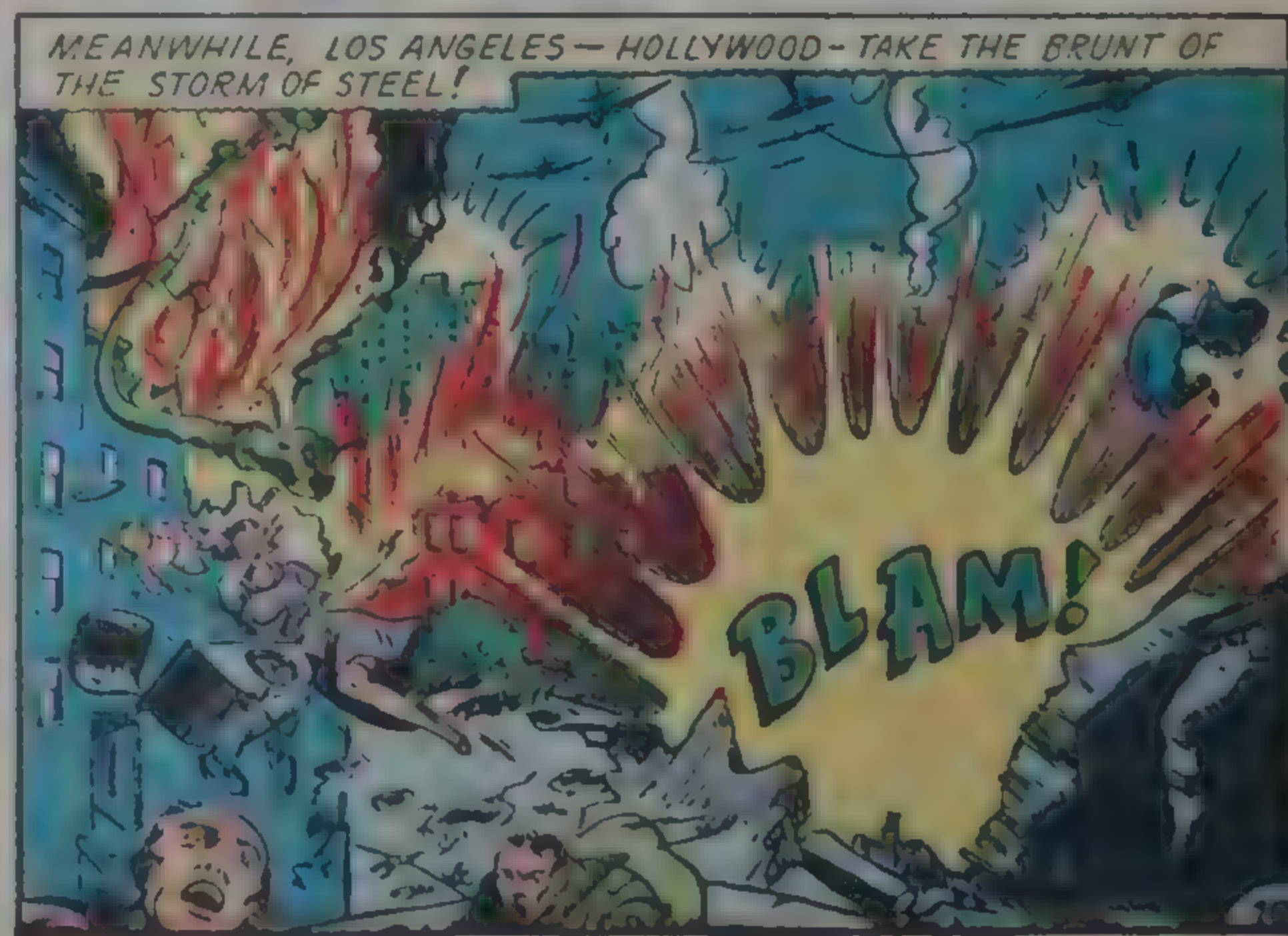
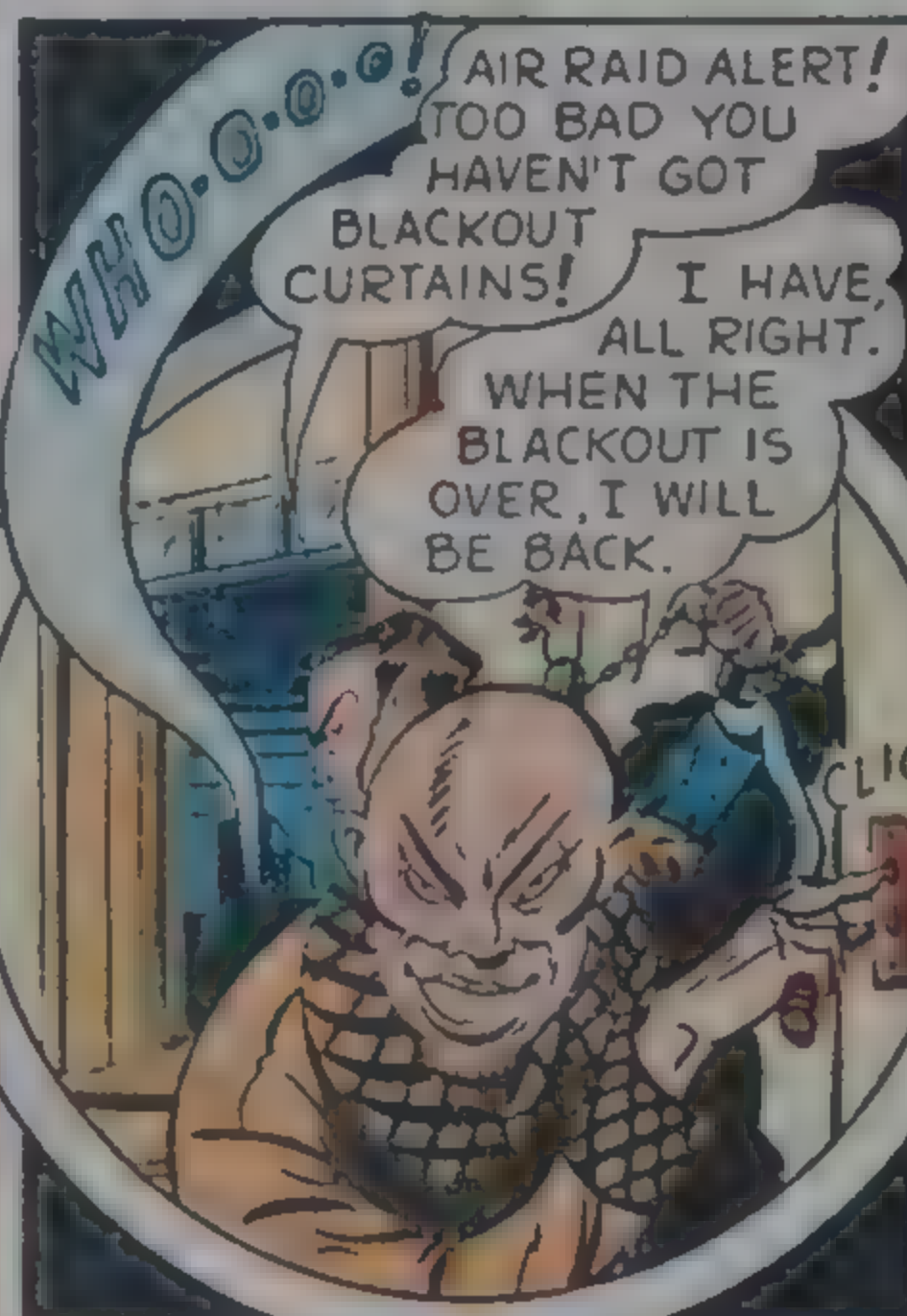
WHAT **SUB-MARINER** SEES THROUGH THE TRANSOM....

WELL, I'LL BE—!

IF NO WEAPON IS HANDY, THIS IS AN EXCELLENT METHOD OF INDUCING DEATH!







AS THE BOMB BLASTS COMES CLOSER, AN AIR RAID WARDEN SPOTS THE LIGHT IN NAMOR'S WINDOW!...

HEY!
PUT THAT
LIGHT OUT!

I WOULD IF
I COULD—
BUT I
CAN'T!

DON'T STAND THERE GAPING.
GET SOME COPS—AND
A SLEDGE HAMMER.

OKAY!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

DOUSE THE GLIM, JOE.
WE'LL WORK BY
FLASHLIGHT!

FREED, **SUB-MARINER** LEADS
THE POLICE DOWNSTAIRS...

THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE
GOJO'D BE AT A TIME
LIKE THIS—IN THE
CELLAR, WITH THE
REST OF THE RATS!

I HEARD YOUR
FOOTSTEPS.
BENZA!

HE KNEW THE
JIG WAS UP, SO
HE COMMITTED
HARI-KARI!

NEXT DAY, **SUB-MARINER**
SAILS SOUTHWARD WITH A
SMALL FLEET.

WITH GOTO DEAD,
AND HIS 'STUDENTS'
ROUNDED UP,
ALL WE HAVE TO
IS TO FIND THE
ISLAND!

BY OUR
CALCULA-
TIONS, WE
SHOULDN'T
BE FAR AWAY

ISLAND TO
STARBOARD!

ALL HANDS TO
BATTLE STATIONS!

BUT THE FLEET IS SPOTTED! UP
FROM THE ISLAND RISES A HORDE
OF PLANES!

THE BOLD STUPIDITY
OF THESE AMERICANS!
WE WILL BLOT THEM OFF
THE FACE OF THE
MAP!



FROM THE SCREEN TO YOU!!

TERRY TOONS

BIG FIRST ISSUE

NOW ON SALE

GAMES

PUZZLES

JOKES

LAFFS THRILLS COLOR



**AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND
EVERY
MONTH!**

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

Get it the American Way



"TAKE-ME-ALONG" GIRL'S OVER-NIGHT CASE.

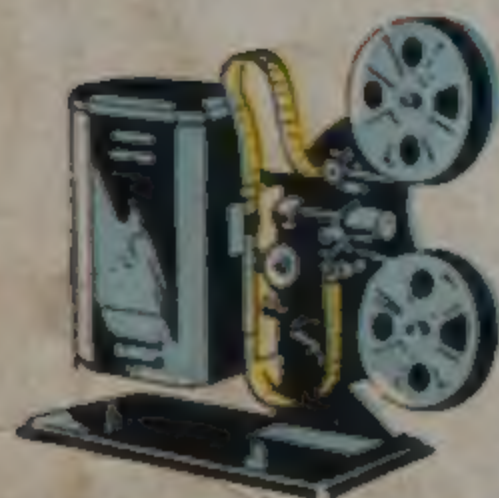
The smartest new travel aid, with dozens of uses. Alligator grain covering, mirror in lid, trinket tray. Sell only one order.



CANDID TYPE CAMERA Easy to focus, quick in operation. Given for selling only one order.



WRIST WATCH for boys, girls, men and women. Given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra.



ELECTRIC MOVIE OUT-FIT with film. Given for selling only one order, plus 50c extra. Show movies at home.

GENE AUTRY COMPLETE HOLSTER SET



You can be a straight shootin cowboy with this Gene Autry holster, cap pistol, handkerchief and hat. All given for selling only one order of Xmas Packs.



YALE FOOTBALL SET Official size football and pump given for selling only one order.



U. S. ARMY OUTFIT Belt, holster and army Colt Repeater cap pistol. Given for selling only one order.



Live Canary
Given for selling only one order. Sent expressage collect **SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED**



VICTORY WATCH & FOB Newest type watch with track-dial & red second indicator. Sell only one order.



VICTORY LIGHT Easily carried flashlight with three lenses--

WHITE for regular use, RED for warning, BLUE for black-outs. Complete with batteries, for selling only one order.

OTHER PRIZES YOU CAN GET

by our plan, as explained in our Big Prize Catalog.

- Airplanes
- Toilet & Manicure Set
- Ice Skates
- Electric Football Game
- Gene Autry Guitar
- Mantle Clock
- Electric Lamp
- G-Man Set
- "Sleepy-head" Doll
- Chemistry Set
- 32-pc. Dinner Set
- World Globe

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY "AMERICAN" WAY!

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself and gifts for Mother and Dad.

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Catalog are **GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST** for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE CATALOG**.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Catalog.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Catalog—tell us what prize you want. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 710, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 710, LANCASTER, PA.

Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____